WILL THIS BE THE LAST DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION?

JULY 4,
1936

Liberty

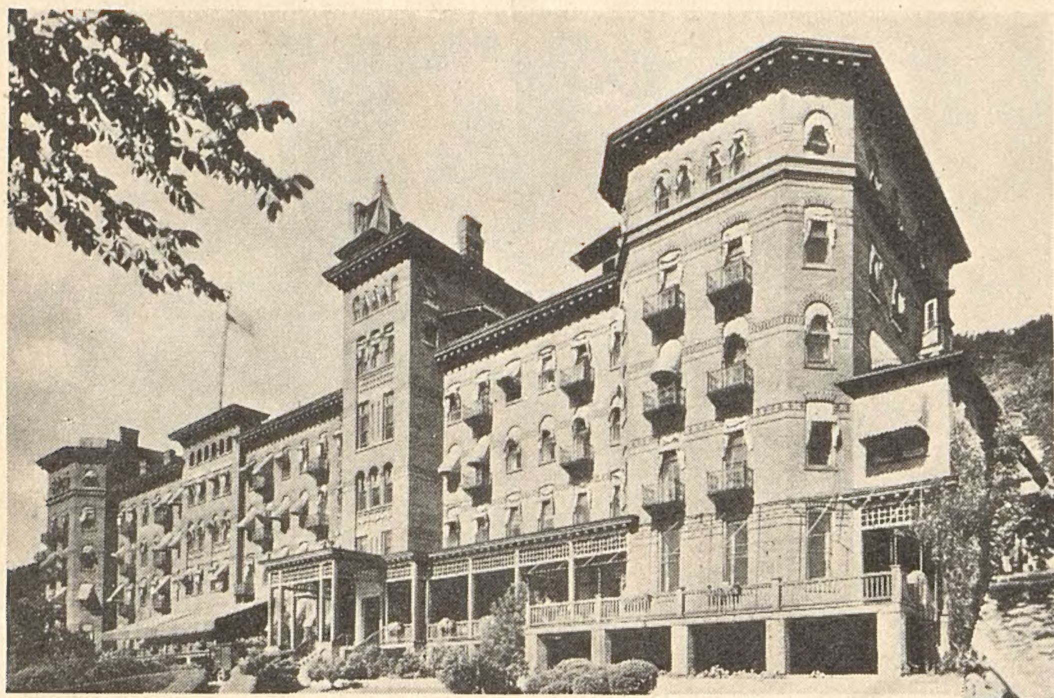
5¢

CARNIVAL LADY

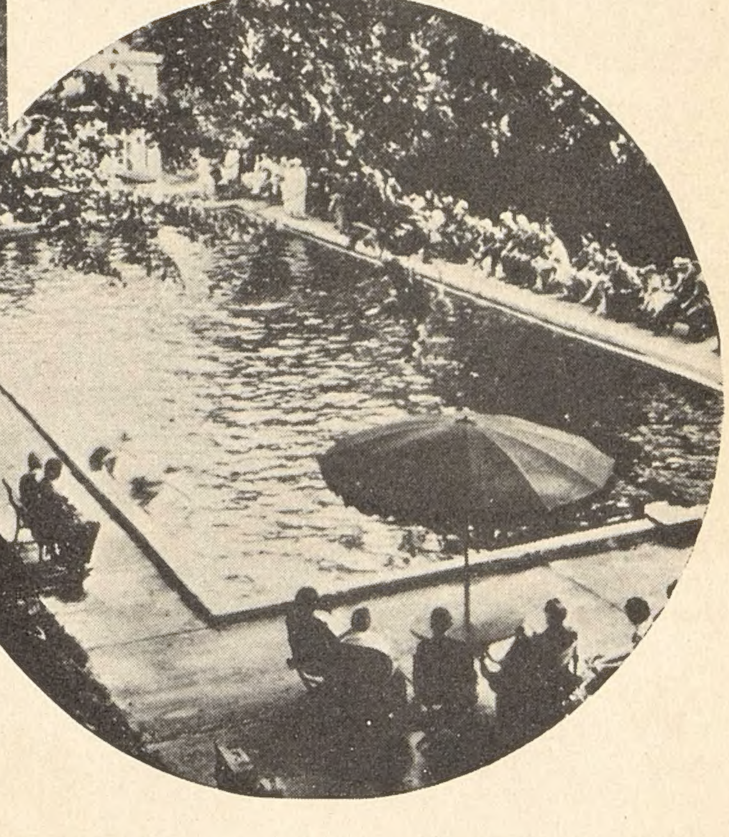
A NOVEL OF A
STRANGE LOVE
By
**MARTHA
OSTENSO**

DO THE MUNITION MAKERS CAUSE WAR?
BY MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



Where Building Health is a Happy Game



IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete co-operation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. To sufferers from foot ailments Mr. Macfadden announces the opening of a foot clinic at Physical Culture Hotel where excellent results are being obtained. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy over the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service." DANIEL FROHMAN.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will be ready in the early Fall to give the same health building regimens that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Building, New York, N. Y.

WHAT ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS THINKS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

My dear Mr. Macfadden:—I can never thank you enough for my wonderful two weeks at Physical Culture Hotel. You have something there which doesn't exist anywhere else in the world. It is altogether remarkable. I enjoyed it and benefited greatly by it.

To show you how much I think of Dansville I am bringing my mother on from California for a three months' stay. I am so anxious that she should have the advantages of your institution, as she has been everywhere and continues to be more or less of an invalid with arthritis. I know she can be cured at Dansville. With gratitude for my wonderful experience there.

Sincerely, ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Among the many facilities for personal enjoyment available at Physical Culture Hotel are a splendid swimming pool, tennis, golf, volley ball, dancing, mass singing and horseback riding. Everything possible is done to make your visit not only a wonderful adventure in health building but one of the happiest vacations you ever spent.

----------MAIL COUPON TODAY----------

Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L7-4
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

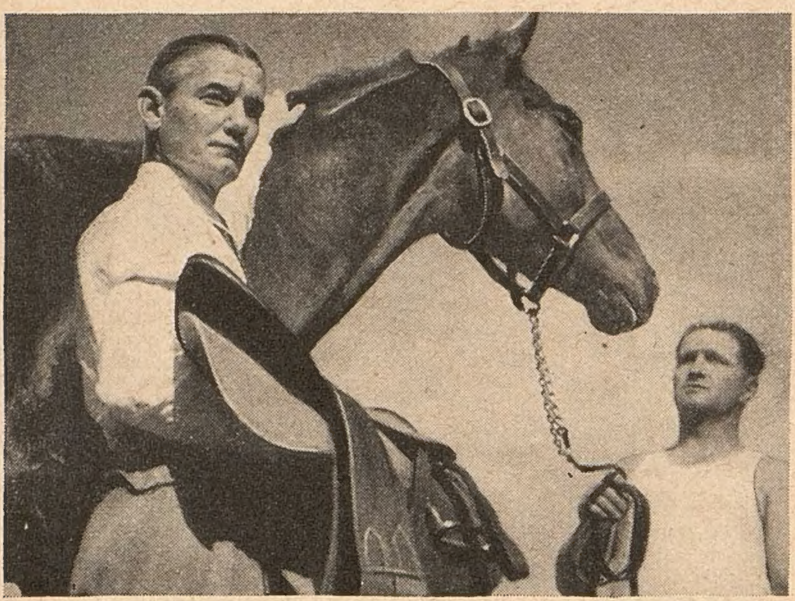
Name...

Street...

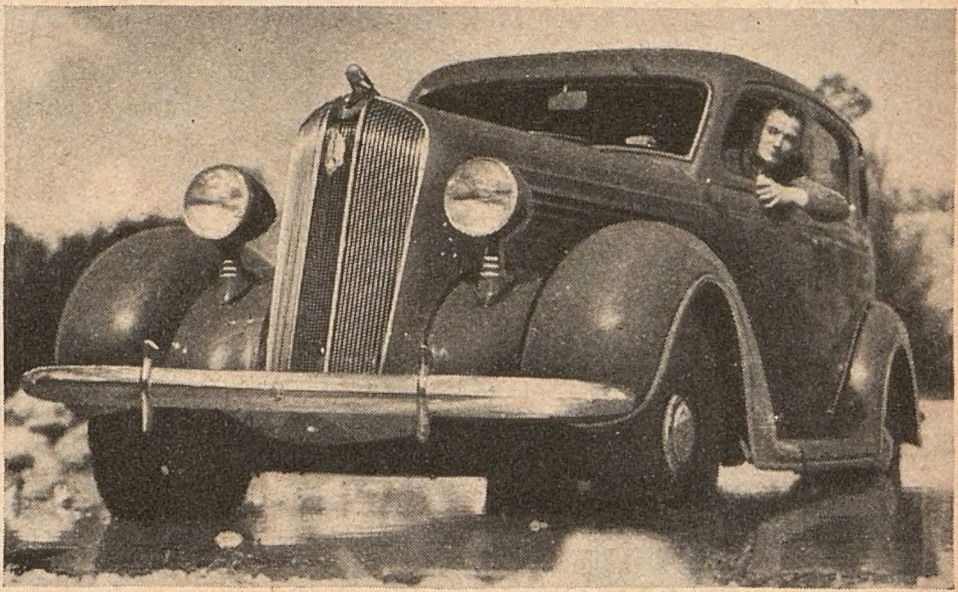
Town.. State..................

"Plymouth Won on 3 Counts
—Size—Smoothness—Style—

IT WAS THE ONLY LOW-PRICED CAR WITH ALL THE FEATURES I WANT"



"BUDDY" ENSOR picked his car as he would choose a race horse... carefully compared performance, record, price.



"RAIN OR SHINE, hot or cold, Plymouth starts instantly... runs perfectly and is much easier to drive and handle than any other car I know."

WHEN "BUDDY" ENSOR, famous jockey, winner of 2000 races, looked at "All Three" leading, low-priced cars, he found them very nearly the same in price.

"I saw that only Plymouth has all the things I wanted," he says. "That engine with Floating Power performs like a thoroughbred... quiet, smooth and powerful. And it's the only one of 'All Three' with both a Safety-Steel body and *double-action* Hydraulic brakes. It's a money-saver, too. I'm getting the best gas and oil mileage any car ever gave me. Yes, sir, I'm glad I looked at 'All Three'!"

Don't buy any car until you drive this beautiful, new 1936 Plymouth. See your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer today.

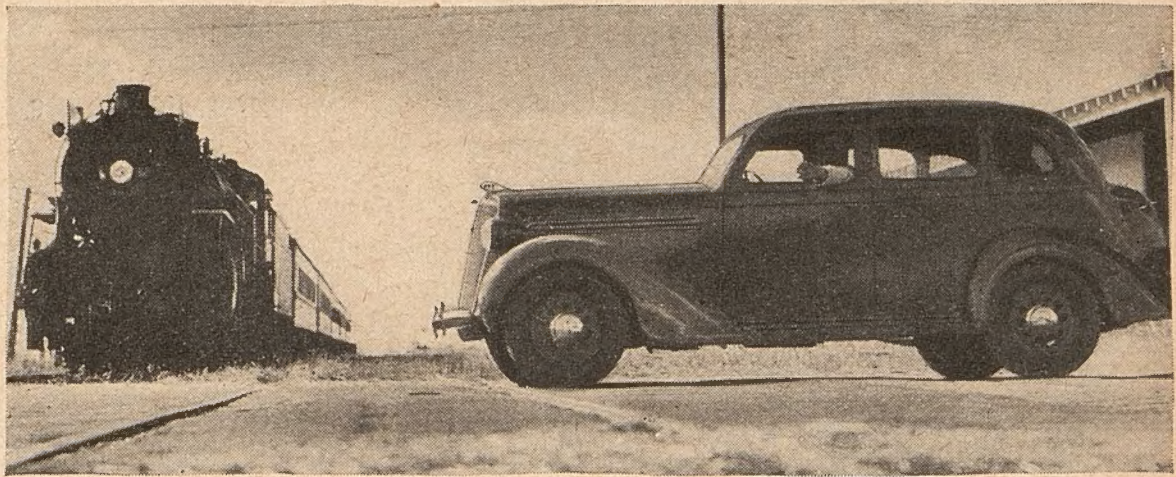
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE, TUES. NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK

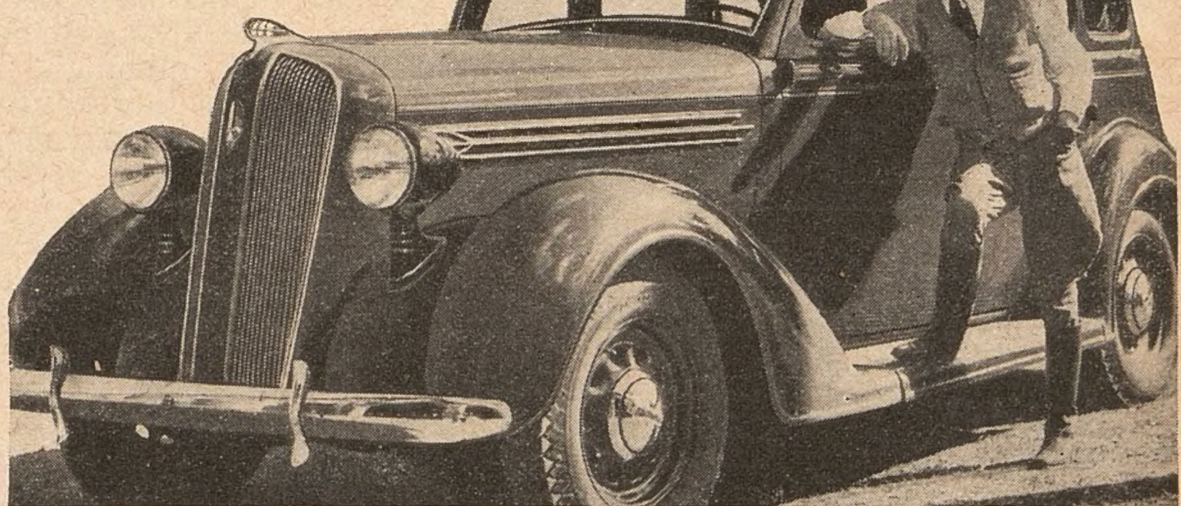
EASY TO BUY

Priced with the lowest...$25 a month buys a Plymouth. Commercial Credit Co. offers Chrysler, Dodge, De Soto dealers terms making it easy to buy.

$510 And Up, List at Factory, Detroit Special Equipment Extra



(*Above*) "I WANTED a Safety-Steel Body and Hydraulic brakes. Plymouth is the only one of 'All Three' that has both."



MR. ENSOR and his big, new 1936 Plymouth four-door De Luxe Sedan. "I wanted style and I got it," he says, "as well as comfort and plenty of roominess that make long, hard trips easy."

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JULY 4, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 27

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

A Vicious Falsehood: 4% OWN 87% of the WEALTH

BERNARR MACFADDEN

SOCIALISTIC orators do love to rouse the masses with the statement that they are being robbed of their rights—that a very small percentage of the people of this country own all the wealth.

No one stops to analyze the truth of this statement. It has gone the rounds of the press, it is passed from one orator to another, and as a means of fomenting class hatred it can hardly be improved upon.

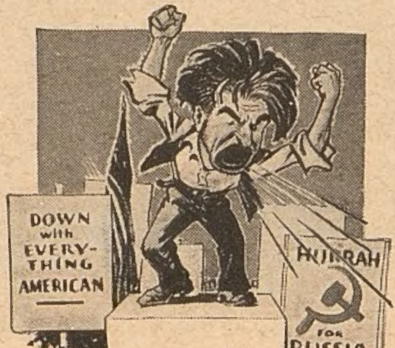
Not that we are especially desirous of defending the owners of wealth. We would like to see it more freely distributed—not in gratuities but in opportunities for workers to find jobs that will not only give them a liberal income but will stabilize their future or perhaps put them in a position to own a business of their own: which, by the way, should be the ambition of every intelligent worker.

On one occasion Lincoln said that if you tear down the house of a man who has acquired a competence, what guaranty have you that your own house will not meet a similar fate?

The ambition to acquire a reasonable amount of wealth should be encouraged as a fitting reward for hard work. But if you know it is likely to be confiscated or taken from you in death-dealing taxes, the effort required offers little reward.

Now let us look at the record. Let us analyze this statement as to the ownership of our national wealth. In the lowest period of our recent history the total wealth of the nation was 245 billion dollars. Now, according to many Socialistic orators and anticapitalistic demagogues, 213 billions of this amount (which is 87 per cent) is owned by 4 per cent of the people. This would leave but 32 billions for the remaining 96 per cent of the population.

Now, dependable statistics show that we had 10 million families who owned urban homes worth 38 billions net. Six million farm owners possessed land and buildings worth 32 billions net. Eight million building-and-loan shareholders owned 8 billions in assets. Twenty million automobile owners held cars worth 8 billions. Twenty-four million security holders owned stocks and bonds valued at 62 billions. Sixty-three million people held life-insurance policies with paid-up assets of nearly 20 billions.



Forty-four million people had savings-bank deposits worth 24 billions. One million retailers, with assets of from $100 to $15,000 each, owned property valued at 4 billions—a total of 196 billions of dollars' worth of property in the hands of 85 per cent of the population.

The next time you hear a flamboyant orator repeat the favorite delusion that 4 per cent of the people own nearly all of the wealth, tell him he is an ignoramus. Instead of 4 per cent of the people owning 87 per cent of the wealth, it is apparent from these figures, which are dependable, that 95 per cent of the people own about 80 per cent of the wealth and 5 per cent of the people own the remaining 20 per cent.

If what we might term the middle class were to gain anything by soaking the rich it might be desirable if we were minus conscientious scruples. But when you destroy wealth you lessen the number of jobs; you add to the unemployment list. When you aim sledge-hammer blows at business you are hitting not only the employer but also the employee.

Some officials in Washington are apparently so dumb that they do not realize that when they soak business the workers are the real sufferers, and the record of the New Deal proves this.

The New Deal did not really "get going" until the NRA was inaugurated. At that time there were ten million unemployed. The year after, unemployment increased by a half million. Two years later unemployment increased by a million. Three and a half years later by two million.

What intelligent workers want everywhere is not a distribution of wealth but a distribution of the opportunities that create wealth. And the New Deal has greatly restricted such a distribution by increasing unemployment; it has greatly extended the depression; and until sound business principles are introduced, unemployment will not materially decrease.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $5.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Proof wins America!

Current-Cost

MEET THE

"Meter-Miser"

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

It is hidden away where it cannot mar beauty. You need never look at it. Yet, year after year, this powerful little giant will keep food safer . . . produce more cold for less current cost. For it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Has only three moving parts, permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt.

FRIGIDAIRE MEETS ALL FIVE STANDARDS FOR REFRIGERATOR BUYING — with PROOF!

PROOF of Lower Operating Cost
PROOF of Safer Food Protection
PROOF of Faster Freezing—More Ice
PROOF of More Usability
PROOF of Five-Year Protection Plan

FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE "METER-MISER" KEEPS FOOD SAFER AT LOWER COST

and Proves it

● PROOF is showing all America the new, safe way to choose a refrigerator! Buyers everywhere are thronging Frigidaire Dealers' PROOF-DEMONSTRATIONS.

They're buying on eye-witness evidence that Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser keeps milk, meats and other perishable foods safer, more delicious, for days longer—yet cuts current cost to the bone! They see *Proof* that Frigidaire fulfills ALL FIVE Standards for Refrigerator Buying.

Proved right before your eyes

Frigidaire gives this proof because it alone has the remarkable Meter-Miser, the miracle cold-making unit. Your Dealer invites you to come in and see an accurate meter demonstrate how *little* electricity the Meter-Miser uses to maintain safe, low temperatures, even on the hottest days!

Don't be satisfied with mere claims. Frigidaire gives you *proof.* See with your own eyes how it keeps food safer at lower cost, and gives marvelous new convenience, too.

More ice and better-frozen desserts—faster. A wider "refrigerated pantry," with up to 42% more space *in front,* easier to reach. With Automatic Reset Defrosting, Full-Width Sliding Shelves and many other *genuinely usable* advantages. The complete, thrilling *proof-demonstration* is waiting for you. See it today.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

On Guard For You!

FREEZING ZONE
32
SAFETY ZONE
50
DANGER ZONE
FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR

Frigidaire builds this FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR into a shelf, right where your food is kept—*visible proof* that Safety-Zone Temperature, between 32 and 50 degrees, is maintained even in the hottest weather.

G M
FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Look for this Name-Plate

Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!

★ BEGINNING ★

CARNIVAL LADY

A Lively, Colorful Novel of America Today—The Story of a Strange Love

by

MARTHA OSTENSO

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

PART ONE—INTO A NEW WORLD

It was the little things, the gently obtrusive reminders, that were the most painful. Her reading glasses, lying on top of the old scuffed volume of Swinburne which she had carried with her across the tumult of the years, across the valiant struggle of thousands of miles; her bedroom slippers, their dusty pink marabou pompons peeping out from beneath the coverlet of the bed on which she had died. Unreasonable with grief, Shannon March threw herself on her mother's bed and demanded why somebody—the doctor or the nurse or the undertaker, or even George Ellery—could not have had the thoughtfulness to remove these piteous dear things.

" But, Shannon," George Ellery remonstrated, " you were—we were all—busy arranging everything—and I thought I'd get back here and fix things up before you came in. Don't be unfair, little girl! "

" Unfair? Everything is unfair! " Shannon moaned. " Why did my mother have to die—at thirty-seven? Why didn't some one *know* she had heart trouble? Why didn't dad know—and take care of her, so she didn't have to work? Why didn't *I* know? "

" None of us knew, Shannon. Even if we *had* known—there wasn't much we could have done."

" I wouldn't have gone to college this year if I had known. I should have been with her all the time, looking after her, instead of—" Her sobs dammed up all speech now and she buried her face in the pillow.

The thick, troubled man got up from his chair and touched her on the shoulder. " Listen, Shannon," he said gently. " I've—I want to talk to you. What are you going to do? "

" I've got to go back to dad—and his circus. Maybe I can get a job somewhere, back East. I don't know. I'll have to see dad first. Maybe he'll help me. You don't know him, George. He loved mother, in his funny way. And he'd have come—I *know*—if he'd had the money. I'll go to him now. I've got enough for that."

" If I can help—"

" No, thanks, George. I'll manage. You've done enough, and I'm more grateful than you know."

" Listen, Shannon." The heavy man choked, the cords of his neck thickening dully above the striped collar of his shirt. " I know you're broken up over Kate's death. But—hasn't it occurred to you that—that *I* might be kind of broken up, too? "

" Of course, George," Shannon replied listlessly. " No one could have been nicer to us than you've been. I don't know how we'd have got along last fall if you hadn't given mother that job in your store."

A vague indignation floated topmost on the wave of the man's obscure emotions.

" I s'pose you think your father has been looking after you ever since."

The slender girl in her black dress sat erect, and there was something in her direct look of wonderment that made George suddenly aware of a need of delicacy.

" What do you mean, George? " she asked tremulously.

The man cleared his throat uneasily. " I mean—since Christmas." He reached out a plump and mottled paw and laid it damply over her hand. " Listen, Shannon—I've been thinking a lot about you lately. If you could like me a little, you—you wouldn't have to go back to your father. I'd like to take care of you."

Shannon sat frozen, staring at him. " You'd like to take care of me—how? "

A sense of being shabbily rewarded for his largess smote the man all at once in the vulnerable center of his vanity. " Well—damn it! " he exploded. " I didn't want to talk about it. But what right have you to be so uppity with me? Who's been paying the rent for this apartment here and giving you a chance to get a little education? "

" Dad has been sending us what he could," Shannon breathed. " If there's anything I don't know about this, I want to know it now. What was my mother to you? "

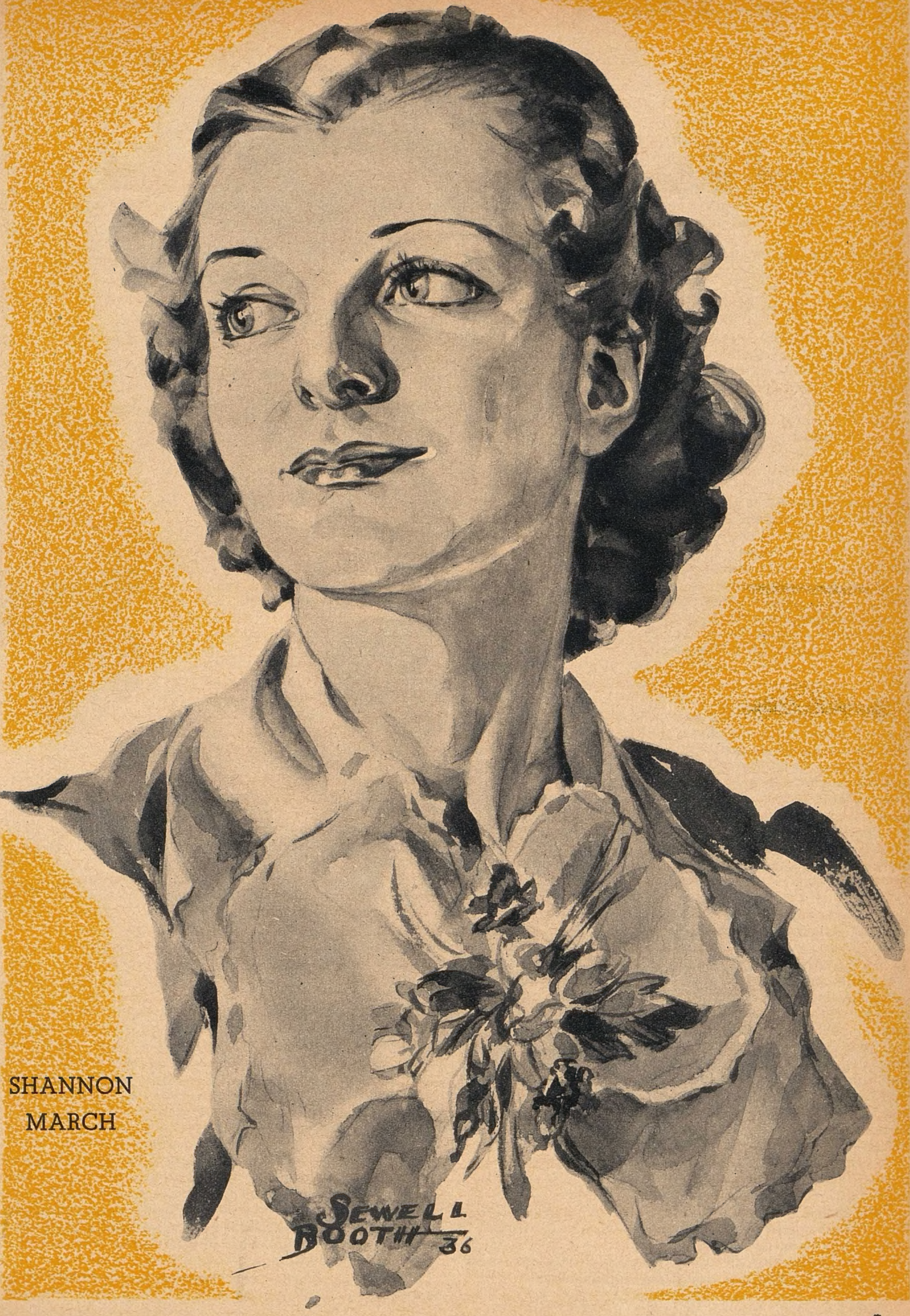
" Now, now—please, Shannon! " George Ellery, from the webbed depth of his merchant-class morality, blushed. " That's no way to put it. Kate—uh—your mother and I were good friends. We liked each other. Let's leave it at that, Shannon. You're nineteen years old—"

Shannon flashed to her feet, and Ellery's tight-fitting clothes seemed to go suddenly slack about him. His pursy middle crumpled.

" Yes, I'm nineteen! I'm old enough to know that everything has been absolutely rotten in my life! My mother has been dead two days—and now you're offering me her place in your affections. I'm old enough to understand that. But I'll—"

" Listen, Shannon—" Aghast, George put a hand out.

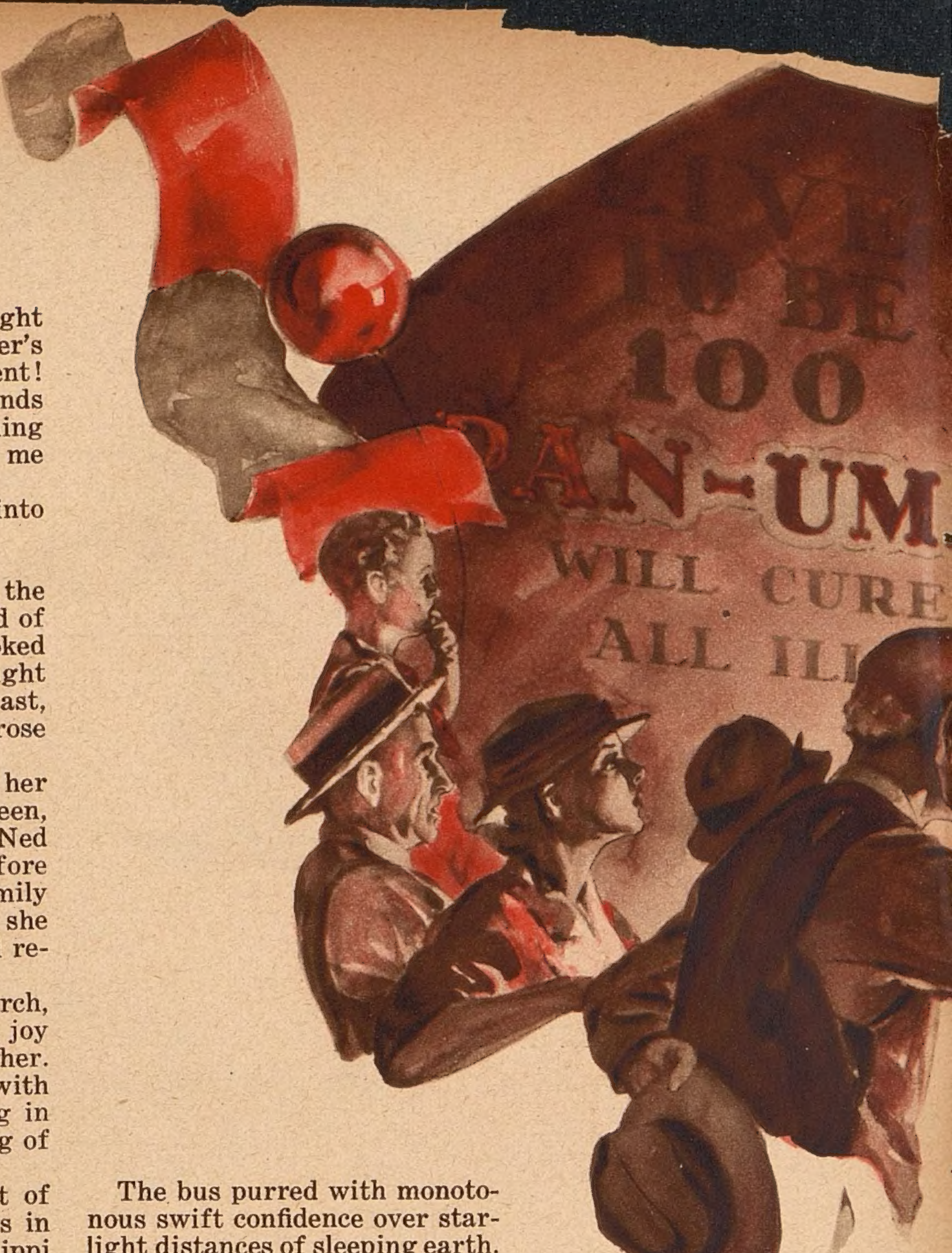
" I'll scrub floors, if I have to, to pay you back every cent you've laid out for me! " Shannon went on, her


SEWELL
BOOTH
36

SHANNON
MARCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

SEWELL BOOTH



tone subdued but charged with vehemence. "You might at least have had—the decency—to respect my mother's memory enough not to pay me your damned compliment! Oh—God!" She shrank back from him, her hands pressed against her flaming cheeks, her eyes swimming wide with tears. "Get out—get out of here! Leave me alone!"

George Ellery, bewildered and frightened, went into the other room, picked up his hat, and left.

. . . . .

The blue mountains faded to a gloamy mirage in the west, and by sundown the world was a tremulous void of rolling sea-colored prairie. Shannon March looked steadfastly out of the bus window. Strive as she might to look forward to a brighter tomorrow, the whole past, mounting violently to this morning's final outrage, rose before her eyes.

Her imagination spared her nothing. Even her mother's disastrously romantic elopement, at seventeen, with her father—that handsome devil-may-care Ned March—unreeled itself, with all its consequences, before her eyes. Kate O'Neil's respectable middle-class family had disavowed her with old-fashioned finality when she had declined to repent her unfortunate marriage and return to the amiable shelter of her home.

Shannon had known, very early, that big Ned March, for all his debonair charm and mighty relish for the joy of living, had been a bitter disappointment to her mother. His passion for the stage, flaming though it was with Shakespearian magnificence, was regrettably lacking in that sterner stuff necessary for a successful storming of the most fortified of professions.

Shannon's earliest memories, therefore, were not of glamorous footlights but of shabby little side shows in Coney Island, honky-tonk concessions on the Mississippi levees; fourth-rate boardinghouses and hotels; grubby food or none at all; cut-down clothes; brief fly-by-night friendships; a haphazard schooling of a few months here and a few months there; loneliness; fear of faces with a sudden dawning look in them as she grew older and into indisputable grace; a precarious scramble for an existence that was pointless and without beauty.

Looming over all this was the preposterous tragicomic figure of her father, on the platform in front of his brown-canvas shrine, exhorting the gaping multitude to invest its dollars in six bars of Dalton's Disappearing Soap, or, if the malady was not the seven years' itch but an intestinal disorder, then a bottle of the world-famous remedy Pan-Uma!

KATE, with her pretty hands and her stormy blue eyes, had stood by Ned through it all. When Shannon came to high-school age, Ned had yielded to his wife's entreaties to the extent of remaining in one place long enough each year so the child might satisfy her hunger for learning.

Those last years had been full of discord—wanderlust itching in Ned's soul, fierce maternal ambition opposing him in Kate's. Often, after a cyclonic scene, he had vanished, to be gone for weeks; and although he had sent Kate what money he could, Shannon pored over her books with heartache and fear—and sometimes with the sharp pangs of hunger.

A year ago, however, Ned reported that things had begun to "look up" for him, and if Shannon still wanted to take that college course in journalism he thought he could "swing" it. Poor Ned—he hadn't "swung" it! This fact, however, Kate had concealed from Shannon—and at what a cost!

No, no! Shannon closed her eyes over blinding tears. Kate's sacrifice had been too great. She could not, could not bear it!

The bus purred with monotonous swift confidence over starlight distances of sleeping earth. Sometime toward morning Shannon would be roused and told that here she must change to the bus going north, into South Dakota. Now she seemed to sink into a bottomless weariness, in which she was just aware that her portable typewriter, which she had not permitted them to stow away, was snugly tucked under her feet, and that her dark-blue flannel sports coat was clinging to her neck and shoulders. . . .

"'To be, or not to be!'" roared big Ned March, towering from his platform in the sun above the transfixed faces of his meager audience. From the thinning blaze of his red hair beads of moisture slid down his spacious brow. Shannon looked away from the peephole in her canvas living quarters, pressed her fingers against her hot eyes, and lay down on the cool rough grass. Outside, her father's voice thundered on:

"Pan-Uma—the heaven-sent panacea, my friend! Two tablespoons a day, and live to be a hundred! One dollar, or three bottles for two, while they last! An investment better than life insurance. Look at me! Would you guess that I'm sixty-five? Not at all! When I was your age I was a walking skeleton. Diabetes, intestinal adhesions, excruciating hemorrhoids! Now look at me! Forty-six, you'd say?" And forty-six he was, Shannon reflected, smiling in spite of herself.

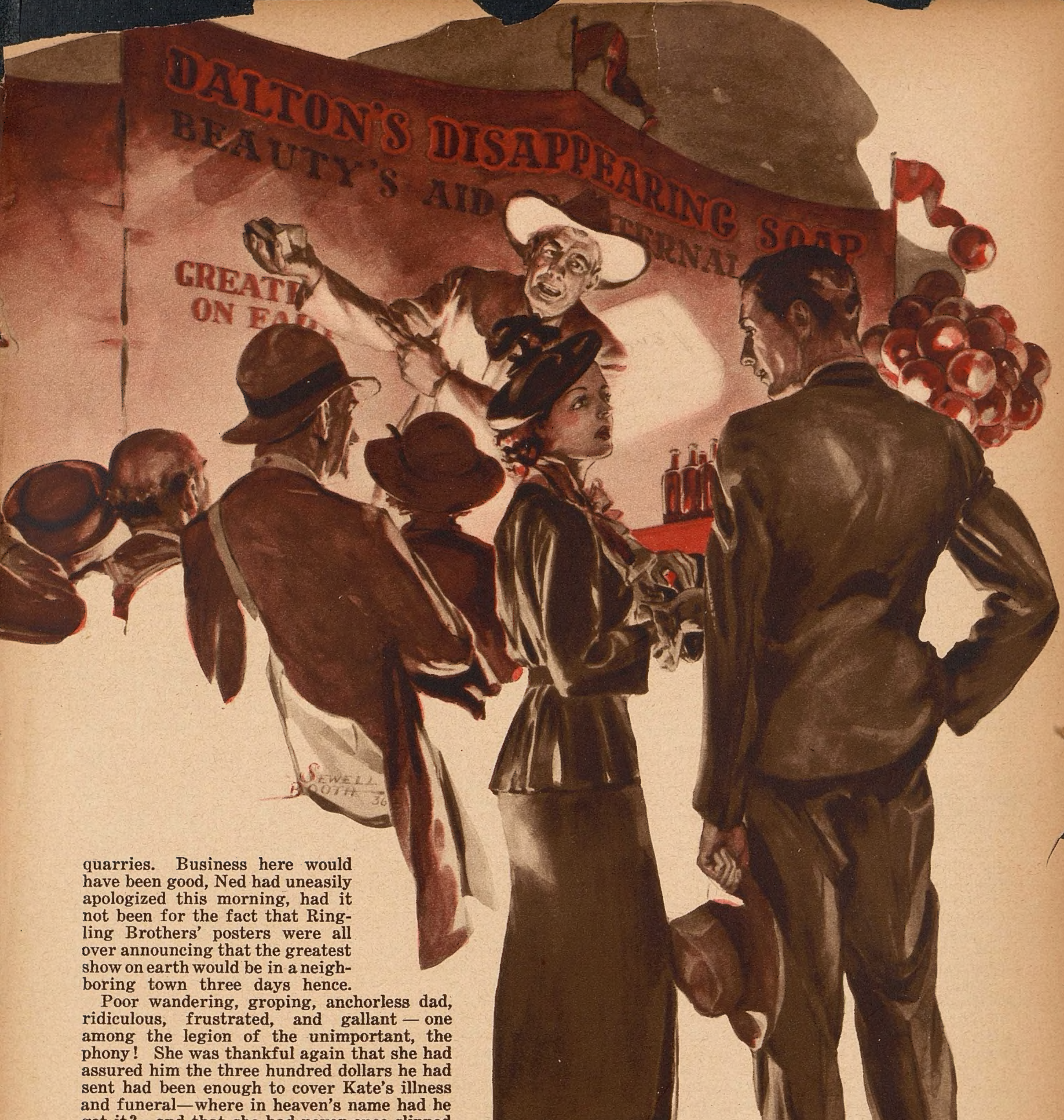
It was twelve days since she had joined her father at Red Willow Junction in South Dakota. Since then, and since her emotional meeting with him during which he had wept sincerely but with a kind of expostulating bafflement at Kate's death, the show—Martin's Mammoth Carnival—had moved twice in a northeasterly direction into the less bald, less sun-baked spaces of Minnesota.

This town, whose name seemed to be Shale Falls, nestled in a humid pocket created by a circle of stone quarries. Business here would have been good, Ned had uneasily apologized this morning, had it not been for the fact that Ringling Brothers' posters were all over announcing that the greatest show on earth would be in a neighboring town three days hence.

Poor wandering, groping, anchorless dad, ridiculous, frustrated, and gallant — one among the legion of the unimportant, the phony! She was thankful again that she had assured him the three hundred dollars he had sent had been enough to cover Kate's illness and funeral—where in heaven's name had he got it?—and that she had never once slipped and revealed anything about George Ellery.

Shannon got to her feet, pulled down her rumpled white-linen dress, and glanced out of the peephole to see how her father was doing. His brow was glistening; he was flinging out his hands—but the people were drifting indifferently away. Shannon sighed, threw down her bathing suit, and picked up her white imitation-leather pocketbook. She would have to do it again!

From the opposite side of the tent she watched to see that no passer-by saw her emerge. Then she slipped out and came around to mingle with the scant score of people who were deserting the admonitions of Big Ned March.



She glanced up. "But if it's good for you, it ought to be good for me." He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke.

"Madam!" Ned intoned at her with feeling. "You are graceful, you are young, but you are a bit too slim. I see dark shadows beneath your eyes. Look—Pan-Uma! One bottle will restore the youth that is yours by right. I'll gladly refund you the dollar if you're not satisfied—address on the box! One bottle, one dollar—three bottles—thank you, my charming damosel, thank you! Your purchase has won you admission to health, but also to our amazing exhibit within this tent just behind me. Right through the flap—there you are! Now, then—hey, you, my friend! You with the boil on your chin! This soap and a bottle of Pan-Uma will banish forever the blemishes that are now causing you anguish and embarrassment. Thank you, thank you, sir! Step up, friends—"

WITHIN the show tent, Shannon looked for the hundredth time with feigned amazement at the six-legged monstrosity Ned had bought somewhere in Missouri. It was a calf, about two months old now, in good health and apparently unencumbered by the supernumerary limbs which dangled from its rump. But presently her eyes shifted to Jet Carmichael, who was deftly going through his card tricks at the baize-covered table on the other side of the tent. Several narrow-eyed men were watching him with resentful mystification. She moved over to the table.

Jet had taught her how to perform a number of these tricks during the idle hours of the past twelve days. She had urged him to teach her, so that he would have less time to talk to her about herself. That the huge swarthy man, half Irish, half Spanish, whom her father had picked up somewhere during the past six months, was offering her the humble wealth of his heart, Shannon knew with unhappy conviction, though he spoke of it as yet only in oblique shy ways.

"Oh, how do you do that, mister?" she asked in the prearranged wide-eyed wonderment that always made the other onlookers turn toward her with interest—and always made her feel idiotic. "Where did the ace of spades go?"

"After the ace of hearts—see?" Jet flipped a card out of his collar and laughed, musically and low. His eyes, dark with a liquid fire, lingered upon her for a fleeting significant moment. "Money back, folks, if you can catch the trick—and a five-dollar bill to any one who can do it!"

Presently Shannon drifted out and through the scant nondescript crowd. She turned to the right, past what was glossily called "the big top," and spoke softly at the entrance of a striped dressing tent:

"Are you there, Mercedes?"

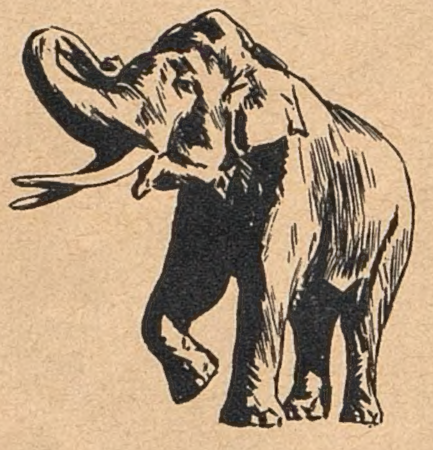
"That you, Shannon? Come on in."

Shannon entered. "Madame" Mercedes, an elderly woman with mild blue eyes, was standing beside a barred van in which reclined a lion of great age. She was gently stroking the beast's bony flank, while he stared straight ahead with yellow apathetic eyes.

"Nestor's off his feed," Mercedes said anxiously. "We couldn't show him today at all. If anything happens to him, Shannon, it's the end of me!"

'Tisn't So

R. E. Doan



AN ELEPHANT does not drink with its trunk. The elephant merely uses its trunk to aid in getting water to its mouth. The trunk is not used to suck water into the elephant's body.

ALL TIDES are not caused by the moon's attraction for the water. Some are caused by the moon's attraction for the land. While the moon draws the water and causes tides on the part of the earth nearest it, its attraction for the land on the opposite side of the earth is greater than for the water there. Thus, water is drawn forward on the side of the earth toward the moon, and is left behind on the opposite side—causing tides on both.

"FEEDING A COLD" doesn't "starve a fever." If, by "feeding a cold," one means overeating, then it would be better to word this popular saying: "Feed a cold and start a fever." It is never good to overeat and, especially when one has a cold and proper elimination is so necessary, this would be a wrong thing to do.

THE BAT is not a bird. The bat is a mammal. It is warm-blooded, is covered with hair, gives birth to its young alive, and suckles them. The bat is unique among mammals, however, in that it has a winglike structure from its limbs, over which a membrane of skin is stretched, thus enabling it to fly.

ONE EYE should not be closed when looking through a telescope or microscope. It is more tiring on the eyes, when using them in such manner, to close one than it is to keep both open. After you accustom yourself to keeping both eyes open, greater comfort will be noticed.

At that moment the full-grown daughter of

burst into the tent, garbed in tights and spangles.

"Hello, Shannon, pretty! H'are ya, Nestor?" She put both her hands into the cage and caressed the lion with great gentleness. "I really believe he looks better, ma! Shannon—" She whirled about, a rough rose of a girl. "What with big-time shows and the movies, there's no sense in small fry like us any more. We're through!"

Shannon had seated herself on a packing crate.

"I know, Ruby. It's been coming for years. Mother and I used to try to tell dad that, but he still believes in it. Why don't you and Mercedes get out?"

"Easy enough to get out, but you've got to get into something," Ruby said.

"What I came over for," Shannon said, "was to ask you if you wouldn't like to go for a swim with me. There's a nice deep pool down there in the creek, and no one—"

"Swell!" Ruby began to strip off her tights.

Shannon said, "I'll go and get my bathing suit. *And* soap. I'll meet you at the creek, Ruby."

The swim in that clear sun-shot pool under overhanging birches had made the very thought of going back to Ned's tent well-nigh impossible. But Shannon had gone back and made supper for her father and Jet Carmichael and had resolutely eaten with them because on this profitless day she could not let them down.

JET lingered after Ned had gone out of the tent. He looked up at Shannon with somberly burning eyes.

"Shannon!" he said huskily. "You don't like it here. I don't have to do much figuring to work that out. I don't blame you much, either. It isn't much of a life for a girl like you, Shannon. The only thing is—if you're going away, I'd like to take you; I'd like to go with you." He stood up, towered over her like a large miserable child. "This isn't my kind of a job, either. I used to be a gardener in California. If I thought you could get to like me a little—I'd find something steady. I'd—I could do anything, with you to work for. I know I'm asking a lot, but—"

He faltered, suddenly overcome at his own audacity. With a confusing rush of emotion, Shannon laid her hand on his arm.

"Oh, Jet—you're so darned nice!" In another moment, she knew, her eyes would be foundering in tears. "But—it isn't as simple as all that, Jet."

"Of course—I know, Shannon." Jet's voice was meek in resignation. "I'm not good enough for you. The way I see it, no one is. Even at that, there's lots better than me. I never pretended to be much. I know all that. But I just had a hunch that—well— If you ever need me for anything—just call on me, eh?"

She clasped her hands tightly together. "Thanks, Jet—thanks a lot!" And then immediately he was gone.

About ten o'clock it began to rain, of course, as it would. Until then, however, Ned, with eloquent voice and gesture, had extolled his nostrums as he had never done before.

In a costume discreetly different from that of this afternoon, Shannon appeared in the crowd before Ned's platform. She wore a cocky little black hat dipped rakishly over one eye, and a black-silk suit flaring at the hips. Her blouse was of white chiffon, handmade—by herself. Her legs were slim in colorless stockings above the gracious arch of her cheap black patent-leather pumps. Her mouth was still childishly grave, perhaps, but warmly shaped and colored, with almost no lipstick; her teeth excellent, though a bit large. The hat gave her nose very little dignity—nothing could. It was a plain, short nose, useful and expressive, but distinction was not in it. Her eyes, though, were a blue sea-darkness, and the soft dusky curls, swept back behind her ears this way, were truly pleasant to regard.

She stood well back among the spectators for a while, watching their faces. Quite without warning, a revulsion overwhelmed Shannon which threatened to send her into headlong flight. Then—she saw him.

He was well over medium height, solid of shoulders, spare of waist and hips, the conventional figure of the college-trained athlete. He was dressed in easy light-gray flannels, and his gray hat was in his hand. His hair looked crisp, was cut rather short, and was of some unimportant neutral shade between blond and brown. In half-profile to Shannon, he was smiling—but not as these other people smiled. There was humor in the long, rather hard lines of his jaw and in the bold square promontory of his nose; but in the generous downtwist of his mouth there was something Shannon had rarely seen—a genuine compassion.

INVOLUNTARILY she took a step forward. The man turned and looked squarely into her face. The keen gray search of his eyes sent the blood throbbing up into her cheeks, and in an unthinking flurry she swung about and forced her way up to Ned's stand.

"Three bars of soap, please!"

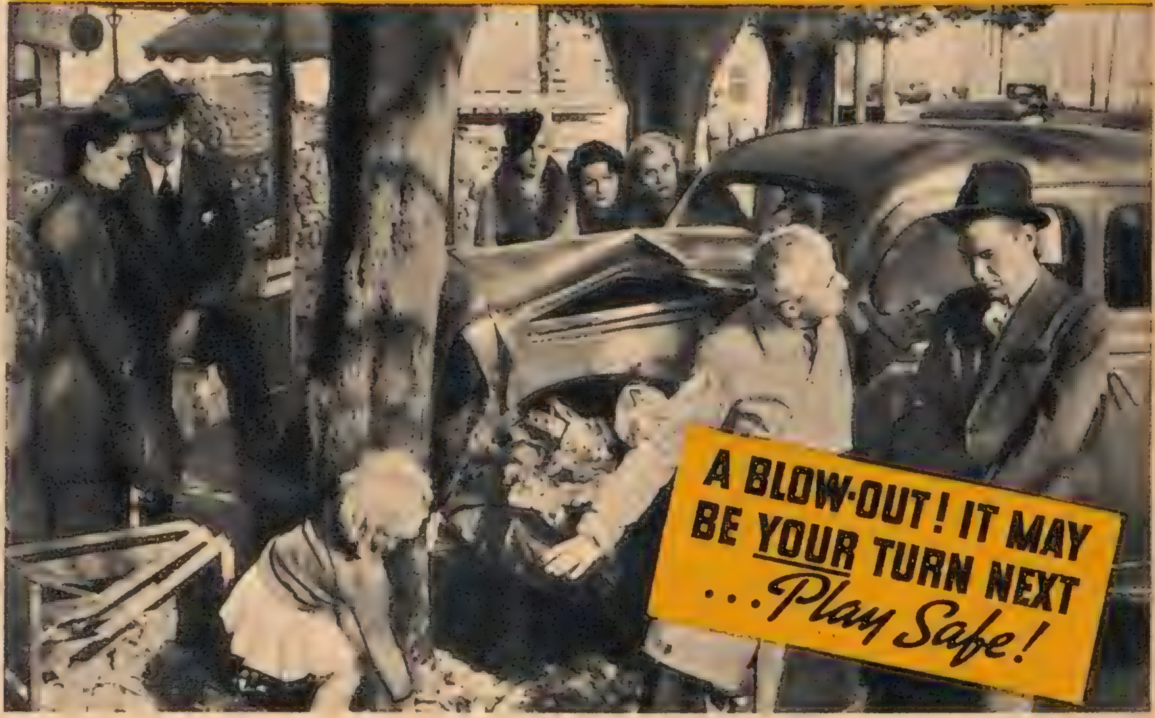
"You don't look as though you need that," the stranger said in a tone so low that she knew he must be right beside her. Startled, she glanced up and saw that his eyebrows were knit in a quizzical grin. "But if it's good for you, it ought to be good for me." He put his hand into his pocket as he spoke.

"I'll sell you mine," Shannon said daringly.

His smile was understanding. "No, thanks. The old boy deserves a contribution. He puts on a good show—and in the best tradition. I thought they were all dead."

He stepped forward immediately and asked Ned for six bars of Dalton's Disappearing Soap. Shannon's cheeks burned. The stranger had thought that she was buying the soap out of charity toward the earnestly sweating man on the platform—her own father! Tears of rage and humiliation for Ned sprang into her eyes. Before the attentive stranger had turned again, Shannon was frantically pushing her way through the crowd. At

DANGER AHEAD


A BLOW-OUT! IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT
...Play Safe!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

. . . ride on Goodrich Silvertowns!

Pietro: "You pay for my vegetables-yes?"

Driver: "Don't worry. I'll take care of you. After that blow-out I should be thankful I'm still alive."

* * *

Figures don't lie. Every year thousands of dollars are spent for damages—thousands of motorists are killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control. To trust to luck when it comes to tires is to invite a serious, costly accident. Because when you spin along the highways at a rate of 40, 50, 60 miles an hour terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A tiny blister forms. Bigger and BIGGER grows this invisible blister. Then it's just a matter of time when, BANG! A blow-out!

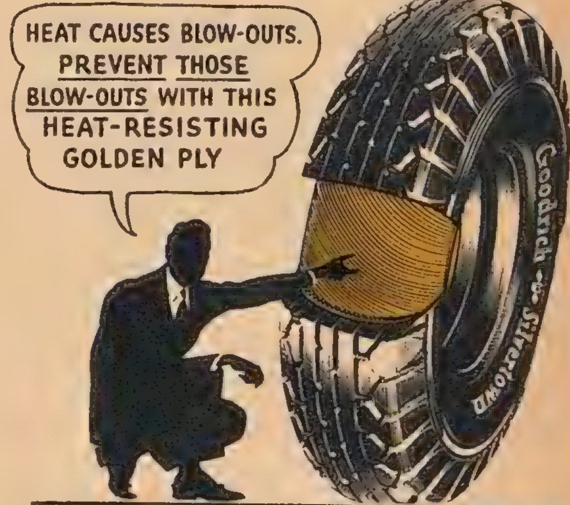
An amazing invention

To protect you every new Goodrich Silvertown is built with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. By resisting this heat, the amazing Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating—it keeps heat blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Silvertowns also safeguard you against dangerous tail-spin skids with a specially designed "road drying" tread that acts like the windshield wiper on your car. At the first sign of a skid the big center ribs sweep away water, giving the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip.

No extra cost

If you need tires now—if you are going to need them during the next few months—*don't take chances.* See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*


HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS. PREVENT THOSE BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS HEAT-RESISTING GOLDEN PLY
Goodrich Silvertown

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. We ask your cooperation. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—free—a handsome red crystal emblem to protect you if your tail light fails.

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

any cost, she would get out of his coolly amused sight. . . .

It was something after midnight. Shannon lay on her cot in the darkness, behind the cretonne curtain, and listened to the rain pelting the canvas above her. She had not yet undressed. The midway lights had long since been extinguished, the sudden downpour driving the crowd home; but Ned March was still abroad somewhere.

A curious sound came suddenly on a gust of blown rain. It rose from a mutter and a scramble to a shrill curse; then it dropped to a muffled barge of profanity, then into lesser, indistinguishable noises. Shannon stood up, listening desperately. Now, from some tent near by, came a splintering crash, then a violent silence of half a second—and the sickening glassy ring of a pistol shot.

Shannon had not been trained to the caprice of the road for nothing. She knew where her flashlight was. She swept her few garments into her suitcase in less time than it took to see them. She put on her hat, caught up her typewriter secure in its case. As she threw back the curtain, Ned March flung himself into the tent.

MARTHA OSTENSO

came from Norway, where she was born, at the age of two. Her father was a very restless sort of man, and within twelve years the family had lived in seven little towns of the Middle West. And at present Miss Ostenso still wanders about a great deal in Pullmans, boats, and automobiles. Some day she hopes to settle down finally on a small dairy farm in Minnesota and raise Samoyeds.

"Douse the flash!" he whispered. "Here's a ten-spot, kid! Beat it out of here!"

"What happened?"

"Never mind—no time to talk! Anyhow, I didn't do it." He tore at his valise—she could hear that in the dark. "Damn those dagos! I might've known. Just when I was going good. Jet and I had them cleaned—and nothing crooked about the game, either. Just the way the cards went. I was ahead a good fifty—and there was twenty more in the pot, when—" He turned and caught her briefly by the shoulder, kissed her cheek quickly, and hurried out. "Connect the same old way, remember? Keep down for a week or so. Adios!" . . .

Shannon ran blindly through the darkness. After a stumbling, drenching distance, there seemed to be ahead of her, on the other side of a fence, the broad highway that led out of Shale Falls. The lights of the town glimmered mistily half a mile beyond. She crawled under the fence and sat weakly down upon the sodden bank, her suitcase and typewriter beside her.

For a while no cars came by, and she was rather relieved at having a little time to restore herself to some semblance of order. Presently two came by, a third—and flashed heedlessly past, as though she had been a drooping scarecrow standing there. Upon the approach of the fourth, she stepped boldly out from the shoulder of the road and signaled vehemently to the driver.

The car came to a stop after a smooth glide as though it were made of wet plush. It was a roadster of wicked grace. Shannon felt her heart sink.

A man looked out from the open door.

"Want a lift?" he asked brusquely.

SHANNON stared. He was the gray-clad stranger who had bought six bars of Dalton's Disappearing Soap—because, somehow, it had amused him to buy it!

Evenly Shannon said, "Well, for one thing, I'd like to get in out of the rain. If I won't be in your way—"

"Hop in!"

In a moment she was settled and the car was nosing stealthily forward into the nimbus of its own headlights.

"And where," asked the stranger, "does the lady wish to go?"

Shannon took a deep breath freighted with courage. "As far as the gentleman will take me," she replied, sitting very straight.

"Well—now!" He gave a short laugh. "You're a trusting sort, aren't you? Mind elaborating a bit on that statement?"

"I must get a job—immediately," she said. "I have ten dollars to last me till I can earn more. I know something about secretarial work and reporting, and I have my own typewriter. But I'm willing to do anything—wash dishes in a restaurant—anything. The point is, I have to start doing it right away—tomorrow if possible."

"H'm!" The man took his eyes off the road for an instant to give her a sharp glance, which Shannon met midway. Then he fell into a silence. Finally he gave a satiric chuckle. "I've a damn good mind—it'd serve the old girl right!" he observed to himself, aloud, and to Shannon's bewilderment. Then, "Pardon, lady—just a bad habit of mine, talking to myself when I'm alone."

Alone? A glance at his stony profile discouraged Shannon. Why hadn't some more venerable conveyance come along? This car, like its owner, had a swift arrogance that frightened her.

After miles of black wet night and silence the man said, "I suppose we may as well get acquainted. I'm Byrn Pryor. Profession — law. Residence—winter, Carthia; summer, my mother's home, Dawn Haven, on Twin Deer Lake, near Carthia. That's where I'm going now."

"My name is Shannon March," she said promptly.

"Shannon March? Not really!"

"What's so amusing about it?"

"Oh—nothing! Nothing at all. I happened to be in Ireland once—in March. That's all."

"I've never been in Ireland," Shannon said severely.

"Well, let me give you a tip. If you ever do go, don't let it be in March when you're on your honeymoon."

HIS tone was so acid that Shannon looked again at his set face.

"I shall try to remember that," she said lightly.

"Now, you might tell me what you were doing, buying soap at the circus—with only ten dollars between you and starvation."

Shannon bit her lip. "What were *you* doing?"

"Me? I was in Shale Falls to discuss a case with a colleague of mine. He hadn't got home, so I went to the carnival to kill a little time. But there's an important difference. It just happens that I could afford the dollar. That's not bragging, you understand. But if I had no more than ten dollars in the world—"

Shannon's nostrils grew taut. She *must* not think of Ned! "I know—I couldn't afford it. I did it, probably, for the same reason that you did—out of pity for the—the poor anachronism who was selling the soap."

Again he shot her that keen glance. "Anachronism, eh? You've had something better than a grade schooling, haven't you?"

"I've just finished my first year's course in journalism in Denver. My mother—"

"Wait!" Byrn Pryor interrupted her with curious abruptness. "I'd rather not hear anything more about you. I've been thinking of a plan—and I wouldn't be surprised if you'd fill the bill nicely. Only—I don't want to know who you are or what you are. It would ruin everything."

"What in the world do you mean?"

The car slowed down to a moderate fifty. "You're looking for a job—and my mother is looking for some sort of companion-secretary. She has turned down eight applicants already—God knows why! She doesn't want references—doesn't want to know anything about the applicants or their troubles. I have a hunch she'd take you on—if you don't try to get confidential with her."

Shannon could hardly speak. "If she would only give me a chance! What sort of work would it be?"

"She's doing a book—on the flowers native to this state. She's past sixty, and since my father died a year ago she has made up her mind to live her own life in her own way. Doesn't want it messed up with other people's worries as it has always been. Understand?"

"Yes—I think so!" She was not aware of the fervor with which she spoke.

Byrn lapsed into a preoccupied silence. Presently Shannon stole a covert glance at him. How taciturn, almost forbidding, his handsome profile was in repose! His mind was certainly miles away from her. She might have been a sack of vegetables, for all the notice he took of her now. He must be mar-

(Continued on page 14)

Celebrate with Van Camp's

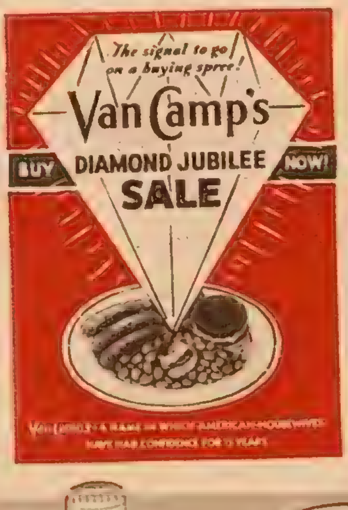
Van Camp's
PORK AND BEANS
PREPARED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Diamond Jubilee Sales

Join the celebration **NOW.**
Stock up during Van Camp's
Diamond Jubilee Sales

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR GROCER'S WINDOW

It's his signal that the big sale is on!


The signal to go on a buying spree!
Van Camp's
BUY
DIAMOND JUBILEE
NOW!
SALE

WHETHER you pack them off for a picnic in a park or round them up at your own dining-room table, make it a holiday by serving Van Camp's Pork and Beans. Give them plenty of these mealy melt-in-your-mouth beans made extra delicious by the savory, flavory tomato sauce. Watch them go for this old, old favorite. Hear them ask for more. And get a lot of extra satisfaction out of knowing that for Van Camp's extra goodness, *you pay less* than you pay for most nationally known canned foods.

Come along with the millions of women who are celebrating the special savings offered during Van Camp's 75th Anniversary Diamond Jubilee Sales. Start today on a shopping spree. See the Van Camp's table treats your grocer has for you . . . delicious soups, beans, tomato products, vegetables, condiments. Crowd your pantry shelves with these appetizing foods that have been the favorite of thousands of housewives since 1861. Any day can be a holiday . . . with Van Camp's in the pantry. Van Camp's Inc., Indianapolis, Ind.

Van Camp's

A NAME IN WHICH AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES HAVE HAD CONFIDENCE FOR 75 YEARS

A Few
of the Economical
Van Camp
Table Treats

Chili Sauce
Chili Con Carne
Vegetable Soup
Tomato Soup
Spaghetti
Catsup
Van Camp's
CHILI CON CARNE
VEGETABLE SOUP
TOMATO SOUP
ITALIAN STYLE SPAGHETTI

(Continued from page 12)

ried, of course. He had spoken of a honeymoon in Ireland. Some vague sense of disappointment, quite irrational, vexed her, so that she shrugged her shoulders unconsciously to shake it off.

"Well," she said suddenly, at last, "are you going to take me to see your mother?"

"Oh!" He seemed to start. "I thought that was all set. Almost there now."

From the top of a hill a vista of breath-taking beauty lay beneath her gaze. The road, of reddish gravel, wove like a burnished fillet through a forest that was deep and dark as shirred velvet. Under the smooth dove-wing glow of the east lay water that could not be a lake, Shannon thought, but a phantom mirror with depths of awesome magic. And on the opposite shore, glimmering through the black spires of pines, there was a great white house with gables and a roof dimly green.

"That's our place, over there," Byrn said curtly. "In fact, most of the north shore is ours. My grandfather homesteaded there, then changed his mind and went into business. He left the trees standing—and later expanded his humble shack till he had—that!"

"It looks beautiful," Shannon murmured.

"It has its points," he admitted. "It depends largely upon whether you look at it from the outside or the inside. But that's true of most houses. I don't suppose there'll be any one awake yet. I'll show you to the east gable room—it ought to be vacant, and it has a bath. When you've had a little sleep you'll meet my mother—and the other fixtures."

Shannon looked at him wonderingly; but Byrn's dark-browed eyes were intent upon the winding road. . . .

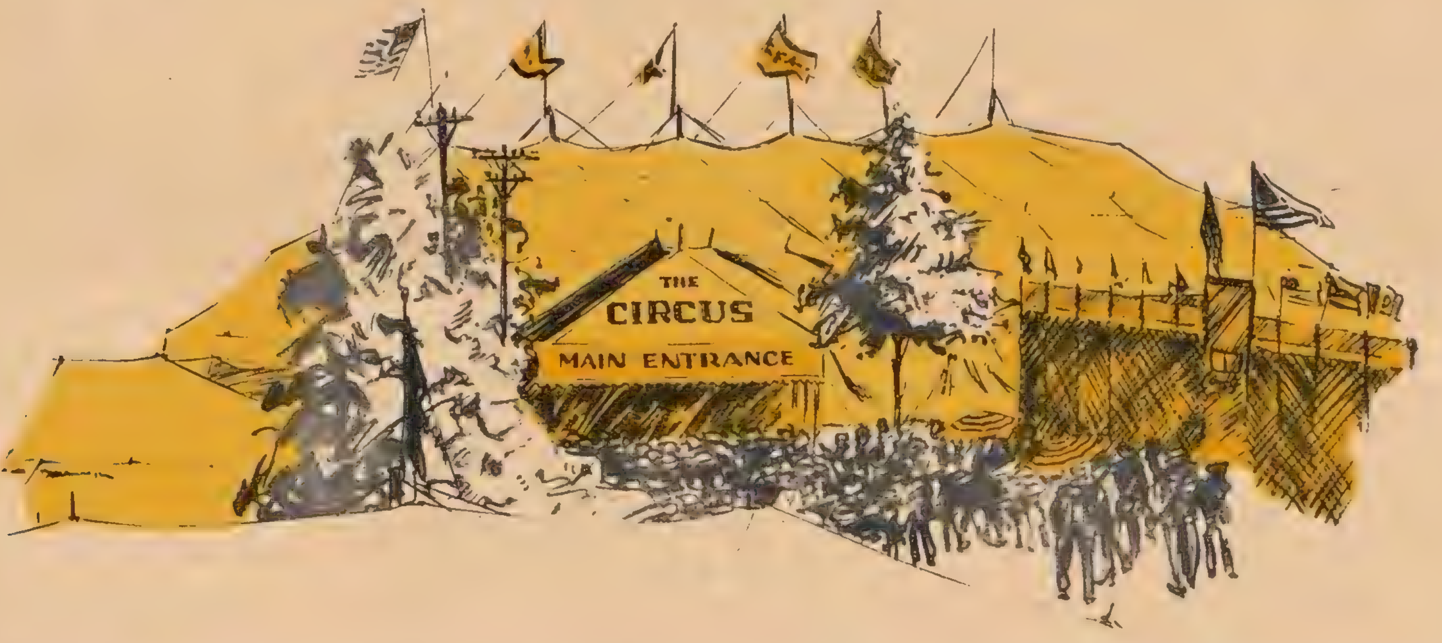
The room he had taken her to, with her luggage, was ivory and violet-gray. Its delicate enchantment wreathed about her immediately, so that she was scarcely aware of the bluntness with which Byrn had said good night and closed the door.

She went to the open window, knelt before it, and with tear-filled eyes looked down upon an old-fashioned rose garden. A fleece of gold tipped the somber trees above the garden now, but down there within it all was still a twilit mystery. Here at last, she thought—here was her place, her beautiful waiting world!

It was then that she caught a glimpse of something that startled her. From the shrubbery that rose against the trees beyond the garden, a figure appeared for an instant—the slight figure of a woman clad in what seemed to be a flowered silk negligee. The form melted back into the shadows, but a second later reappeared, hesitated for an instant beside a heavy-headed red-rose bush, glanced toward the house—then blew a quick roguish kiss with slender fingertips toward the trees and sped across the open space toward the rear porch. Staring, Shannon saw the head and shoulders of a man briefly limned against a stealing ray of light through the trees. Then the man was gone, and Shannon stood up, her hand pressed against her nervously pounding heart.

For a moment she was stunned. That slender, pretty girl who had darted across the rose garden had had upon her face an expression Shannon had seen before. Valerie d'Artagnan—that was not her right name, of course—had had that expression, down in New Orleans, during the Mardi Gras. Her husband, humble Moony Smith, had shot the man afterward.

What has Shannon been let in for? It begins to look pretty queer, even at the first moment. Is her courage of desperation going to land her in a mire of mischance? Tragedy or comedy? An answer to the riddle is in the next issue of Liberty—an unexpected answer.



GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ½ **THE DOCTOR** by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart.

The sympathetic and compelling story of Noel Arden, M.D., a "brother's keeper," and the buffeting of fate which led him into an impossible marriage—through physical and spiritual trial by fire, to eventual happiness and success.

★ ★ ★ **GOLDEN PEACOCK** by Gertrude Atherton. Houghton Mifflin Company.

An up-and-coming flapper of the Augustan age, her love affairs and her plunge into the dangerous labyrinth of Roman politics.

★ ★ ★ **GOYA: A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A MAN** by Manfred Schneider. Knight Publications.

A fictionized biography of an artist who is regarded almost unanimously as Spain's greatest native-born painter. Artist, courtier, bullfighter, cavalier, swordsman, humanitarian, philosopher—he was all of these, and a philandering genius besides.

★ ★ ½ **PRIVATE DUTY** by Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart.

Caroline Cutler, a young and pretty graduate nurse, runs into adventure when she starts private duty. No murders, kidnapings, nor counterfeiters, but the drama of life behind the scenes in the homes of the wealthy folks of a small New England town.

★ ★ ½ **A READING OF LIFE** by S. R. Lysacht. The Macmillan Company.

A group of nine essays on serious topics in a scholarly yet readable style for the thinking moments.

★ ★ **THIRD ACT IN VENICE** by Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown & Company.

Ups and downs in the romantic affairs of a highly sophisticated young man. Delightful setting in provincial France, in upper-class English circles, and finally in glamorous Venice.

Do the Munition Makers Cause War?

A Distinguished Army Man Speaks His Mind on Some Grim Realities

by MAJOR GENERAL JOHNSON HAGOOD

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden of Eden they entered into a world of conflict. They found the vegetables fighting for their food. They found the animals fighting for their food and for love. And they found that man must fight not only for his food and for love but also for his principles.

America lives today because there were men who could say, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Christianity lives today because there were men and women who could stand at the stake and die. War is one of the cruel things that Almighty God in His wisdom has inflicted upon human beings.

Wars will continue so long as there be wicked men who disobey the Commandments and righteous men will fight for their principles.

There are those who talk of taking the profit out of war. It would be better to take the graft out of peace.

Munition makers do not cause wars. The word "munitions" includes all army supplies, and the god of war cannot be identified with any one vocation or trade. No more stupid blow could be struck at national defense than to prescribe by law that those things that are most essential and hardest to get in time of war might be manufactured by the government only.

For a long time the world's wars were caused by religion. More recently wars have been caused by politics. Our French and Indian Wars were caused by efforts to rid this country of Indians. The American Revolution was caused by our unwillingness to submit to a form of government that has been quite satisfactory to Canada. The Mexican War was caused by our desire to extend our holdings. The great Civil War was caused by political squabbles that started before the Constitution.

During the past fifty years we have turned our attention to other people's politics. We did not like the way things were going in Cuba. We wanted to teach the Filipinos how to govern themselves. We thought that Diaz was a tyrant, so we gave our moral support to Madero and precipitated anarchy in Mexico. We gave our sympathy to Japan against Russia. Subsequently we sent congratulations to the Russian revolutionists when they overturned the throne of the Czar.

We muddled in the politics and religion of China, and gave our moral support to the overthrow of a form of government that had lasted since the beginning of the pyramids and the substitution of an interesting experiment that had been tried out many times and had failed. We entered the World War to make the world safe for democracy!

The young American believes that his country has never been engaged in an unrighteous war. The young men of other countries believe likewise of theirs.

But there are Pharisees among us. There are those who say, "We thank Thee, O God, that we are better than other men! We thank Thee that we are more just, more tolerant, more intelligent than those who have gone before us. You need not worry about us any more. The day is at hand for peace on earth and good will toward men. And because of our superior intellects, You may depend upon us to put an end to all strife. We have a simple plan. We shall persuade all men to think as we think, to do as we do, to accept our division of the spoils as they have been determined by previous wars. We have drawn little lines on the map and hereafter we shall compel all men to keep on their own side of the fence."

But there are also publicans who bow their heads in shame and say, "God, be merciful unto us miserable sinners! Forgive us for our iniquities. Guide us in Thy path; make us willing at all times to lay down our lives for what we believe to be the right. Keep us out of war, but if war comes make us fight the good fight. Make us fight for God, for home, and for country. And forgive us if we be wrong."

But praying for peace is not sufficient. There never was a time in the history of America when there was more need to *work* for peace. There never was a time when there was greater danger of wars from within as well as of wars from without. Within the past year forty-three out of our forty-eight governors have turned out the militia to enforce their demands. There have been cow wars to prevent the enforcement of quarantine. There have been milk wars. There have been mortgage wars. There have been political wars. There have been oil wars, and wars to prevent the shutting off of power and light. And there have been other kinds of wars that so far have not met with armed resistance. The outside world is engaged in war. Rumblings reach us from across both oceans. Our palms itch for the foreign trade. We stand ready to interfere in the quarrels of our neighbors.

The prevention of war lies in the field of statesmanship and diplomacy, and no stone should be left unturned. There cannot be too many peace societies. There cannot be too much done to impress the horrors of war upon our youth. But, whatever great advances we have made in the prevention of disease, we are not yet permitted to do away with doctors and druggists.

The time has not yet come and will never come when diplomacy must not be backed up by force. And if the institutions of America are not to perish off the face of the earth, America must be able to defend itself.

Preparedness never has and never will give us absolute assurance of peace. But so long as America concerns itself with its own affairs, so long will it be reasonably assured of peace—if at all times it be strong enough to enforce the law, "Private Property. KEEP OUT."

A two-ocean navy, each capable of standing off any other navy in our own waters, an army of citizen soldiers capable of standing off any and all other armies that could be brought against us in our own country—this is what might be called an adequate national defense. Such a defense would cost only about two cents per capita per day. It cannot guarantee us against the shedding of blood. But it does mean that America would prevail in the end.

THE END

Will This Be The Last

Beneath the Harmonious Surface of Things at Philadelphia a Battle of Giants Is Brewing . . . What Will the "Solid West" Do?

by JAY FRANKLIN

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ELEVEN hundred delegates are gathered in Philadelphia for the twenty-seventh National Nominating Convention of the Democratic Party. They are all set to renominate Roosevelt and Garner, adopt whatever platform the President has approved, and then adjourn for a good old-fashioned dingdong campaign against the Republicans.

Will 1936 be another 1896, 1916, or 1932 for the Donkey?

Will F. D. R.'s battle for re-election follow the course of 1896, when Bryan was sweeping the country in October, only to lose it in November when Mark Hanna and the big Republican slush fund pushed the "Boy Orator from the Platte" through the ropes in a last-round knockout? Will it be a close decision, like 1916? Or will it be another Roosevelt tidal wave, like 1932, when F. D. R. romped in to the tune of Happy Days Are Here Again in the most complete shellacking the Republicans have ever received?

Most Democrats are thinking and talking victory.

Some, who know how public opinion shifts, who see the big names and the big money lining up behind the Republican candidate, and who realize the stakes for which the campaign is being waged, wonder whether the Republicans may not pull another Mark Hanna out of the little black satchel and give the New Deal a trimming.

A very few are wondering whether this Philadelphia love feast may not be the last convention of the old Democratic Party, and whether the heritage of Jefferson and Jackson may not pass to a New Deal Party of the West against a conservative party of the East.

For the Democratic Party is only a part of the New Deal combine which is in power at Washington today. Roosevelt would never have been elected in 1932 without the votes of the Progressive Republicans and the independent liberals, of the Western farmers and the Eastern workers. He cannot be re-elected without them, and already the strain of holding the combine together is beginning to trouble the party leaders. Under the surface of Jim Farley's patronage machine and the passionate cries of "Hurrah for Roosevelt!" a deadly political battle is being waged for control of the Democratic Party.

This is the real business before the Philadelphia Convention, and it will take the form of a struggle to repeal the old rule by which no Democratic candidate can be nominated for the Presidency without the support of two thirds of the delegates.

In 1936 Roosevelt will have just about all the delegates. Al Smith's Liberty League speech of last January was an open threat to split the party, to "take a walk." Instead, Al has been taken for a ride. After his threat, the conservative Democrats—men like Carter Glass and Harry Byrd of Virginia, Millard Tydings of Maryland, and David Walsh of Massachusetts—jumped on the Roosevelt band wagon. Only as an act of grace was Al allowed to run unopposed in the New York primary, and he may not even bother to go to Philadelphia at all. If he walks, it will be by himself.

Governor Gene Talmadge of Georgia, with the help of Du Pont and Raskob money, tried to start a "Stop Roosevelt" movement in the South, but the "Grass-Roots Convention" Talmadge staged at Macon was a flop.

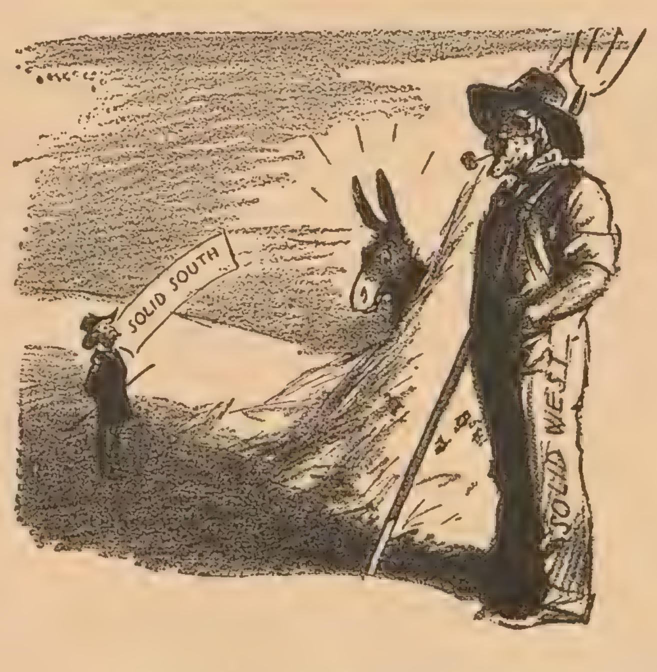
Colonel Henry Breckinridge, Lindbergh's lawyer, tried to run against Roosevelt in some Democratic primaries. He was swamped in Pennsylvania by a vote of 19 to 1, and in Maryland by a vote of 6 to 1.

Roosevelt and Farley have an unbeatable grip on the party. The nomination will be simply a matter of form, and it is already announced that Roosevelt's acceptance speech will be given at Franklin Field. Of course they are going through all the motions. It will be noisy, exciting; there will be plenty to drink and a good time will be had by all.

But it is Hamlet with Hamlet left out, Amos without Andy, Romeo without Juliet, Laurel minus Hardy. For there is no representation at Philadelphia of the men who gave the hungry Democrats a chance at the loaves and fishes.

The Republican Progressives of the northern Mississippi basin, the farm-belters who handed the 1932 election to F. D. R. on a silver platter, are not there. Not only have the La Follettes of Wisconsin, George Norris of Nebraska, Hiram Johnson of California, and men like Shipstead of Minnesota and Frazier of North Dakota no finger in the Philadelphia pie but they do not want to have any. They control the balance of power in American politics and do not want to be regimented into the ranks of the old Democratic setup. They don't want to swap rule by the South for rule by the East. They want the West to run America and are distrustful of the men and methods which led Roosevelt to fight the late Senator Bronson Cutting of New Mexico after Roosevelt had offered him a cabinet job. They wonder whether the Democratic Party is big enough to hold more than one big man at a time.

Westerners, like Harold Ickes of Chicago, Henry Wallace and Harry Hopkins of Iowa, may get a few plummy jobs at Washington, but way down in the rank and file, where jobs help win elections, the old patronage game is being played for keeps by Jim Farley's boys and by the old Southern politicians like Secretary Dan Roper,



The move to shift the New Deal from Solid South to "Solid West" is big-time politics.

Democratic Convention?

Pat Harrison, and Joe Robinson. It has been hard to keep Western Progressives sold on the New Deal while New Deal money and jobs have been used to try to defeat the very Progressives who made the New Deal possible.

Roosevelt and Farley have an unbeatable grip on the party. The nomination will be simply a matter of form.

The Progressives don't want to join the Democratic Party on these terms and now it's up to the party to decide whether to offer better terms or let the Progressives "take a walk." That's what the real fight is bound to be about at Philadelphia.

Ballyhoo will conceal it for a while. It won't look big as compared with the unanimous renomination of F. D. R. and Garner. The utter "harmony" over the platform will give the appearance of complete unity.

This platform has been under preparation for weeks. Roosevelt has attended to it personally. This time there will be no pledge to reduce government costs by 25 per cent, or to establish "a federal budget annually balanced." That's what they promised in 1932 and, boy, do they regret it! This time they won't pledge anything much. Instead, they will "point with pride" to the Roosevelt record, "view with alarm" the Liberty Leaguers, and make the whole thing as compact and sweet as an all-day sucker.

Carter Glass and Harry Byrd will fight for a cast-iron economy pledge, but will be paid off with a glowing tribute to the beauties of economy on a "when, as, and if" basis. Key Pittman may get "something for silver" into the works, and Cordell Hull will secure some touching references to world peace and world trade. On the other side, Harry Hopkins and Rex Tugwell will get something in about "social security," while "Honest Harold" Ickes will get more public works pledged to please the West.

But the platform had better be vague this year. Business is better and the panic is passed, but there are several hot little fires blazing under both political parties in the form of the problems which created the New Deal and which will scrap it mercilessly if it doesn't deal fairly with them:

Ten million workers unemployed.

Twenty million people on relief.

Nearly twenty million boys and girls of high-school and college age who face a future of narrowing opportunities.

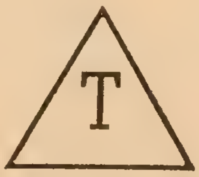
Fifteen million old people whose declining years are far from secure.

One hundred and fifty billion dollars of internal debts which can never be repaid, and over a fifth of this enormous sum in the form of federal debts, so that the next crash may destroy public credit.

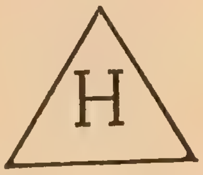
These problems are what give statesmen the jitters and make politicians unwilling to promise anything they wouldn't eat. These are the ghosts at the New Deal Victory Ball, the death's-head at the Democratic love feast. For the New Deal has not solved any of them—it has merely soothed them.

So the real question at Philadelphia is whether the Democratic Party can become the New Deal Party or must shed its skin like a snake in order to usher in a more abundant life. The fight will center around the proposal to repeal the old two-thirds rule. It will be in the hands of the most dramatic possible choice to rid the party of the veto power of the Solid South: Senator Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri. Here is how it happened: In 1932 Jim Farley made a rule to repeal the two-thirds rule at Chicago. This was a bonehead play and Big Jim got out from under by having the Chicago Convention refer the matter for action by the 1936 Convention. Now it is a hot potato that cannot be dropped. Senator Clark does not want to drop it.

GEOGRAMS



Each face of the triangular pyramid shown in the accompanying illustration bears a letter. The letters, properly arranged, spell the name of a state. Unfortunately you can see only one face of the pyramid. But even so—what state is spelled and what is its capital?



Here's another triangular pyramid with a letter on each face. On this one you can see only the letter H. This and the other letters properly arranged spell the name of another state. What state is it and what is its capital?

(The answers will be found on page 57)

Clark's father, the late Champ Clark, lost the Democratic nomination and the Presidency of the United States as a direct result of the two-thirds rule. It was at the Baltimore Convention in 1912, when Champ Clark was the candidate of the West, Woodrow Wilson of the South. The two-thirds rule also gave the Democratic Party in 1924 its most discouraging trimming. After the oil scandals and Harding, victory seemed possible; but at the Madison Square Garden Convention, Al Smith and McAdoo fought each other to a standstill, until John W. Davis, a conservative Wall Street lawyer, got the nomination on the hundred and third ballot. By that time it was worthless.

To repeal the rule means a real fight, because it has enabled the South to veto any nomination it did not like. In 1928, for example, the seventeen Southern and border states controlled 170 electoral votes, less than one third of the 531 votes involved in the election of an American President; but the Democratic South controlled 374 votes in the convention—*more than one third of the 1,100 delegates required to nominate a Democratic candidate.* Today the votes have been reapportioned and the South has only 362 delegates at the Philadelphia Convention—*less than one third of the total.* This means that it is at last possible to vote down the two-thirds rule by a two-thirds majority, even against the wishes of the Southerners.

In other words, it is at last possible to switch the Democratic base of operations from the Solid South to the Middle West, and thus perhaps to create a fighting New Deal Party.

This would mean as great a political revolution as Jackson's alliance of the South and West in 1828, and as dangerous as Lincoln's alliance of the North and West in 1860. For neither the North nor the South can rule America except in partnership with the Middle West. That is the real seat of power in modern America, and it is tired of being a stooge for either Southern plantation owners or Northern bankers. The fifteen states in that region control 382 votes—more than one third—in the Democratic Convention. They control 191 electoral votes when we come to choose a President. The thickly populated states of the Northeast, which have controlled American politics for seventy-five years, have only 143 electoral votes. Nearly 40 per cent of all of our people live in this Middle West. To make head against it, all of the states on the Atlantic seaboard would have to join forces—and even so they would not muster a majority of the voters.

This is the empire which the Democrats hope to conquer. Can they conquer it and still remain the Democratic Party? Can they lose it and still govern America? Every single one of these Midwestern states voted for Roosevelt in 1932. If he wins in 1936 he will have to carry them again. The South alone cannot reelect him. The East will vote for him only so long as the East figures he will win anyhow. So the move to shift the New Deal from the Solid South to a "Solid West" is big-time politics—much bigger than the election itself.

It won't look that way at first. Lots of people will say that to stage a fight over the two-thirds rule is just a scheme to put on a good show. But already, no doubt, silver-tongued Southerners, drawling Westerners, and quick-witted Tammany Irish are orating, pounding the table, sitting late and long in the battle. The real West is not there but its eyes are on Philadelphia to discover whether the Democratic Party is ready to construct a home the West may inhabit if it leaves the Republican bed and board.

The old potato may be too hot to handle. The Solid South may threaten to "take a walk" rather than surrender its privilege to control the Democratic Party. The public won't be allowed to know what is going on, but can tell what has happened if the decision on the two-thirds rule is postponed to 1940.

If the South insists on keeping the system which licked Champ Clark in 1912 and Al Smith and McAdoo in 1924, it will be because they figure they can win with Roosevelt in 1936 anyhow and don't see why they should cut the Progressives in on the boodle. If the South surrenders, it will be because the West is taking control of the Democratic Party.

In the first case, Roosevelt's New Deal coalition may win the election of 1936 but at the risk of a bad crack-up before 1940. In the second case, the New Dealers may lose the election of 1936 in order to win with an entirely new line-up in 1940.

For the battle of 1936—like 1896, 1912, and 1932—is a battle for the support of the Middle West. Both the Republicans and the Democrats are bidding for the support of the inland empire. Here is the battleground: Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. This is the heart of America, the land that rules our destinies.

This year the West will decide whether it will continue to rule through the New Deal or otherwise. The Democratic Convention at Philadelphia can settle nothing half so important as this. If it decides to use the Liberty Bell which it has adopted as its symbol to ring out the Old South and ring in the New West, look out for fireworks. For that may mean not only the end of the old Republican Party but the end of the old Democratic Party as well.

THE END

19 MICHIGAN 36
63-635

"YOU SEE—

the reason why people call Chevrolet 'the only complete low-priced car' is that we have included *every* important feature and thereby given beauty, comfort, safety and performance-efficiency unequaled at Chevrolet's prices."

FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION
CHEVROLET

NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES • SOLID STEEL ONE-PIECE TURRET TOP • IMPROVED GLIDING KNEE-ACTION RIDE* • GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION • HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • SHOCKPROOF STEERING*

**AVAILABLE IN MASTER DE LUXE MODELS ONLY. KNEE-ACTION, $20 ADDITIONAL. GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN —MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE. CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN*

The only complete low-priced car

CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

DAMES? *HAH!*

NEW YORK
DETECTIVE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE true hierarchy of New York's "Finest" is revealed not by the uniform and brass buttons but by the badge. And so, on this bright June morning, young Terry Burke strutted into the Mercer Street station and tried not to be too overbearing about the newly minted shield which read "Detective, 3d Grade"—if one could have read through his gray suit.

As the door banged, Desk Sergeant Shea looked down his craglike nose and clucked to Patrolman Delinni, his rival for the precinct checker championship.

"Well, *slap my face* if we haven't hatched another dick! Let's see it."

"Watch out it don't blind you, Pop," grinned Terry, giving them a flash.

Grizzled Shamus shook his head. "This means work for us," he sighed. "I bet that by sundown we'll have no less than five hundred public enemies lugged in here by Detective Burke. Hey, Joe?"

Patrolman Delinni nodded sadly.

"Pushcart men—necktie salesmen—*everything.* Why, some of these new dicks even fill the pie wagons up with their *own* families, they're that hot to snap on the bracelets!"

Terry grinned. He could kid right along with the best of them, he always said. Lounging against the rail, he shoved his new felt on the back of his red head and lit a cigarette.

"Pour it on, coppers!" he said genially. "Mighty nice to be able to light up during working hours, though." The pair squirmed slightly. "Of course I miss the good old blues—but blue's your fav'rite color, isn't it? Me, I got sort of tired of the harness."

"I hear," said Shamus, "that you even got into the Old Man for a car."

"You heard right—for once," said Terry proudly. "A stem-winder, too! A big blue se-dan with no give-away tags on it. Why, I might be Mrs. Astor's broker, just riding around."

"Yeah," said Patrolman Delinni. "With that pan. And *I* might be Mr. Astor."

"Keep it clean, boys," said Sergeant Shea severely. "Good mornin', Numbers."

A portly baldish officer nodded greetings. His real name was Keresey, but a remarkable photographic memory for the numbers of stolen cars had earned him the department handle of "Numbers." So valuable had this unique gift become that he was now permanently stationed at one end of Manhattan Bridge, where he scanned an endless whirl of license plates and pounced on those listed in his little black book.

"Mornin'," nodded Numbers. "Well, what have we got here?"

"A new-hatched dick, no less," said Shamus.

Terry grinned impudently.

"Too many stolen cars been coasting past those glassy eyes of yours lately, Numbers. I hear Buggsy Zach even gave you a wave of the hand as he was heading for Jersey Friday. Good thing they've got a couple of live coppers at the tunnel to pick up guys like him."

"I suppose," grunted Numbers, ears red, "that you're going to take some of the load off my shoulders. Is that it?"

Terry flicked an ash.

"That's the rough idea, Methusalem. I'm paying special attention to the guys who go riding in other people's cars and forget to return 'em. So you can begin to relax."

"It looks," said Shamus, with a wink, "like we can *all* begin to ease up a little bit. Unless Terry picks up an heiress and gets married."

Terry's young face hardened with scorn. "Dames? *Hah!* They got no more place in *my life* than Mahatma Gandhi, Pop, and you can shout that off the Chrysler

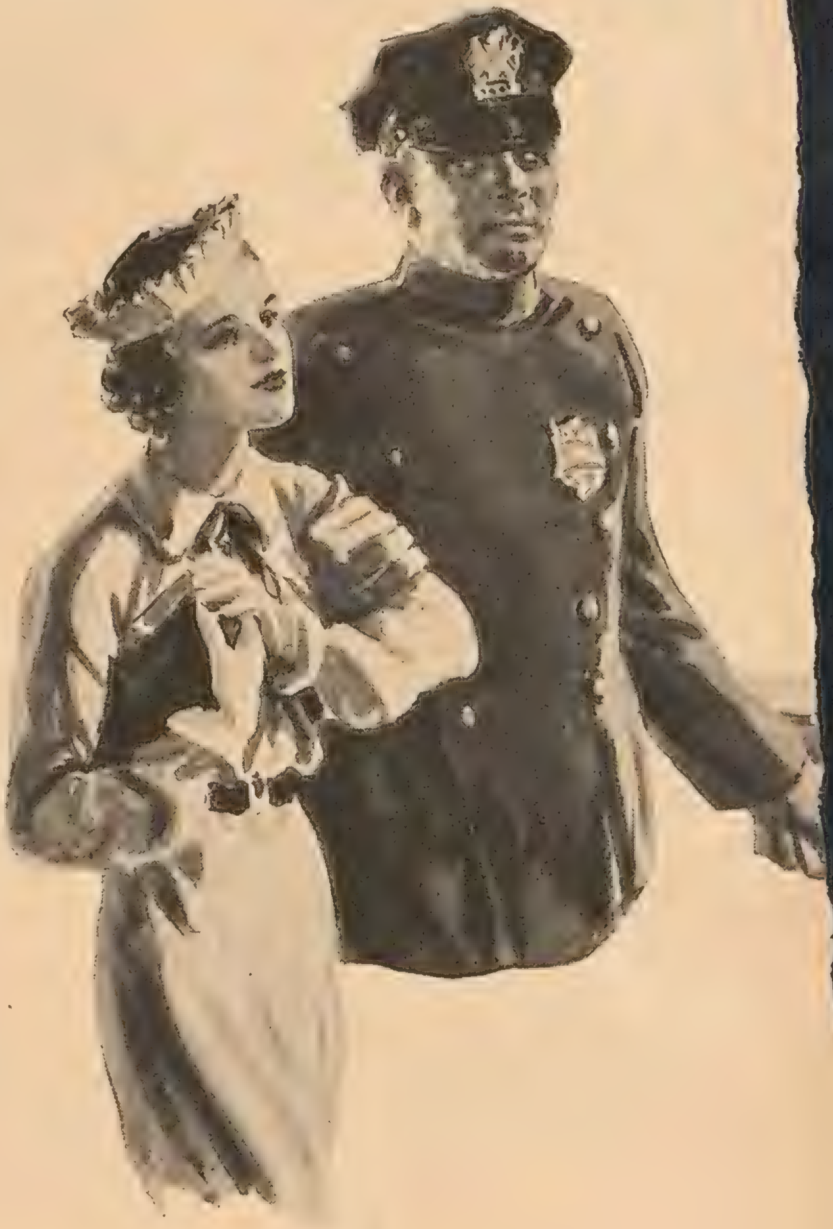


ILLUSTRATION BY HAL THOMAS

Building. I've seen too many suckers trimmed by the frails to give 'em even standin' room."

"Mebbe," observed Delinni, who had six children, "we've *all* been out of step with things, hey, boys?"

"'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings—'" quoted Shamus sadly.

"It ought to read 'suckers,'" snapped Terry, heeling his butt. "They're the only ones who get taken for the merry-go-round by dames. And if you want to make yourself a million bucks, Pop, just take yourself the longer end of a bet that no dame puts T. J. Burke out on a limb!"

The sergeant smiled after Terry had adjusted his hat at a cocky angle, slapped Numbers on the back, and banged out.

"He's like most of the new whisky we're gettin' these days, that kid. Good stuff in it, but it takes a powerful lot of aging."

Numbers grunted. "I ain't sure I can wait that long, Shamus. Don't they sometimes put something in it to hurry the process?"

Sergeant Shea stroked his heavy bluish jaw and looked thoughtful. "H'm," he said.

Three weeks went by—weeks which seemed made especially to order for Detective Third Grade Terence J. Burke. Some of it, of course, was pure Irish luck, as Sergeant Shea and others profanely pointed out. Who else on earth could have had the fool's luck to be crossing Park and Fifty-seventh just as two enterprising but green youths slugged rich Mrs. Travis Cadwallader Wells and snatched her handbag, just as she was leaving the jeweler's? *That* little episode hit page one and Detective Terence J. Burke kept all the clippings—and *showed*

A STOLEN CAR, A SOCK IN THE EYE, AND A GIRL—AND THE GAY TALE OF A COP'S COME-UPPANCE

by STANLEY JONES

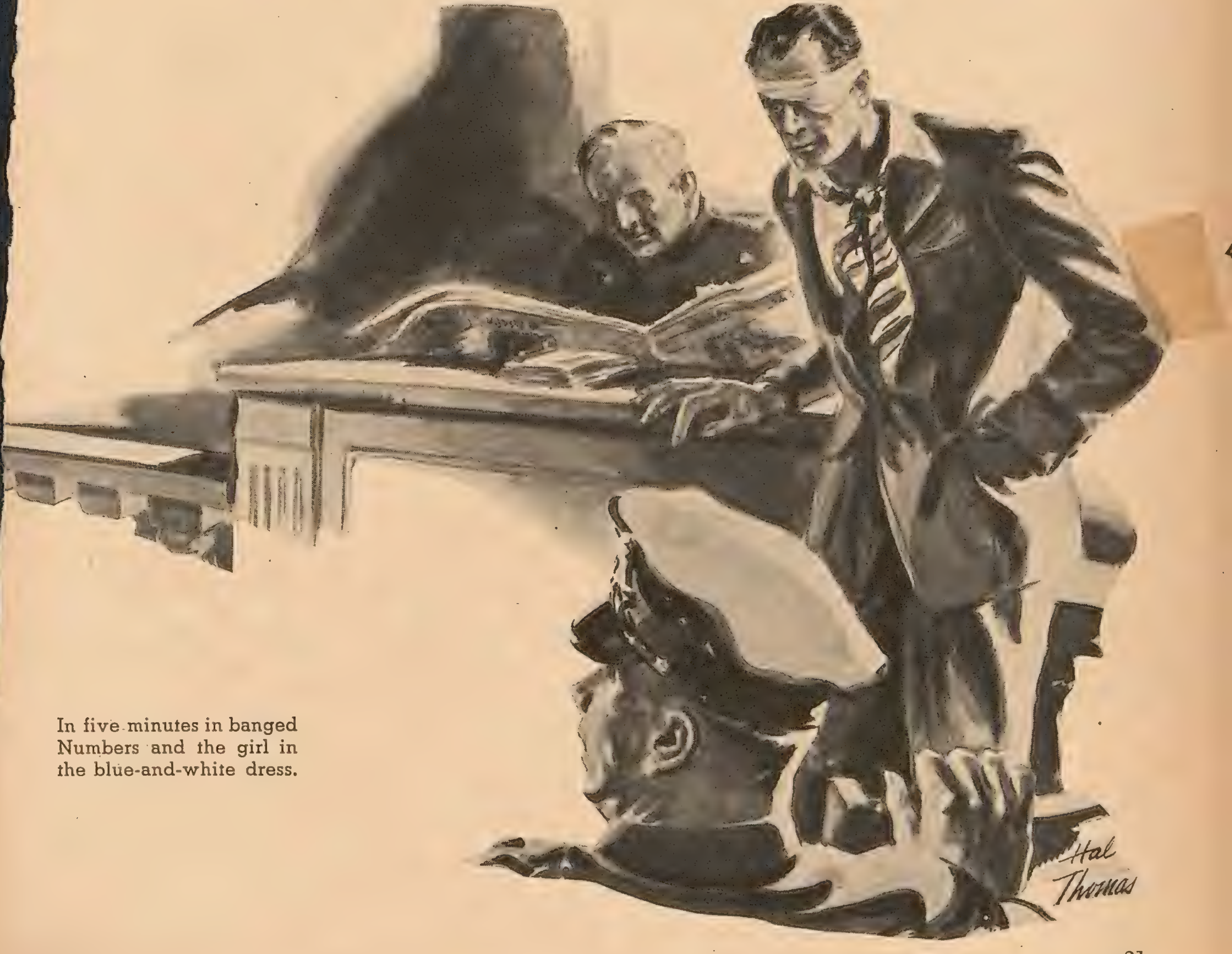
them, until Patrolman Delinni swore he was sorry for the day that he had ever learned to read at all.

That had barely quieted down when Terry followed two men, purely on suspicion, into a nondescript hotel on West Forty-fifth. While they were inside, he used his master key (and his nerve) to open the locked rumble of their roadster, which happened to contain a small black bag stuffed with bills. Purely on suspicion, he tagged the pair when they came out, and took them to Headquarters. Their prints revealed them to be Parson Earley and Big Joe Alger—wanted in five states. Terry's chest stuck out farther than ever. So did his tongue—as is perhaps only natural when one is twenty-two and *good*.

"I wonder," he would ask with evil casualness, "how long it takes a good man to become a detective inspector in this line?"

Shamus groaned.

Numbers looked up from filing his day's report. "Well,



In five minutes in banged Numbers and the girl in the blue-and-white dress.

if you don't get it soon, you'll never live to see it."

Jerry shoved back his hat. "Oh, no? Some tough guy going to chop me down, I suppose, eh?"

"No-o," said Numbers, shifting the lump in his cheek. "You'll just naturally bust—like any inner tube does when it gets too full of hot air. You're gettin' all swoll up now, like a poisoned pup."

"Suits me," said Terry. "A lot more than dying on the vine and waiting for a pension when you're sixty."

"Sure," said Numbers, with a wink at Shamus. "But who's going to look after your wife and kids?"

Terry snorted in disgust. "Say, get this through that concrete skull of yours—and you too, Pop. The only thing a dame sees in a man is a meal ticket. And the time you baboons catch *me* even buying a dame her cakes and coffee is the time you can ask me for a sawbuck apiece—and *get* it."

"Spoken like a man," said Shamus. "And it gives us something to work for. A man should have a real incentive."

Terry rose, grinning.

"You said it, Pop. Something besides watching his birthdays until number sixty rolls around, hey, Numbers? Well, I'll be seeing you." . . .

One warm evening in mid-July, Terry parked his big blue sedan near Chris's Restaurant in East Forty-fifth Street. He banged the door with an ever-new feeling of pride. It shut with that solid, expensive, icebox sound—so in contrast to the sharp breadboxy clap of the little green roadsters which most of the force used. He backed off, admiring the car—and his own spruce reflection in the glass of the door. "Some tomato can!" he said, and went in, grinning.

An hour later he came out into the warm dusk, thumbs hooked in his vest, a toothpick dancing between his lips. A frown creased his brow as he noted that the parked cars now formed an almost complete chain up and down the block, bumper to bumper. A shabby little tan coupé was practically roosting on his radiator.

"Holy Catawba!" exclaimed Terry. "If there's one bird in this town who hasn't got a car, I'd like to meet him. How'm I gonna get—"

STANLEY JONES

was born in New York and is a graduate of Dartmouth College. He served with both the French and American forces in the war. He was a copy writer in advertising agencies but changed to fiction writer when his first story was accepted by a magazine.

He stopped then. For from the shabby little tan coupé came a muffled "Damn it!" in an unmistakably feminine voice. Terry moved over, peered in—into the flushed exasperated face of as pretty a girl as he had ever seen; and that went for the covers of the movie magazines around the station house, too. Wide gray eyes under dark level brows—now knit from the unequal struggle with the wheel of the car. A small pert nose, just impudent enough. A mouth— Yes, everything, Terry decided. But still unable to wrestle her car out. Still a dame, who had to be forever leaning on man's strength and resource.

Terry smiled, and his indulgent contempt stung her.

"WELL?" she said, and her voice had the crack of a whip beneath its even drawl. "I hope you're entertained. I'm *not*. I have a date, and some fool has blocked me in here so that Houdini himself couldn't get me out!"

Terry grinned.

"No? Well, sister, that's—"

"And save the 'sister'!" she snapped. "I'm a city girl myself, and you don't look like either of my brothers. Is that your car?" She jerked her head at the one in front.

"*That* carpet sweeper?" said Terry. "Not on your life. Mine's just behind—the big blue job."

She craned around for a look, and Terry was mollified to note the evident impression which it made. He guessed she'd not try to pull the high and mighty on him now.

"My, that's a *real* car, isn't it?" she said admiringly.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," said Terry with a casual possessiveness which would have given the captain apoplexy. "She takes me where I want to go, and she brings me back."

The girl admired it again, with a trace of envy. Then:

"Still, it's got me boxed in here—even if it is so elegant. This wheel of mine is so hard to turn. I—I wonder if—"

"Sure," drawled Terry. He could afford to help the dame out, now that she had admitted her inability to cope with a man's world. The girl slipped out, smoothing her frock. She was a little thing, but put together right—if you were the sort of guy who noticed such things. And she gave him a smile at once rueful and dazzling.

"My wrists"—she extended them—"don't seem quite strong enough to wrench the thing around and back and fill the way you have to."

"No," said Terry, viewing them. "No woman should be given a license in this town unless she has a man along to drive the bus." He slid in. This would be a cinch!

"Would—would it be asking too much," said the girl, "for you to just run it down around the corner to Third Avenue? There's always space there, and I left my cigarettes in the restaurant."

Terry grinned. She was a real woman, all right—leaving things!

"O. K." Nor could he resist inquiring, "Sure your head's stuck on?"

"Ouch!" she said. "That one hurt. But maybe it's fair. I'll be right along."

TERRY seized the wheel of the little tan coupé and began the interminable surging back and forth, cramping the front wheels an inch more each time. Sweat beaded his face, trickled down between his powerful shoulders. But after some minutes he jockeyed into the clear. He hoped the girl would return to see his mastery of the beast, but she was still inside. Probably forgotten something else this time.

He crept down the street in the traffic stream. It took five minutes before he could turn right on to Third Avenue. And another three to park in the middle of the block. He got out, left the motor running, mopped his steaming face with his white-silk handkerchief. "Where the hell is she?" he muttered. He hesitated, then decided to leave the motor running—it would only be a second.

He walked back, his good nature evaporating with each step. That was the trouble with dames—once you started doing favors for them, there was no end to it. He decided on one or two pretty caustic comments for her when they met.

But they did not meet. For when Terry quickened his stride, approaching Chris's Restaurant, there was plenty of space in front of the entrance. Including the space—and Terry's eyes bulged, then froze—so recently occupied by the department's big blue sedan.

"Holy Catawba!" he croaked, sprinting forward. He cast swift glances at the cars remaining, up and down the street. It was not there. "Why, some lousy so-and-so—I'll kill him! I'll *kill* him!"

A forlorn hope that the doorman might have shoved the car to make room for a bus, or something, was doomed to swift disappointment. The Greek blinked at Terry's rage, shrank from the viselike clutch on his red lapel.

"No—I no see heem," he stuttered. "Just young lady come out and get in blue car and drive away."

A sudden dreadful thought struck Terry between the eyes with the force of a brickbat.

"What'd she have on, you? Was it a sorta blue-and-white dress?"

"Blue and white—yes," gulped the Greek. "And little white hat—kind of crazy-looking. You know the kind they wear, boss."

With a groaning curse, Terry dropped the Greek and tore over to Third Avenue. Take his car, would she? By gosh, if the traffic and the lights would only give him a break, he might catch her yet. And when he *did*, he'd give her a sock in the jaw that would rattle the back teeth of her great-great-grandfather and set him to spinning in his grave like a squirrel in a cage.

But everything was against him tonight, for once.

Third Avenue yielded nothing save the stream of north- and south-bound traffic, the recurrent roar of the el, the shrill cries of children playing hopscotch on the gritty sidewalks. Terry swore magnificently.

He didn't know where to turn—his mind was too numbed by the enormity of the thing. But he had to do *something*. And presently he remembered what—and went hot and cold. He had to report the loss of the department's big blue sedan, that's what he had to do. He groaned at the thought of Desk Sergeant Shea's face. And Patrolman Delinni's. And Numbers'—what a laugh for the boys! Taken for a magnificent loop by a bit of a girl who could make the featherweight limit with all her clothes on and wringing wet! His car stolen by her—and from right under his nose! He couldn't face it, that was all.

Wild thoughts of running away tumbled through Terry's brain. Of taking ship for South America. Of resigning by mail. *Anything*. Just so he wouldn't have to take that merciless razzing from the whole blasted department! Not to mention the captain, a cold-eyed copper of the old school—a man who cared much for records and little for reasons. "Holy Catawba!" breathed Terry, breaking out into a new bath of perspiration at the prospect.

HE was about to enter a drugstore to telephone and report the theft when a brilliant idea struck through his dulled senses. True, it would not restore the car. But it would not place him in so ridiculous and infantile a light before the boys. Terry snapped his fingers with sudden decision, walked back to Chris's.

He beckoned the Greek, who approached with considerable misgivings.

"Come here, you," ordered Terry. He flashed his badge, then cut short the fervent avowals of innocence. "Come on into this hallway with me, and do just what I say, see? Then you won't get into trouble—so long as you keep your trap shut afterwards.

"Now," said Terry, after making sure they were alone, "give me a good sock in the eye. A *good* one, see?"

The Greek drew back, Athenian negation on every feature.

"Me sock policeman? No—not me, boss! No, thanks very much. I'm married man. I work hard—mind my business. I no go around socking policemen."

"You'll sock me," said Terry grimly, "or *get* socked, see? I've got a special reason for this, and I want it in a hurry!"

Ten minutes later Detective Third Grade T. J. Burke rushed into the station house. Sergeant Shea looked up from the pleasant task of running down Patrolman Delinni's last king on the board between them. He blinked, rubbed his eyes.

"Well, *slap my face!*" he urged. "What's run into you, Terry?"

Terry Burke panted up to them. One eye was swollen shut—a hand-

I STILL FEEL ROTTEN AND IT'S FUNNY, TOO, BECAUSE MY LAXATIVE WORKED . . .
YOU PROBABLY TOOK AN ORDINARY LAXATIVE, OLD MAN. NEXT TIME, TAKE SAL HEPATICA—THE LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY IT SURE MAKES A DIFFERENCE!

You need more than laxative action... you must COMBAT ACIDITY, too!

VACATION WARNING! If too much sun, wayside food, a change of water upset your system so that you need a laxative, *choose your laxative with care!*

For ordinary laxatives give you laxative action only. They are not designed to combat the acidity that usually accompanies constipation. Your sickish feeling is apt to hang on.

But try Sal Hepatica—two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water. This mineral salt laxative not only cleanses the system—gently, quickly, thoroughly—but brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, to help your system return to its healthy alkaline reserve.

Soon you feel yourself again, ready for all the fun that vacation can bring. Get Sal Hepatica today.

Sal Hepatica
Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC
THE MINERAL SALT LAXATIVE THAT ALSO COMBATS ACIDITY

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight" featuring Stoopnagle and Budd and a host of hopeful amateurs. Every Wed. night—N.B.C. network—coast to coast. One full hour of fun.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

some specimen of what is technically known as a "shanty." His lower lip was cut. His collar was torn, and his dark blue cravat nestled under his left ear. "Car thieves," he mumbled rapidly. "Ganged me and grabbed the bus. Get it out on the ticker right away. Here's the number."

When the information had been broadcast, Shamus and Delinni demanded details.

"Iodine," the doctor, bustled in.

"Give him a cold compress," said Delinni. "He's all swoll up."

"There were four of 'em," said Terry, pressing the cold cloths to his eye. "They crowded me to the curb. One of 'em had me covered, but I took a swing at him. Some one bent a pipe over my bean. Then we tangled on the sidewalk."

"Gee!" said Delinni, making notes. "They might have killed you!"

"They damn near did!" exclaimed Terry.

"Get a good look at them?" asked Shamus.

"It all happened too fast. One was a big broad guy—say six foot two. Dark blue suit, gray hat. Looked like a wop. The one with the rod was little and quick. He's the one I hit, before they dragged me out."

Patrolman Delinni looked at Shamus, pencil poised.

"Sounds like the Al Molloy mob to me. The big guy would be Don Dugan."

Shamus nodded. "That's Dugan, all right. He's got a record from here to Little America. Any women with them? They generally have a come-on."

"I don't think so. I—"

He was interrupted by the buzz of the desk phone. Shamus had some talk over it, hung up beaming. "Well, that old buzzard! What do you think he's done now?"

"Who?" demanded Patrolman Delinni.

"Numbers," said Shamus. He caught Terry's arm. "Say, I guess you'll lay off the old boy now—he's got your car for you."

Terry gasped.

"How about the mob?" said Delinni. "Did they jump ship?"

"Don't know yet. He just said he was bringing it up. He'll be here any minute now."

WITHIN five minutes, sure enough, in banged Numbers and (Terry scarce dared look!) the girl with the blue-and-white dress.

"Here she is," said Numbers, puffing a little. "Out for a spin in the department's best car, and fresh as a daisy."

The girl saw Terry then, and stepped up close. "I used to have pretty good luck with a cold vinegar pack, when my brothers practiced on me."

Terry glowered, doubled a fist. "Well, you can order one right now!" he snapped. "No dame is going to grab *my* car and stay out of the hospital."

"Here, here," said Shamus, in mild surprise. "What on earth are you talking about, Terry? You're just after telling us that four mobsters put the heat on you and—"

The girl looked at Terry with innocent gray eyes.

"My!" she said. "And that is what they did to you?"

Patrolman Delinni was suddenly seized with a violent fit of coughing—a fit which shook his powerful frame like a fan dancer at a convention. Numbers beat him on the back.

Terry Burke looked at the girl hard. In her face was a hint of shameless mirth, a glint of mischief. He glanced at Shamus, his one good eye narrowing with a horrible suspicion. And suddenly the girl laughed and laid a hand on Terry's arm.

"I simply can't go on with it, Uncle Shamus," she choked. "The poor thing—look at all the trouble he's gone to, just so you won't be too hard on him! You ought to be ashamed—and so should I."

SHAME, however, was not so overpowering among the city's guardians as laughter. Delinni looked at Terry's face and howled. Numbers waved his hands feebly, head wagging from side to side. "There were four of them—" He choked and beat his thighs. Shamus wiped his eyes, blew his great nose with a blast like an exploding shell.

The girl faced Terry, and in her level eyes was a real concern.

"Please don't think too hard of me," she begged. "I told them all along it was a mean thing to do—but Uncle Shamus threatened me horribly if I didn't. He said you needed it—to 'round out your training,' was the way he put it, I think."

Terry Burke looked from one to the other of his friends, and found their mirth tough to take. But, one by one, they came up and punched him in the chest, mussed up his red head, told him he was all right for his age—and that in about twenty years he might be a credit to the force.

"Providin'," admonished Shamus, "that you keep away from the wimmen. Even though you've got their numbers. They're always puttin' something over on a man."

The girl said, "Really, I'm sorry. But if you had any idea how long these old buzzards have been after me to do this, you'd forgive me, I'm sure. Joe Delinni even brought in his tan coupé from Astoria and parked it in front of your car."

Terry looked at her for a long moment, while his pride fought and slowly melted into grudging good nature under the sincerity of her face. He drew a long breath, removed the cold compress, slapped it into Delinni's grinning face.

"O. K.!" he said. "The only thing I can't decide is whether to take you out to dinner or give you a good sock in the eye."

Mary Shea smiled. "If it's all the same to you," she said, "I'd like the dinner first."

THE END

FORD BOND TOOK THIS TIP!

BOY! REHEARSAL ALL DAY. BROADCAST TONIGHT. THEN THAT MIDNIGHT RECEPTION!

YEAH! WITH HARDLY TIME TO SHAVE!

AND AM I FED UP ON THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING BUSINESS.

WHY DON'T YOU GET WISE TO COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? ITS SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER GIVES AN ALL-DAY SHAVE!

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEXT NIGHT

FOLKS, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT STAYS WITH YOU!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

A "Countess" and Her Cutthroats . . . Battle in the Desert of Sin . . . Continuing the Great Story of the "Last Crusade"

by LOWELL THOMAS
with KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A British outpost in the Sinai Desert, where the mercury often hits 130° and soldiers walked on wire "snowshoes."

REACHING Jerusalem by Christmas Day of 1917, shortly after Allenby's capture of the Holy City, Mr. Thomas found there Todd Gilney, British liaison officer and secret agent, who felt that the epic story of this Last Crusade and its fearful cost should be worthily told to a world then preoccupied with the warfare on the western front. Accordingly, Gilney sat down with Mr. Thomas and gave him the facts to date, beginning with the fight for the vitally important Suez Canal, which the German-led Turks had been menacing.

The situation at that early stage was dangerous in the extreme. Von Kressenstein, the enemy commander in chief was known to be massing troops at Beersheba. There were three possible routes across the Sinai Desert. Which would he select? Todd Gilney was ordered to find out. Making perilous flights in crock planes, he ascertained that the Turks were coming by the central route and were actually bringing boats and rafts. But just where did they mean to strike? He flew over the Wells of Moses and saw them, more than ten thousand strong and with hordes of Arabs, within twenty miles of the canal itself, near Tussum. He witnessed their midnight attack and lent a hand in the desperate defense.

Repulsed, the Turks drew off into the desert. Had the defenders been more mobile, they might have pursued. As it was, they could do no better than sit tight and wait for another attack.

PART TWO—VON KRESSENSTEIN STRIKES TO KILL

I DIDN'T need to make a report. Kitchener already had the news, and he didn't like it. He sent a peremptory message to Sir John: "Are you defending the Suez Canal, or is the canal defending you?"

Then Kitchener turned command of the Egyptian forces over to Sir Archibald Murray with instructions to move eastward. We were to take the offensive and push into the desert. That suited the troops; soldiers are always restless, and, like the Israelites, "We had dwelt in Egypt a long time; and the Egyptians vexed us."

But underlying our restlessness was a far deeper feeling; beyond the Wilderness of Sin lay the Holy Land. The Turk was overdue to be driven out of there!

There were a lot of staff changes. "Gilney," said my new boss, who was fresh from England, "from now on your duties will be different. You'll have to do a bit of flying."

I said, "Yes, sir."

What was the use of arguing? You can't tell a man that he's dumb when he has the title of Chief of Intelligence.

"And the hosts of the Prophet shall bestride the Jordan and the sword of Islam shall rule the land, yea, unto the day when the waters of the Nile flow unto Judea." Do you remember that old prophecy, Lowell?

Todd paused in his narrative, poured himself a drink in the shaving mug and filled my broken teacup.

Yes, I remembered the prophecy—and I knew that it was only another way of saying that the Mohammedans would rule the Holy Land forever. The Nile emptied into the Mediterranean—hundreds of miles from Palestine; between, lay the burning sands of the Wilderness of Sin. No human mind has conceived so fantastic an idea as the two ever coming together.

"But we fooled them plenty." Todd read my thoughts. "We *did* take the Nile to Judea—in a twelve-inch pipe line. The Egyptian Expeditionary Force had orders to start across Sinai and attack the Turks—but without

In days of old the Sinai Desert was a place of terror. It hasn't changed. Today it is still a land of emptiness, a region of shifting sand dunes and barren mountains. The Australians called it "miles and miles of damn-all."

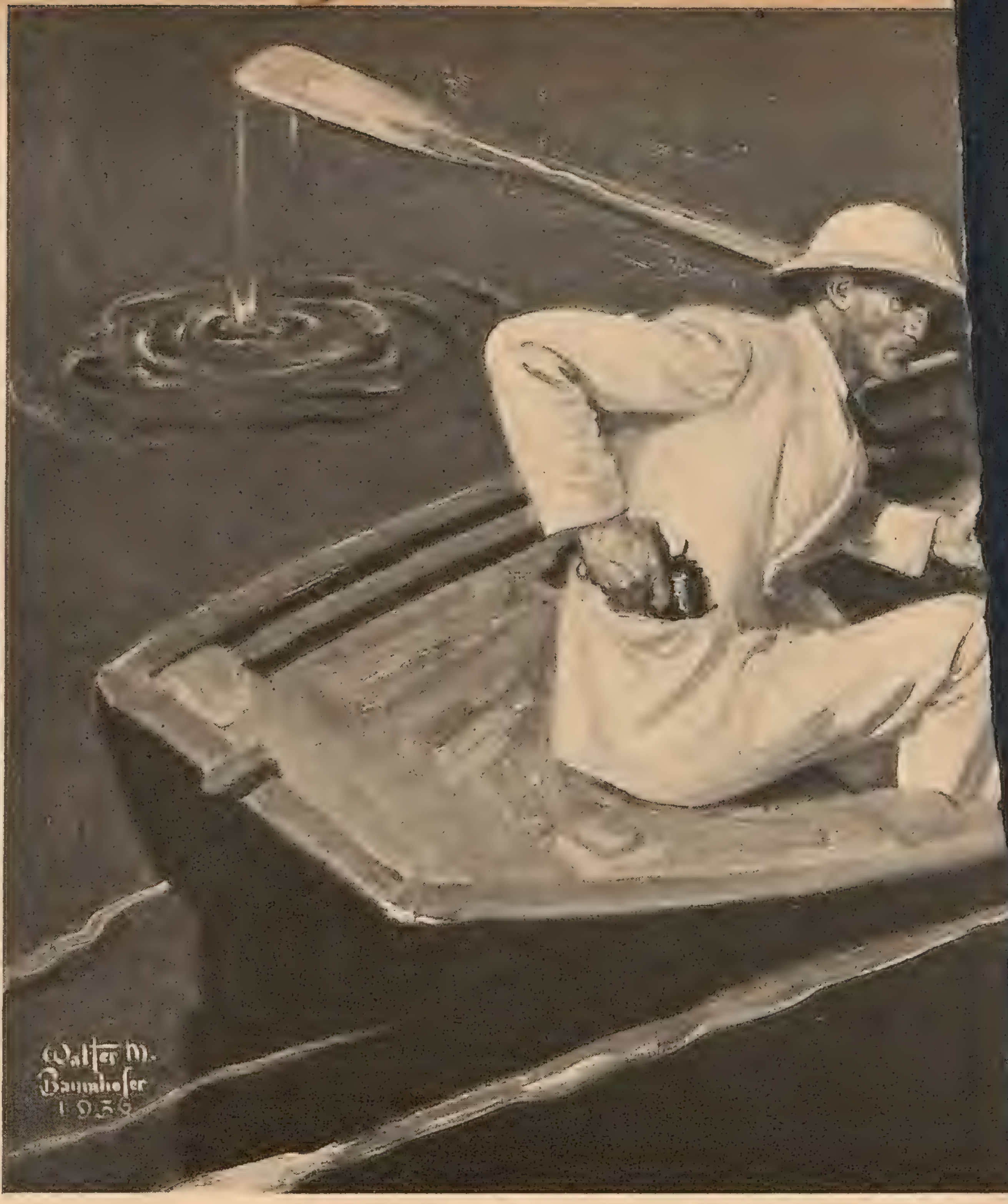
Tomorrow, the imminent future, may find it even more a place of terror redoubled by a death struggle than it was in 1917-18. If Arab resistance to Zionism, with widespread Moslem turbulence, is to end in a real revolt against British authority, then heaven only knows what the Wilderness of Sin may not witness.

Whenever I think of the Sinai Peninsula, scene of the fighting in this installment of our story, I recall how dangerous it was to fly over it in the early World War days. Shortly before I joined Allenby and Lawrence, two planes were ordered to cross the desert. One came down with engine trouble. It took rescue planes five days to find it, and then they found the pilot and the observer lying beside it, dead. The observer had kept a diary, written in his own blood. He had told how, when there were only a few drops of water left, his pilot, a nineteen-year-old Englishman named Ridley, had shot himself that the observer might have the water and stand a chance of being found alive.

When I crossed the Sinai it was still dotted with the bleaching bones of camels, horses, and men.

—LOWELL THOMAS.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BAUMHOFER



water we couldn't move an inch 'through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents, and scorpions, and drought,' and we wouldn't get very far without supplies. So in addition to the pipe line we built a railroad."

Todd Gilney made it all sound so easy. Poof! Just like that: we built a railroad; we piped the Nile to Judea. Oh, easy; nothing to it—*only I knew better.*

I had seen those twin threads across the blazing desert, and I knew what they cost. I knew that every section of pipe cost the life of a British soldier; every glistening rail cost the agony of an army. I knew that sun, sand, and cruel khamsin winds conspired against the placing of every tie; that the Turks fought like demons to prevent the driving of every spike.

I knew that each time the rail and pipe heads moved ahead a mile or two, new defensive positions had to be dug, and that trenching in the Sinai sand made the building of fortifications on the western front—difficult though that was—seem easy by comparison.

Sand runs like salt. To build a three-foot emplacement the boys had to excavate a trench at least fifteen feet feet wide. They must drive stakes and string canvas strips to hold back the sand.

The second they stopped shoveling, a Niagara of sand rushed in, through, and over the canvas wall into the trench. Then every tear or bullet hole in the wall started an avalanche. If a hole went unnoticed—or if the Turks were attacking—the leaking sand filled entire sections of trench in incredibly short time.

When the khamsin winds blew, they filled the trenches faster than all the soldiers in Egypt could shovel them out. When that happened, as it often did, there was nothing to do but stand and curse until the storm was over—then get out shovels and do the job all over again.

And with all that, the temperature ranged from 110 to 130. Soldiers got sunstroke even *inside* their tents. I thought of all those handicaps, and they appalled me.

"Don't be so modest, Todd," I said, "and go on with your yarn."

He laughed and set down the shaving mug—empty again. "All right," he said. "Here goes—"

. . . . .

About the time the pipe head was ten miles out in the desert [Todd continued] General Barkley sent for me to come to his Port Said office.

"Ever see a Yankee tourist?" he asked.

I said, "Yes, sir."

"Ever hear of a woman who calls herself the Countess Warbuta—travels with a Russian passport and is now stopping at the Eastern Exchange Hotel here?"

I'll say I had heard of her—and seen her, Lowell. She was the best looking woman in Egypt. Tall and willowy, with coal-black hair and green eyes; a figure that should have been her fortune—and maybe was.

"Do you think," the general asked, "that you could tog yourself out in civilian clothes to look like an American tourist, then arrange to meet this countess?"

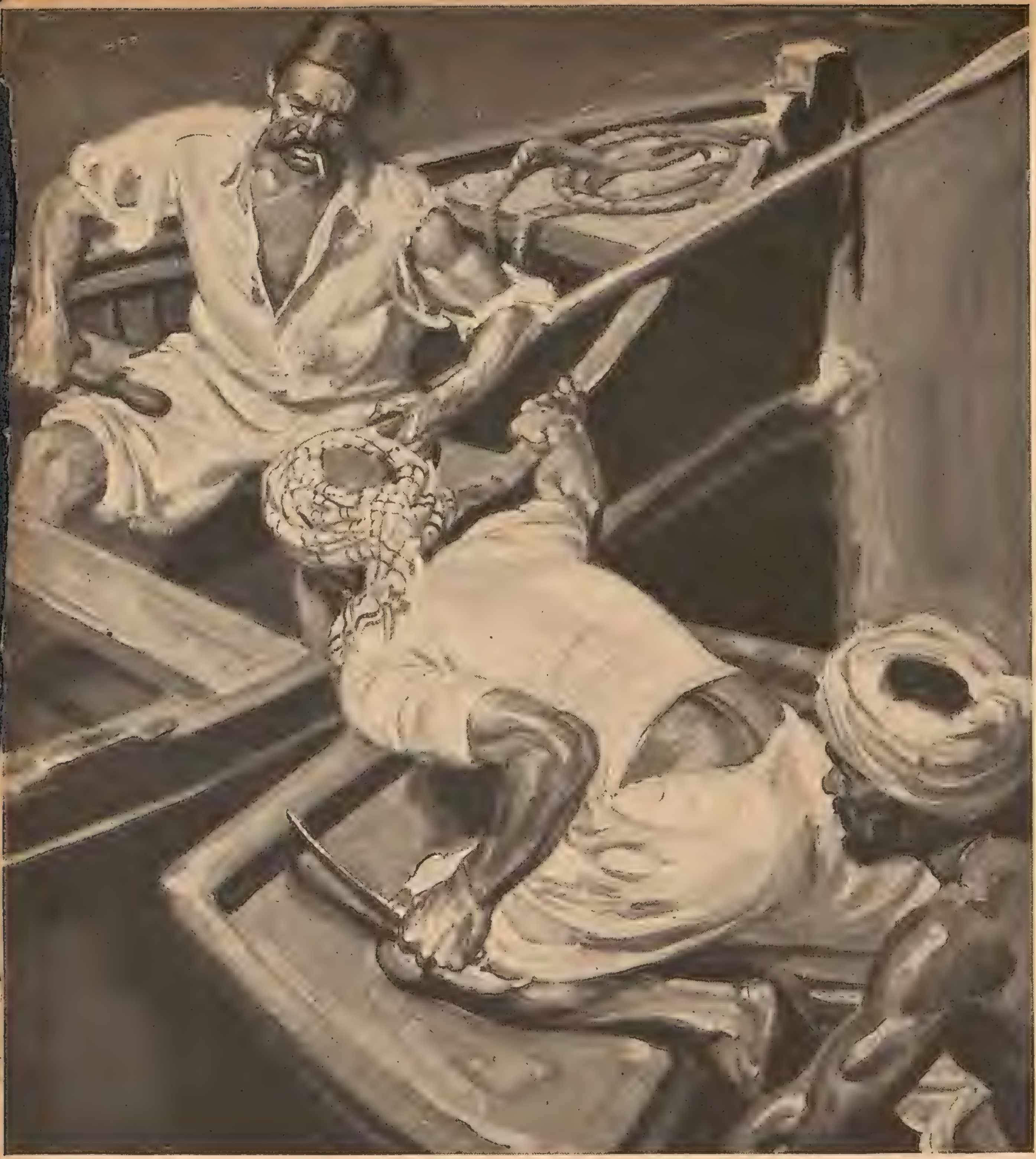
That wasn't going to be so easy—not that I thought the countess would recognize me. It was simply that in the three weeks she had been in Egypt, she had never been seen in the company of a man. She always dined alone, and when she went shopping she never had any one with her except the dragoman she hired by the week.

I said, "I'll try. What do you want to know?"

The general had his suspicions, too. "She *might* be a Russian countess," he said, "but she is more probably a German spy intent on the old game of fomenting revolution among the Egyptians. Kress von Kressenstein will make another try for the canal before we get too far eastward. Nothing would please him more than for us to be busy with a revolution when he does."

That night I dressed in civilian clothes and waited in the sidewalk café of the hotel for madame to appear. I didn't exactly know what my next move would be—and I never got a chance to find out. *She* made the move—so quickly that it took me off my feet. She walked out of the door and came straight to my table.

"Are you not *the* Captain Gilney?" she asked seductively. "I have been *so* anxious to meet you. When I left London, Roy Wilkinson told me I must be sure to look you up here in Egypt."



A big bruiser with a knife clutched the bow of my boat. I pulled my service revolver.

I was flabbergasted. Roy Wilkinson *is* a friend of mine; he *might* have told her to do that—although I doubted it. But I couldn't verify it short of a cable to London, and what she said next didn't give me time.

"It is too bad that we meet on my last night in Egypt. I sail for Athens at midnight on the Khedivial mail steamer. But you may take me to dinner and see me off."

I did, Lowell. I bought her dinner and remained in her company all evening long—and never found out a thing. I was convinced that she had outguessed us. Some one had told her that her game was up, and instead of waiting for me to arrest her, she was clever enough to let me escort her out of Egypt—*as a bosom pal.* Mad? That's no word for it, but what could I do?

I COULDN'T even pin what happened next on her—but I am sure it was in reprisal for her deportation, peaceable though that was. The Khedivial steamer was anchored out in the channel off the canal company's building. I saw her aboard. As the ship got under way, I came down the ladder to go ashore. My launch had disappeared—without waiting to be paid! There was nothing in sight but a bumboat. I hired that.

The boatman was an evil-looking devil. But all those water rats are. The thing that made me suspicious was the way he dawdled about and delayed in rowing me ashore. Finally he stopped to light a cigarette.

As he struck the match, I saw two other boats drawing near in the darkness. One of them had four men in it. Then my boatman made a distinct signal with the lighted match; he waved it twice horizontally and once up and down—and the two boats closed in on me.

A big bruiser with a knife clutched the bow of my boat. I pulled out my service revolver, put the first shot through his hand, and fired two more shots in the air to bring the harbor police.

I was fighting for my life—and I knew it. The man I shot muttered an oath and let go, but another jumped over him and clutched my boat. I plugged him; he collapsed, moaning. I turned my gun on my own boatman. He jumped overboard.

I grabbed his oars and started to row like hell. The two chaps I shot apparently had had enough; their boat pulled away. But the second boatload was right after me. Two men were rowing; they gained on me. I had two shots left in my revolver, but the figures crouched in that boat were uncertain targets in the darkness. I dropped my oars and braced myself to take the best aim I could—and just at that second the police launch roared down the canal. My pursuers scuttled off into the maze of barges along the bank.

But the countess was gone, which was all the general cared about at the moment. When I reported, he gave me another job. "Ever ride a camel, Gilney?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you will!"

He went on to explain the situation. Our troubles in defending the canal had all been caused by our lack of mobility. That was being changed. Infantry was still important, but we were going in for cavalry and camels—in a big way. I had to familiarize myself with the new troops. He sent me on a reconnaissance mission to rail and pipe heads—sixteen miles out in the desert.

I started across the sand hills with a detachment of the Bikanir Camel Corps, and I'd like to catch the blighters that write that stuff about riding a camel being just like sitting in a rocking chair. I'd wring their necks! I was raw before I'd gone five miles.

But I was better off than the infantry who struggled through the sand dunes beside us. Their feet sank to the ankles at every step; if the boys made six miles a day, they were doing well. Horses fared better, but trucks and wagons were in trouble all the time.

The railroad was just getting started; all its facilities were required to feed itself and the growing pipe line. We needed wheeled transport the worst way, so an engineer officer named Hemmingway tried an experiment.

He staked out a strip of road and covered it with chicken wire. He pegged it down along the edges and then drove across it with a heavily loaded truck. You wouldn't think such wire would have any effect, but it did. It spread the wheel load over enough area to support the truck, which rolled along at twenty miles an hour and hardly left a track.

That gave an infantryman an idea. He picked up some scraps of wire and made himself a weird-looking pair of shoes that looked a bit like snowshoes and acted the same way: They kept his feet from sinking in the sand. After those two demonstrations, the wire roads and the sand shoes were with us for the balance of our stay in the desert; we used them everywhere in Sinai.

Turkish cavalry played a big part in enabling Kressenstein to save his artillery after the defeat at Romani.

We camped near Quatiya. General Wiggin, in command, said that a large body of Turks had been located only about fifteen miles beyond our outposts in the desert at a place called Mageibra.

The general decided to raid their camp the next night and to lead the raid himself. That was a pretty game thing for anybody with the rank of general to do; the old boy deserved better luck than he had.

"Take me along," I begged. There wasn't a chance. He told me to return to the canal, stopping off en route to inspect the little garrison which held the right flank of the railhead at Duedir.

I was disgusted. I thought I was riding away from the war. I was really heading smack into a hornets' nest!

General Wiggin knew where he was going, but the Sinai Desert is vast.

While he searched the desert for the Turks, they marched by in the darkness, looking for us. Somewhere in the wilderness the two outfits passed each other and never knew it. At Mageibra, the general found six Turkish sentries guarding a deserted camp. By the time he got back, the damage was done.

Just before dawn, and in a sea of fog, the Turks struck our outposts around Quatiya and Ogratina.

Captain Ward commanded at Ogratina. The first he knew of the attack, he heard the pumps at the water wells being worked. He thought it was some of our own troops, but walked over to investigate and make sure. He found Johnny Turk so tuckered out by his trip across the desert that he had stopped to have a drink—even at the expense of possibly putting us on guard—before attacking.

But he attacked now! Ward's men were outnumbered. The assault came from three sides at once. The Turks swept over our boys—and that was that at Ogratina.

Then the fog lifted, which spelled "finish" for the garrison at Quatiya. A Turkish airplane flew across and spotted for the artillery back in the desert. Shells ripped up the camp and the horse lines. The horses were torn to shreds in less time than it takes to tell it.

The Turks won in both places, hands down. Having rolled up our outposts, they were all ready to grab our rail and pipe heads—and that brings me back to myself, sitting at Duedir and cussing because I had been cheated out of seeing the show.

DUEDIR is an oasis perhaps four hundred yards long and a hundred and fifty wide. It was important because it protected the right flank of the railroad; if the Turks turned the flank, the railroad was theirs. It was defended by *exactly one hundred and fifty-six riflemen*—mostly Scottish Fusiliers—in shallow trenches.

We knew nothing about the fight at Quatiya, but about four in the morning, a sentry shook my shoulder. "Captain Roberts wants to see you immediately," he said.

It was foggy. I popped out of my blanket.

"What's up?" I asked Roberts three minutes later.

"All I know is that our telegraph wire to Quatiya is down—or cut. I've sent a message to Major Thompson at Hill Seventy for reinforcements—just in case."

For an hour we stood in the clammy fog and strained our ears and eyes; heard nothing, saw nothing. Then—

"Down!" shouted Roberts. I dropped—just in time. There was a rattle of musketry. Bullets whined over. They were coming—grim specters from the mists!

I crawled into our main redoubt, where there were about fifty men with rifles, firing as fast as they could reload. I had only my pistol; I saved my fire for closer quarters.

The Turks opened up with a mountain gun, but the shells burst far behind. Which was too good to last; as soon as the fog lifted with the rising sun the gunners would get a better aim. Then hell would pop.

THE Turks took cover behind a ridge about two hundred yards away and waited for the sun. Their Arab allies didn't wait. About a hundred of them jumped our right outpost *with only seven men in it!*

For a second it looked as if the jig was up. But the seven waited. Waited until the Arabs slowed as they hit the barbed wire—then let them have it.

I've heard lots of officers say that they doubted that soldiers, even the best soldiers, took careful aim and sighted every shot in the heat of a battle. But those boys did. Every time a rifle cracked, an Arab went down. It was marvelous! It was incredible! *Seven men—and they stood off a hundred; made them run*—what was left of them. About a third of them stayed hanging on the wire.

The fog was lifting, and we saw that this couldn't go on forever. We were up against nearly a thousand Turks. With the light, they hit us again—front, side, everywhere at once. I fired my pistol until it was red-hot, then grabbed a rifle from a dead Scot and pumped away with that. We *had* to stop them at the wire.

Six men of the Bikanir Camel Corps crawled right out into the open to prolong our line. One of them stopped a bullet before he had been there two seconds. The poor devil was hit in the stomach; he rolled around in agony. Captain Roberts crawled out to drag him in—and was hit himself—killed!

Our force was cut in half. The Turks could have overwhelmed us. But they stopped again. They were losing so heavily that they decided to play a waiting game. Had they known of the messenger dispatched by Captain Roberts before dawn, none of us would have lived to tell about that fight.

About eight o'clock the last of the fog disappeared—and I knew what that meant: The Turkish gun back somewhere in the sand hills would tear us to pieces. I was right! The first shell sailed over and landed behind us; the second was short. It was a perfect bracket; the next one was sure to kiss us. But it never came. Our reinforcements rushed up and the Turks retreated.

I was happy to be alive after Duedir—but I was a lot happier to get rid of my camel. The chief wanted to see me back in Quantara, our new headquarters, immediately. He was in such a hurry that he sent out an airplane.

In Quantara he handed me a telegram. "Read it," he said, "and tell me whether it *has* happened, or is *about* to happen."

It was from London. A German spy had been captured. Among his documents was a reference to Kress's new attack on the Suez Canal as "*eine Grosse Expedition.*"

It had seemed to me that the Turks had quit too easily after the fights at Quatiya and Duedir. They were not necessarily beaten, even after our reinforcements came up. Now I understood why. That was no "big expedition." They had only been feeling us out.

"No," I said, "it hasn't happened. That being the case, it will—soon. And it's about time I did a bit of flying behind the Turkish lines."

The old boy grinned. "Are you a mind reader?"

The Turks now had a big flying field at El Arish. I wanted to see it. At first I had planned only a reconnaissance mission; but then the Turks came across in their new Albatroses and bombed Port Said—and that was different!

They didn't do very much damage but they killed about twenty civilians. The Royal Flying Corps pilots weren't willing to take *that* lying down, so my reconnaissance mission turned into a raid overnight.

We took off with the first streak of light in the east, heavily loaded with bombs.

There were eleven planes in our formation. We slipped up the Mediterranean coast. Opposite El Arish we turned inland and cut our motors.

We were down to a thousand feet before the Turks heard us. Then some sentry gave the alarm, and they swarmed out of their tents and shacks like ants. They opened up with machine guns; so did we. Elton dived at the nearest hangar. A torrent of slugs tore through our right wing—just as Elton pulled both bomb trips.

Whang-ho! Two bombs plunged through the hangar roof. An instant later it burst into flames. Somebody hit a second hangar; it caught fire. Two Turkish planes were sitting outside the last building in the line; I saw a man climbing into the cockpit of one of them. It must be the pilot! We had to stop him!

I WHACKED Elton on the back and pointed down. He saw. He turned back, diving as he turned. We roared down on the Turkish ship. Elton's bombs were all gone, so it was up to me to get the pilot with the Lewis gun in the rear cockpit.

Elton banked into a turn; I drew a bead on the man in the cockpit and leaned on the trigger. I saw the tracers eat into the cockpit; the pilot collapsed and slumped forward! I turned the Lewis on the gas tank.

It belched fire! We went after the second plane, but we were flying so low that we were a swell target, and the Turks on the ground made the most of it. A stream of bullets ripped into the wings, into the tail. I expected something to give way. It didn't.

A gigantic shadow whizzed passed my head—and Elton almost knocked me out of the cockpit nosing the ship over. It was another British DH; we had crossed each other's blind spot and missed by a prayer. Elton had shoved his stick over just in time. The other observer was also shooting at the Turks. I don't know who got him; somebody did.

Our job was done. As we drew off and climbed for altitude, I counted noses. Three planes were missing!

I caught sight of one of them far below and heading to sea. The pilot had motor trouble and there was nothing we could do for him. (He landed in the water and was picked up later by one of our patrol boats.)

I saw a puff of flame on the desert north of the Turkish airdrome. That

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!
LUCKY STRIKE
HALF AND HALF
SMOKING TOBACCO

You'll like the way Half & Half burns. Cool as a mother-in-law's wire: "Arrive Friday." Sweet as the news that she's changed her plans. Fragrant, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use-up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

Copyright 1936, The American Tobacco Company

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Why
ALLOW
THE DISFIGURING LESIONS OF
PSORIASIS
TO SPOIL YOUR SWIMMING OR OUTDOOR RECREATIONS
Of course you don't want to expose those ugly psoriasis lesions to public gaze by appearing in a swimming suit or outing costume. But don't deprive yourself of summer recreations—get rid of these psoriasis lesions instead. Use Siroil. Siroil removes the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. It is applied externally—does not stain clothing or bed linen—and is offered on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee, with you the sole judge of results.
For Sale
AT MOST DRUG STORES
If Your Druggist Can't Supply You Write Direct to
SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BOUGHT copy by copy
READ page by page
Liberty's *retail circulation* is self-adjusting to business conditions. Where (and when) conditions are good, we sell more copies—which means your advertising goes where you can sell more goods.
In Liberty's make-up, stories and articles aren't bunched in the first few pages and "continued on page so-and-so," but are arranged consecutively for easy, convenient reading, which means that every advertisement is in a "preferred position."

CERTIFIED USED CARS
FAMOUS PLEDGE PROTECTS ALL WHO BUY FROM STUDEBAKER DEALERS
Prices in plain figures
30-day guarantee on certified cars
5-day driving trial on all cars
Buy with confidence under pledge protection.
STUDEBAKER
DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES

was the second of our missing ships—burning up! Tipton—the pilot—had been forced down; he had burned his own plane before the Turks could capture it. We circled the fire to see if we could land and rescue the crew. There wasn't a chance. Turkish patrols were rushing up from every side.

We turned west. On the way home I saw our third plane—also down in the desert. There wasn't a sign of the pilot—Van Rynevelt—but that turned out all right. Grant Dalton had seen his plight while passing over; he had landed in the sand and rescued him.

I don't know whether our raid was a victory or not. We lost three planes to two—but we burned some hangars and damaged a lot more. And we shook the morale of the Turks, which was what we needed most because Kress was about to stage another big attack. Von Kressenstein knew that it was now or never if he was to cut the Suez Canal, and besides, he must have sensed that the Egyptian Expeditionary Force was driving for the Holy Land.

The Turks rolled down on us at Romani—not far from the disastrous skirmish of Quatiya. Romani was to be the one big battle of the Wilderness of Sin. It would make us or break us! I was back on the ground again, up on a big sand hill called Mount Meridith, where the dismounted Australian Light Horse held the trenches.

The Turkish attack was the steady crushing progress of a steam roller until their final wild charge. They came on a bit. Dug in. Waited for artillery. Edged up a little closer.

At three in the afternoon we saw them. Two thousand swords and bayonets glinted in the sun.

Then they charged!

YOU could have heard that clash in Cairo. A big Australian rushed past; jumped up on an earthwork. "Come on, boys!" he bawled. "Let 'em have it!" The defense formed around him; it hurled the Turks back.

Night fell. The Turks had been—as usual—trying to turn our right flank. All during the dark hours we tried to consolidate our forces. That was my job—getting units in touch with each other. I was plowing through the sand, looking for the Lowland Division of Scots, when I stepped on a man lying in the desert.

For a second I thought he was dead. He wasn't! He hissed an oath in Arabic; then he scrambled to his feet in ghastly silence. Two others were right behind him; all three whipped out long knives and made for me.

I had stepped into a Turkish outpost—two Turks and their Arab guide. I jumped back and tried to run, the three of them hot after me, swinging their knives. My feet slipped and skidded in the sand. The only thing that saved me from sudden death was the fact that my pursuers floundered almost as badly as I did.

But they were three to one, and in the sand the Arab was surer of his footing than I was. I thought fast; I raised my pistol and let fly at the Arab! I don't think I hit him; I hardly expected to. But the flash of my gun brought results: the fire of both lines of troops crashed down on us. Neither the British nor the Turk sentries could be sure what this commotion in the desert was all about, so they fired on general principles.

It sounds strange, but I had counted on that. I threw myself flat on my face, *but my pursuers had to do the same thing.* I started to wriggle away, and now they were too scared to care. A bullet cracked against my foot; it went numb. I reached down, expecting to feel blood. I was lucky. There wasn't any blood but the heel had been shot off my boot!

ROMANI was not destined to be a one-day battle, or two. We surged back and forth for more than a week before Johnny Turk became convinced he had shot his bolt. Even then, Kress was clever. He knew that the battle was lost. But there would be other battles. He kept us engaged with his infantry and cavalry and started his heavy artillery for the rear and safety.

Our desert column tried to catch up with the guns, but it was impossible. The horses were so fagged out after weeks of fighting in the sand that they could do no more than crawl along. Kress saved his artillery.

In the desert, that was priceless. Infantry and cavalry *could* be replaced, but there were no more guns that side of the Golden Horn.

Despite that, the victory of Romani was a big feather in our cap. We lost some eleven hundred men, but the Turk lost five times that many and *he left a million rounds of ammunition behind.* Most important of all, he was on the run, for the time being at least.

I was ordered back to Port Said. Two things happened there. One of them made me rejoice, and I'll tell you about the other in a minute.

"Gilney," boomed the general, "I have news for you—big news. It's confidential as yet—but official. London has decided at last: We are definitely going to push this campaign home and *chase the Turks from the Holy Land!*"

My heart leaped at his words. Now we had something definite to fight for. We had something to look forward to beyond the desert.

I was rejoicing as I left the general's office and walked out into the street. I was halfway dreaming when something attracted my attention!

It was a woman—an Egyptian woman in native dress and wearing the usual black veil across the lower half of her face. Only her eyes showed—but she was vaguely familiar.

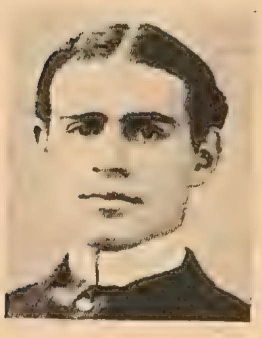
What was there about that one native woman among all the thousands on the streets of Port Said that she should attract my attention? I wasn't sure. She was tall—but that wasn't it. She was—and then I had the answer!

It was her eyes! They were green

as grass! That woman was the Countess Warbuta. She was back and in disguise. But how did she get back? And why was she back? It was certainly my business to find out!

Had she recognized Todd? Could he get her out of Egypt before she and her fellow spies could start a revolt that would smother the drive for the Holy Land? His endeavors were nearly to cost him his life—as will appear next week, together with lightning-flash glimpses of victories over the Turks at El Arish and Rafah, and dismaying defeats before Gaza.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—When he graduated from Williams College he expected to go into the cotton business, but became better known as a banker. As President Roosevelt's "good right arm," he was recently urged to run again as governor of a state with forty-five electoral votes. From the early photo above can you identify him?

2—Balk line refers to what game?

3—Which four lines from Gaunt's play, A Trip to Chinatown, are best remembered?

4—For what did Sir Donald Ross win renown?

5—About how large an investment is required for a fifty-kilowatt radio broadcasting station?

6—A Yankee dime and a Quaker nickel are slang terms for what?

7—What is the average land value per acre of farm property in the United States?

8—What was President Cleveland's first name?

9—Which liqueur was invented by an order of monks wearing haircloth shirts, founded by St. Bruno near Grenoble in 1086?

10—Why is *Pyrethrum cinerariaefolium* important this time of year?

11—What Biblical character asked God to put his tears in a bottle?

12—Which states imposed the highest gasoline taxes as of December 17, 1935?

13—Is a barong employed for measuring atmospheric pressure, worn in India on rainy days, or used for cutting?

14—Male and female mice are called what?

15—What game, formerly in vogue, required a spool to be balanced on a string attached to sticks?

16—Which Presidential candidate said, when inaugurated as governor: "We must not spend that which we do not have"?

17—Who gained fame by writing Cyrano de Bergerac in 1898?

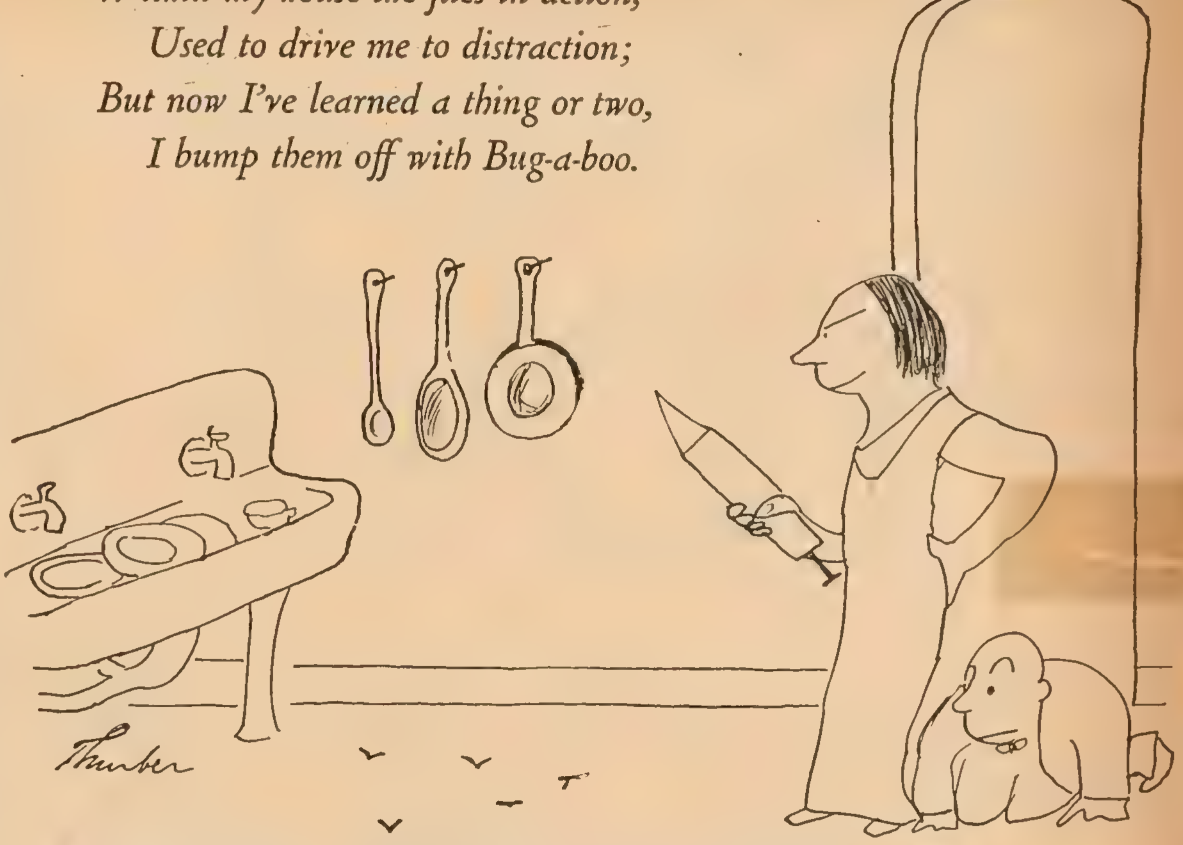
18—Hepatitis is inflammation of which organ?

19—The Carlsbad Caverns National Park is located in what state?

20—Who was President of Harvard from 1869 to 1909?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

Within my house the flies in action,
Used to drive me to distraction;
But now I've learned a thing or two,
I bump them off with Bug-a-boo.



● BUGS HATE BUG-A-BOO. For, with a few strokes of the Bug-a-boo gun, their lives are abruptly ended. But with all its instant killing power, Bug-a-boo has no chemical odor. It's actually fragrant . . . smells like a pine forest. Use it freely anywhere. It won't spot or stain walls or draperies—harms nothing but bugs. You'll like Bug-a-boo. Get a can today.

Bug-a-boo
Kills flies, mosquitoes moths, ants and other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

BUG-A-BOO
KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBILOIL DEALERS AND LEADING STORES

Boys! Get This Bike FREE!

Latest model streamline bike. Electric horn, headlight, balloon tires, concealed wiring. Built-in speed and stamina. And it can be yours *free!* We'll send you a free book of prizes and information on how to make your own spending money as soon as you mail us the coupon!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division, L7-4-36
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME.................................AGE......
ADDRESS...
CITY..................................STATE........
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Unlucky IN LOVE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN a chap marries, he usually vanishes from his old haunts for a few months, and the next thing you know he is round again. But when "Bull" Edwards married, he failed to follow the formula.

The Bull and I were very close during college days and afterward. He played right guard on California, and I played tackle. After we oozed out of college we made a valiant effort to bring back the halcyon days of San Francisco, and might have succeeded, only the Bull married a chit by the name of Estelle Martin.

After a few visits to their lovely home I ducked further invitations and filed the Bull away among my souvenirs. Frequently he dropped into the office where I was trying to practice law, but he was not the same old potato. He was specimen number one of what a good woman can do to a good fellow. All he needed was a white necktie and a prayer book.

Here was an abominably good-looking gorilla worth millions, a lively magnetic lad who had always slain the femmes, and he couldn't understand why Estelle had been kind enough to marry him. Nor did he realize that he was a doormat in a travesty of a home whose mistress, apparently, was not aware that prohibition had been repealed. I put in an hour with him now and then, though my heart bled for him.

I had been relieved of his depressing presence for a week because Estelle had taken him to a Theosophical convention at Lake Tahoe, and I was dozing at my desk one afternoon when the phone rang.

"Reno calling," said the operator. "Hold the line."

"Randy!" roared the Bull. "Hop the next train up here?"

"I shall not. Why should I?"

"Estelle's left me. She's here. She's going to get a divorce."

My astonishment was so great that I couldn't articulate.

"I know you don't believe it, but Estelle admires you, Randy. She thinks that the right girl would make a swell guy out of you. So you can make her listen to reason. Hop the train. Hurry!"

"Who's the other woman?" I demanded.

"No other woman!" he bellowed. "You're my lawyer. If you're not here by night I'll come down there and murder you."

"I'll get the next train," I promised. "Good-by."

While it was my private opinion that Bull had received a break, I had to do my duty by my client.

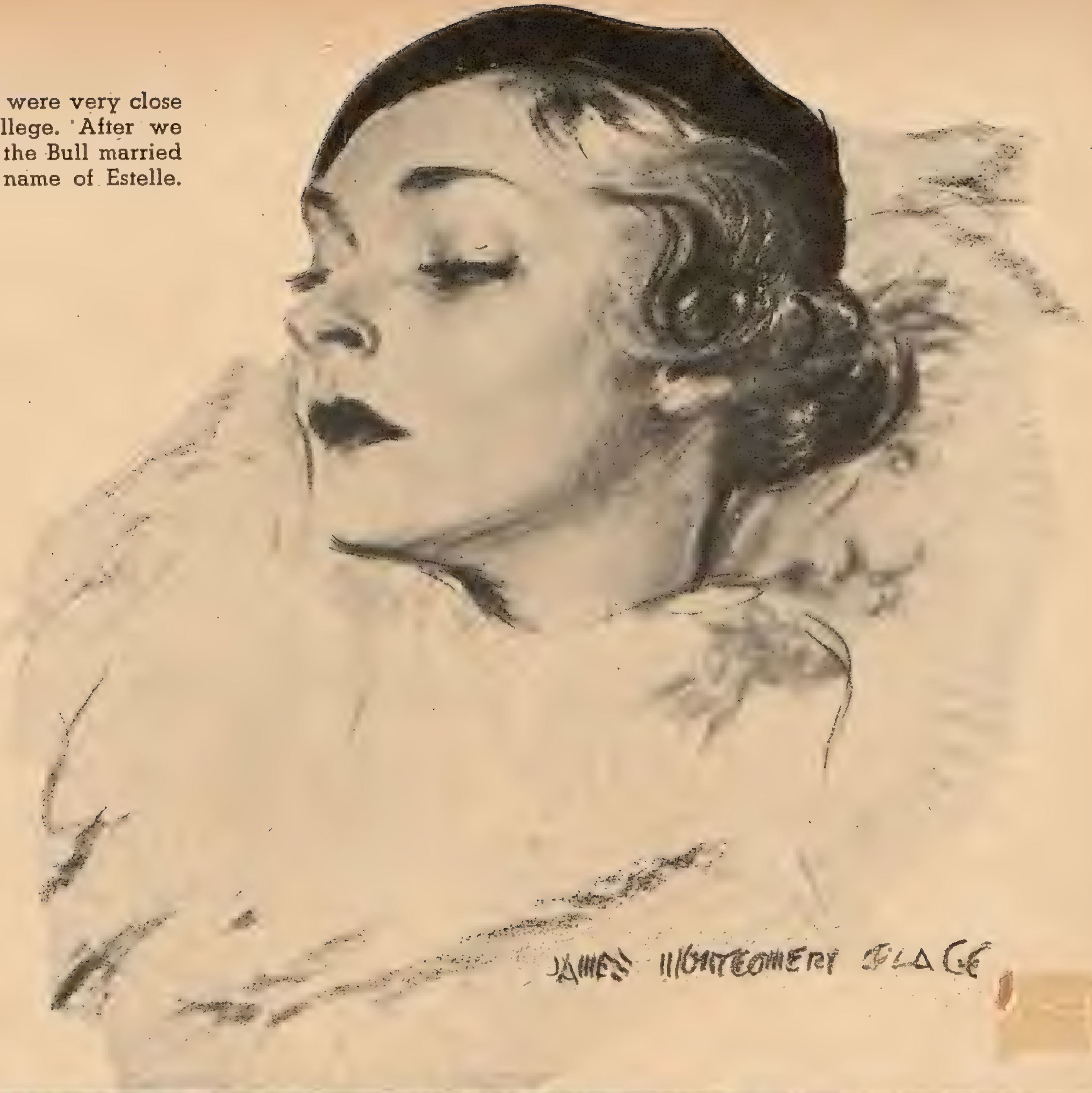
About seven o'clock I arrived in Reno and took a taxi to the swank Hillside Hotel. On the sidewalk outside stood the Bull, who pounced upon me, pumped my hand, and thumped me on the shoulder. "Old pal!" he cried. "Thank God you're here!"

"Let's go inside."

"I can't. She sent word to me that if I were a gentleman I would not enter her hotel."

"What's the why of it all?"

He shook his head despondently. "It seems that she is stagnating as the wife of a gilded loafer. She expected



Bull and I were very close during college. After we oozed out the Bull married a chit by name of Estelle.

THE STORY OF A HUSBAND'S WILD OAT—A HILARIOUS TALE OF RENO, A RENEGADE, AND THE INSCRUTABLE WAYS OF WOMEN

by FRED MacISAAC

me to accomplish something, and I've fallen down on her. You tell her I'll get a job. I'll run for Congress. Anything!"

"I'll have a talk with her after I get a room and wash up."

"Do it now. She's in the dining room. I saw her through the window."

After engaging a room I sent up my bags and entered the dining room.

"Mr. Richards," called a cool sweet female voice. I turned and saw Estelle, who was smiling at me brightly, as though she hadn't just ruined the life of a pretty good man.

Estelle was wearing a black chiffon evening gown with the pearls Bull had given her for a wedding present, and I had to grant that she was a very attractive little blonde.

She gave me her hand, and the headwaiter pulled out the chair opposite her. I glanced at the big window.

"I knew Bert would send for you," she remarked as I seated myself. I winced as I always had done when she called him Bert. In college he had endeavored to conceal the fact that his first name was Bertram. "I presume you haven't dined."

"Neither has your husband. He's outside looking through the window."

She nodded. "I know. It proves that he has no pride or strength of character."

"You didn't have to marry him," I said resentfully.

"It was a mistake," she confessed. "He has a certain physical attraction. Bert has no mind, no will of his own, Mr. Richards."

I gazed at her sternly. "Have you found a man who has?"

Her blue eyes sparkled angrily. "How dare you ask such a question?"

I chuckled. "A girl usually learns she has married the wrong man when she bumps into a lofty soul."

"Your sarcasm is objectionable!" she snapped. "I married Bert because—well, because. I've known for a long time that we had nothing in common. It occurred to me at Tahoe, last night, that Reno was only thirty miles away. I decided to end things. I feel very dreadful about leaving him, really I do, but I couldn't stand things any more."

"You're very much interested in Theosophy, I understand."

She shook her head. "It's a picturesque 'ism' and I'm fond of Lake Tahoe."

"I thought you went in for that sort of thing."

"I like to investigate; it keeps my mind occupied."

"That poor devil outside is very unhappy. Give him another chance."

She was paying her check. "If you don't mind, I'll go to my room. I—I can't talk about it any more. I'm getting a divorce."

FRED MacISAAC

a large, redheaded man who lives in Hollywood, Calif., when he isn't traveling; has been writing about a dozen years. This followed varied experiences as play producer, opera impresario, and spectacle promoter. He is author of several novels and numerous pieces of short fiction.

I finished my own dinner leisurely, though the Bull was impatiently awaiting my report. I was disgusted with the spineless hulk.

It looked to me as if the old wild Bull had fascinated Estelle, and she hadn't known enough to leave him "as was." He now was everything a good woman thinks she wants in a man, and she couldn't stand him. I chuckled silently. Maybe Estelle fundamentally wasn't such a good woman.

Bull fell on my neck when I stepped outside the hotel.

"Did you fix it all up?" he asked eagerly.

"You can't fix a thing like this up in a minute," I temporized. "She may come around. In the meantime you are a bachelor. You are low, depressed. You need a drink."

"I promised Es—"

"By leaving you, even temporarily, she released you from your pledges. I need a drink."

The Bull scratched his neck and the ghost of his old smile appeared upon his heavy countenance. "Let's go," he requested.

We walked half a block and came to a pair of swinging doors.

It was good to see the lines of care wilt from the Bull's countenance as a couple of bourbons slid down his throat. He ordered two more. I kept him company discreetly.

"Well, well, well!" boomed the Bull. "We start here and work down this side of the street and up the other side. Bet you a hundred I carry you home, Randy."

The barkeep heard him and thrust more bourbons at us. "On the house," he said with a smirk. "Best crap game in town downstairs, gents."

"The bones!" cried the Bull gleefully.

IN the basement we found five crap tables at work. The place smelled of horses and cows because the care of dumb animals was the occupation of most of the patrons, but it was a good healthy smell.

Bill got hold of the dice and began to roll. I followed him for six successful throws and then laid my accumulations against him and lost. Eleven times he won, letting his original ten dollars ride, and then they closed down the table.

"You would, would you?" said Bull. "I'll show you pikers!"

He moved to another table. In ten minutes that table also retired from business.

Bull uttered a roar of annoyance. "I'll bust the whole joint!"

Apparently the management believed his boast, for a whistle blew and all tables shut down, while an announcement was made that the place would not reopen until ten o'clock. By that time it was hoped that the Bull would be too pickled to be invincible.

He changed half a ton of silver for a bushel of bank notes, and then he had an idea.

"We will now have six drinks," he cried gleefully, "and resume our financial operations elsewhere. Come on, everybody—the drinks are on me."

Down the line we traveled, our following increasing. We progressed in a fog of good-fellowship. The ten thousand dollars Bull had won in the crap game had been expanded by rumor to a hundred thousand by the time we had visited three saloons; and as soon as we entered a new place the management suspended all games.

About nine thirty the Bull and I had acquired an intimate friend whose name we did not know but who was tall, thin, dark, and snappily dressed, with a cast in his left eye. He was even more vociferous than we in condemning the pusillanimous gamblers who closed up shop upon our arrival.

"Tin horns!" he said disgustedly. "Can't take a slight loss. There's only one place near Reno where they do things in a big way. Lose a million without batting an eye."

"I only got ten thousand or so," said the Bull modestly.

"You can turn it into a million at the Beeches."

Bull grabbed him by both shoulders and tears came into the big fellow's eyes. "Can a million mend a broken heart?" he asked huskily.

"It can help a lot," our pal responded.

"Well, I'll give it a trial."

THE roadhouse was located about ten miles from town—an oasis in the desert. It was a long low rambling structure in the center of attractive grounds. The entrance was locked, but our pal had the "Open sesame." We walked into a large dancing room at the far end of which a Negro band was strumming low. The lights also were low, and the customers sat in booths by candlelight and had lots of privacy.

"On account of the divorcees," explained our friend, who had asked us to call him Luke. "The poor girls have to be careful because detectives may be on their trail, but the management watches over them like a father. And when folks get tired of dancing, there are games," stated our chum.

"I'm tired of dancing already. Where is this bar? Afterward we'll do some high and fancy gambling. Randy, I'll win a million and make you a present of it if you fix things up—you know." He winked vigorously.

I laughed merrily and lustily. While the million was a fee I wouldn't get, I was having a marvelous time. It was great to be going "down the line" once more with old Bull Edwards.

The Bull emptied his third glass. "I think we will begin by breaking the roulette bank," he announced.

Our mutual friend clapped him on the shoulder. "The sky's the limit," he declared. "And the management would like you to break the bank, on account of the advertising it would get."

He conducted us along a corridor and into a large room. There were two roulette tables, one of which was closed down. There were two young women staking quarter chips on numbers and two croupiers who functioned in a bored manner. They brightened up when the Bull covered half the numbers with dollar chips. He lost. He did it again. He lost.

The Bull looked at me and grinned. "Who says I'm pigheaded?" he demanded. "I shall play 'em close to the chest." He had bought five thousand dollars' worth of chips. He piled half of them upon the black.

The young ladies screamed with excitement and one of them leaned affectionately upon the Bull's shoulder. He pushed her away. "One thing at a time, baby," he requested more or less politely.

Our old pal took up a position at a corner of the table away from everybody, and I didn't think anything of that until I saw him take something that looked like a key from his pocket and slip his right hand under the table. As he did so, the croupier sent the little ball rolling round and round in the bowl. And the little ball, considering always the interests of the management, dropped into a red number.

Now, it was a funny thing, but about the only paying client I had had since I began the practice of law was a gambler who had shattered my childish notion that roulette was a game at which one couldn't be cheated.

"Don't bother about the croupiers," he had advised me. "They can't do much about numbers. The heavy playing is always on the red or black or odd or even. Look for a fellow standing away down at a corner of the table. He works the controls."

"Well, well," I said genially to our guide and mentor. "While the Bull is going broke we should have another drink."

As I spoke I grasped his right hand and pulled it from beneath the table and propelled him almost violently ahead of me into the bar. He objected, but I had an arm over his shoulder, and I was much bigger and stronger than my friend.

And as we entered the bar I heard a roar of triumph from the Bull. I pried open my pal's fingers and secured a small flat copper thing and thrust it in my pocket. "Oh, well," I said, "if you don't want a drink, you don't want a drink."

"Look here, feller," he asked earnestly, "can't you and me do business?"

"Maybe," I said pleasantly. "Talk fast. Listen to him roar. He's won again."

"Twenty per cent. I own this joint."

"As I understand it, this little gadget, applied to the control at the corner of the table, causes either the red or the black openings to contract slightly, according to which color the sucker is playing."

"You're a wise guy. Well, I hear this Edwards has barrels of it. Gimme back my key, will you?"

"I'll ask the Bull how he feels about it," I said heartily. "The Bull always aims to please."

With that I gave him a kick which sent him flying across the barroom, and returned to the roulette room.

The Bull was taking in the chips in huge gobs.

And oozing in from various doorways were unpleasant-looking men.

"Let's see if they can cash what you've got," I suggested. "No pay, no play—isn't that fair enough?"

A VERY well built person in full evening dress, who was a stranger to us, came forward importantly. Three other persons edged in close.

There was a lovely glint in the Bull's big brown eyes. "Pay up, fellers," he said, "or we'll wreck the joint."

Our old pal came in, limping slightly. "These guys are crooks!" he howled. "Chuck 'em out. Don't pay 'em a dime."

Bill stared at our ex-associate in shocked surprise which was quickly followed by comprehension.

"Well, palsywalsy," he murmured gleefully.

He leaned forward, grasped the huge roulette table, tore it from its fastenings, and stood it on its side—which made the man with the bad eye invisible. But protruding from the bottom of one of the legs of the table were electric wires.

"Crooks, eh?" inquired Bull. "Why, you dirty, mangy—"

"Throw 'em out!" bellowed the large man in the tail coat.

Bull swooped upon him and lifted him over the table—which was the same as throwing him over a six-foot wall.

And just then somebody hit me on the top of the head with a blackjack. As many Coast football teams had found out, my head is the least vulnerable part of me. I grappled with him. There ensued one of the most charming engagements that Bull and I had participated in since we had cleaned out Dirty Dick's on the Barbary Coast three or four years before.

The Bull and I kept knocking people down, and they were continually being replaced by more people. Some of these had guns, but were content to use the butt ends on account of a habit they have in Nevada of executing murderers with extraordinary dispatch. The noise was terrific, the screeches of the gay divorcees in the dance hall who thought the place was being raided mingling with the curses and shouts of the bouncers, croupiers, managers, and other employees who were around us but never on top of us. And the weirdest sound of all was the huge harsh voice of Bull Edwards singing the Merry Widow Waltz, a quaint habit he had on occasions such as this. When the lights went out he continued to sing. Then the place was filled with smoke. The dance hall had

DON'T BE BLIND
to the dangers
of summer sun

It saps the health of your hair

Summer sun, wind and water are hard on the hair... rob it of its natural oils, make it harsh, dry and hard to manage, and an easy prey to dandruff besides. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer to your summer hair problems. A few drops smoothed over the hair with the palm of the hands before going outdoors will protect and replenish the natural oils, safeguard against dryness, bleaching and sunburn. It keeps the hair looking neat and well-groomed, too, without appearing greasy. And once a week give your scalp a stimulating 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage and shampoo to cleanse and tone it, and arouse a lively circulation at the hair roots to keep them fit.

If you have **DANDRUFF**

Dandruff is a common scalp ailment, and the most frequent cause of baldness... get rid of it. It is easily transmitted through public combs and brushes... avoid them. Keep your scalp absolutely clean and stimulated with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Full directions with every bottle... If you have allowed dandruff to become chronic, consult your physician. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
40c
and
70c

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1936, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

caught on fire and, being constructed of spit and splinters, burned beautifully.

I can remember being dragged out of there by Bull Edwards and dumped on the ground of the parking lot.

"Get up, you big sissy," he said scornfully. "Boy, oh, boy, don't I feel good!"

People were running about on all sides. Men were shouting, "Get a hose!"

Nobody seemed in the least interested in murdering us at the moment. I got on my feet, and the Bull and I went in search of a means of conveyance away from that place.

A big red automobile rolled into the yard, and three or four men jumped out and rushed toward the flaming building.

"This will do," said the Bull, and leaped into the driver's seat just vacated. He started the car and we headed out of the parking place.

The fresh air was doing wonders for me and I could observe things. I read a brass plate on the instrument board.

"Would you be interested to learn, Bull," I inquired, "that you have swiped the car of the chief of the Reno Fire Department?"

"Fine!" he said cheerfully. "Now we don't have to observe any speed limit. What are you crying for?"

I was blubbering like a child. "You—you didn't get your money!" I sobbed.

"Mercenary, like all lawyers. Probably that place wasn't insured and they'll need it to rebuild with."

And then ahead were the lights of Reno.

"It's a pity it's all over," I said with a sigh.

"What's over? The evening's just begun. Say, Randy, Estelle is a great girl, but for some reason I haven't thought about her for an hour or so. You know, I promised her I'd stop doing things like this."

"Didn't I tell you that you were absolved from your promise by this divorce business?"

He sighed. "It's great to have a lawyer, even a rotten one. We'll stop at the first bar and have a drink. Several drinks."

"You've lost all the dough."

"No; I only bought five thousand worth of chips."

We brazenly parked the chief's car in front of a honky-tonk and entered. A colored man on the band platform was speaking:

"Does anybody want something by request?"

"Play When You and I Were Young, Maggie," Bull roared. To further persuade the Negro orchestra, he threw a bundle of bank notes toward the platform.

After the Negroes had scrambled for the money they played Bull's request number most poignantly. Tears were streaming down his face.

"My favorite song," he said, tossing off a double bourbon. "Randy, I got an idea. Let's pay off the customers and take the orchestra with us."

IN a couple of minutes the Bull and I and six black musicians piled into the fire chief's car and drove up in front of the Hillside Hotel.

"Got to show Estelle that I still love her," he said solemnly. "Going to serenade her."

"If you love her, why not play a love song?" I protested.

"No, no; that's not proper in the public street. I'll sing the song, changing Maggie's name to Estelle, so she'll know it's her serenade."

And, before I could stop him, the band had struck up, and the loudest, most unmusical voice in the world was howling, "When you and I were young, Estelle!"

Windows opened in the ladies' seminary which the hotel really was. Female heads were thrust out. Female laughter resounded. And between the booming of the band, the bellowing of the Bull, and the shouts and screams of the hotel guests, we didn't hear the sirens.

We heard, next day, that we had resisted arrest harder than any two men in the history of Reno, Nevada, and we hurt so many cops that the others threw us in the tank and gave us the works.

The Bull and I woke up next morning in a double cell. If I looked as bad as he did, I was glad there was no mirror in the place. We sat up and grinned at each other, and then a police sergeant appeared at the grilled door.

"How you feeling?" he inquired.

I pulled myself together and stood up. "I am an attorney," I said sternly. "I demand to know what we are in for."

"Well, now, let's see. Rioting, arson, theft of the motorcar of the chief of the Fire Department (the big stiff!), gross intoxication, and waking the dead. I think you'll both go up for life."

"What does he mean 'waking the dead'?" asked the Bull, bewildered.

"That must be when you sang 'When you and I were young, Estelle,' under her window last night."

"My God, did I do that?" he gasped.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Perhaps I was delirious."

The big fellow stared at me; then the muscles of his face began to twitch, and then he was crying like a child.

"Buck up," I pleaded. "She was going to divorce you anyway. She's adamant."

AS I spoke, the cell door opened and Estelle was ushered in, looking adamant and also gorgeous. She was in white, with white fur collar and cuffs. She had a monkey cap on the right side of her head which revealed most of her beautiful curled gold hair. She was delicately rouged and lipsticked. But the expression upon her countenance caused the temperature of the cell to flop twenty degrees instantly. She was attended by two important-looking bozos more or less hypnotized.

There was a gasp from the Bull. He was staring at her incredulously.

"It's Estelle!" he bleated.

Her blue eyes were cold as ice as she gazed upon her husband, but there were fiery sparks in them when she turned them on me.

"His attorney," she hissed. "Two jailbirds of a feather—that's what you are. Two—two—big tomcats."

"Lemme talk to you, Estelle," whined the big ape.

"Bah!" ejaculated Estelle. "To think that such an object has the right to call himself my husband! Drunk, fighting with the police—"

"Burning down buildings," added one of her companions, who was a red-faced beefy person.

From the Bull came a menacing growl. "I'll take it from her," he snarled; "but outside, you guys!"

The fat man drew himself up and assumed a mantle of dignity. "You're talking to the mayor of Reno, young feller—" he began.

The Bull rose from his stool. "I'm about to throw these bums out of here," he stated to Estelle.

I thrust myself in front of him. "Just a hang-over," I said with a placating smile. "The unfortunate incidents of last night can be explained, gentlemen. I am Mr. Edwards's attorney. I was with him every minute—"

"I'm the chief of police," asserted the other man, "and I'll say you were with him. What he didn't think of, you did. You went down the line high, wide, and handsome, you two. You made more trouble than a hundred Communists. You look like a bad egg; but this guy ought to know better—him with a wonderful wife."

"Estelle," whined the Bull, "if you and I could have a little talk alone—"

Estelle turned her back on him. "Mr. Mayor," she said with an appealing smile, "these miserable wretches need medical attention. They are horribly bruised and bleeding—"

"Sure, Mrs. Edwards," declared the chief. "We'll patch 'em up."

Estelle walked out of the cell. "You gentlemen tell them what has been arranged," she requested. "I never wish to see either of them again so long as I live."

The Bull flopped on his stool and buried his head in his hands and rocked back and forth.

"Gentlemen," I said eagerly, "grief was responsible for his outburst. Surely this affair can be arranged—"

The mayor lighted a big fat cigar. He grinned at the chief, who grinned back.

"Just on the charge of stealing the chief's car and beating up some of our best cops you fellows can get two years," he stated.

"Mr. Edwards will pay all damages—"

"I'm going to jail, see!" declared the Bull truculently. "She doesn't want to see me any more."

"Now let me tell you about the State of Nevada—" began the mayor.

"To hell with it!" shouted the Bull.

"Shut up, you ass!" I bellowed.

The mayor waved his hand airily.

"We believe in personal liberty. Gambling has been legalized, but we don't allow crooked games. We been trying to find out how they ran that roulette game at the Beeches. We had a detective there last night. We know you discovered how they worked the racket and they ganged up on you. You didn't fire the place—somebody in the dance hall knocked over a candle. So we don't accuse you of arson. We could say you borrowed the fire chief's car. That leaves drunk, disorderly, and resisting arrest. We could impose a five-hundred-dollar fine on behalf of the city, eh?"

"You're a pretty fine fellow," I said enthusiastically.

The mayor immediately offered me a cigar. "The idea is that we want ladies who come up here to get a divorce to be happy. Mrs. Edwards is a very lovely lady and we need such as residents of our great state. Naturally, with her husband in our jail she wouldn't exactly enjoy her stay, so we arranged with her to fine you two drunks and run you out of the state. As a favor to her, see."

"If I were to beat up you two bums you'd have to put me in jail, wouldn't you?" inquired the Bull anxiously.

The chief leaped up. "Start something," he invited.

"We accept your terms, Mr. Mayor," I said hastily. "Leave this moron to me."

WASHED up, patched up, and arrayed in clean clothes, the Bull and I climbed aboard a Pullman, two hours later, and hid in a drawing room. As my pal was no better company than a corpse, I left him, after a while, and went into the club car. When we pulled into Truckee, across the California line, I descended for some fresh air.

As I stepped on the station platform I saw a motorcar dash up and a young woman get out who was followed by a maid with a lot of suitcases.

"Greetings, Estelle," I said blithely. "Aren't you out of bounds?"

Mrs. Edwards was sort of confounded, but said haughtily, "I'm taking this train, if you don't mind."

"But you made a deal to establish residence in Nevada if they ran us out."

"Can I help it if the mayor jumped to that conclusion?" she sharply demanded.

I gazed sternly at her. Her face grew pink.

"Going back to that bohunk, eh?"

"Speaking of bohunks—" remarked Estelle pointedly.

"Why are you taking him on again?" I demanded.

"It's my duty," she said firmly.

"You said you never wanted to see him again."

Mrs. Edwards smiled at me blandly. "I supposed my work was done—that he was thoroughly reformed. I hoped he would continue to be a respectable citizen. Well, there is more work to be done."

"You're a noble creature," I remarked. "As a matter of fact you sort of liked that serenade—"

"Randolph Richards," she cried, "are you mad? It was the most abominable, the most disgraceful—"

"Estelle darling," I replied, "you had lots of fun reforming the Bull. It was after he turned into an ox that he bored you. Come, now—"

"I must get aboard the train," Estelle said hastily.

She tucked her hand inside my arm and we went up the car steps.

"Buy yourself a Pullman chair," she requested. "I'll share the drawing room with the Bull."

"Did you say 'Bull'?" I gasped.

She bobbed her head and giggled softly.

"Randy," she asked very sweetly, "will you come and see us often?"

I kissed the woman violently. "Darned if I won't!" I exclaimed.

THE END

When things start popping—

BANG! goes trouble
Behind your back,
So reach for a stick
From the Beech-Nut pack—
Let the flavor that makes
The taste buds glad,
Prevent you from going
Completely mad!

...it's time for
BEECH-NUT GUM

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT
FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
CANDY COATED
5¢
PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
Beech-Nut
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
SPEARMINT GUM
BEECH-NUT

BEECH-NUT PEPPERMINT GUM ...is so good it's the most popular flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

BEECH-NUT PEPSIN GUM ... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor ... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.

BEECHIES ... another really fine Peppermint Gum—sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT ... especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

ORALGENE ... Its firmer texture gives much needed exercise ... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

More Adventures of

A White Woman Among Cannibals

MY OWN STORY

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

A Child Snatched from Torment—Black Magic—Stalked by a Crocodile . . . A Famous Author Relives Her Vivid Past

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

MISS GRIMSHAW'S own story was begun in the June 20 issue of Liberty. She now continues her account of her narrowest escape from head-hunting cannibals. It occurred in New Guinea in 1923. She had gone up the Sepik River in the company of two Catholic missionaries.

THE Sepik today is fairly well policed and has been explored. Twelve years ago not much was known of the place and nobody meddled much with the river tribes. We went about two hundred and thirty miles up the river, every yard of it growing lovelier, hotter, and wilder. The natives were distinctly "up" in one town we visited, but they allowed us to land, and a number of them gathered, in no very reverent spirit, to listen to the missionaries' preaching. At the same time some of the warriors, nobly decked in shells, teeth, and feathers, and nothing else, intimated that they wanted me to leave the party and come away from the river, back into the forest, to see their houses. The Sepik houses are usually full of wonderful carvings and well worth looking at.

I suppose the warriors knew a white person could be caught by this bait. And a bait it was.

After the first surprised yells and leapings at the sight of a white woman, they began to look at, and finger unpleasantly, my hair, which at that time was rolled round my head and very long. None of them had ever seen long hair before, and it was clear that it interested them. By and by they explained, partly by signs and partly in garbled pidgin English, that they wanted me to come with them, quite alone, because they intended to bring their women out to see me.

In the hush of that blazing noon, with the great river running silently past and the black mysterious forest rising up behind, I stood on the bank, hesitating. The Fathers were far out of sight (which was entirely my fault), the warriors surrounded me, and if there was anything "up" I was in for it anyhow. Curiosity won; I went. We walked through bone-melting heat for about half a mile, and came to a couple of ruinous ugly houses. They explained that if I would only go on farther I'd see something better. By this time they were getting excited and keyed up, as the cannibal always does before he kills.

Seeing that things were going wrong, I sat down on the steps of the first house and said that I was tired; I wouldn't go farther. An old man told me that their women had arrived; it would be all right for me to go on. The women—a couple of frightened creatures hardly able to move—were now visible at the back of the hut, standing in the rear doorway. A man brought some carved curios, tried to fix my attention on them, and asked me would I buy—displaying his goods and begging as if we had all been in the harbor of Colombo, with a twenty-thousand-ton liner lying alongside the quay.

Meantime (as I saw out of the corner of one eye) the women had silently escaped through the back door, and two young men, working quickly and noiselessly, were busy barricading it up from the inside.

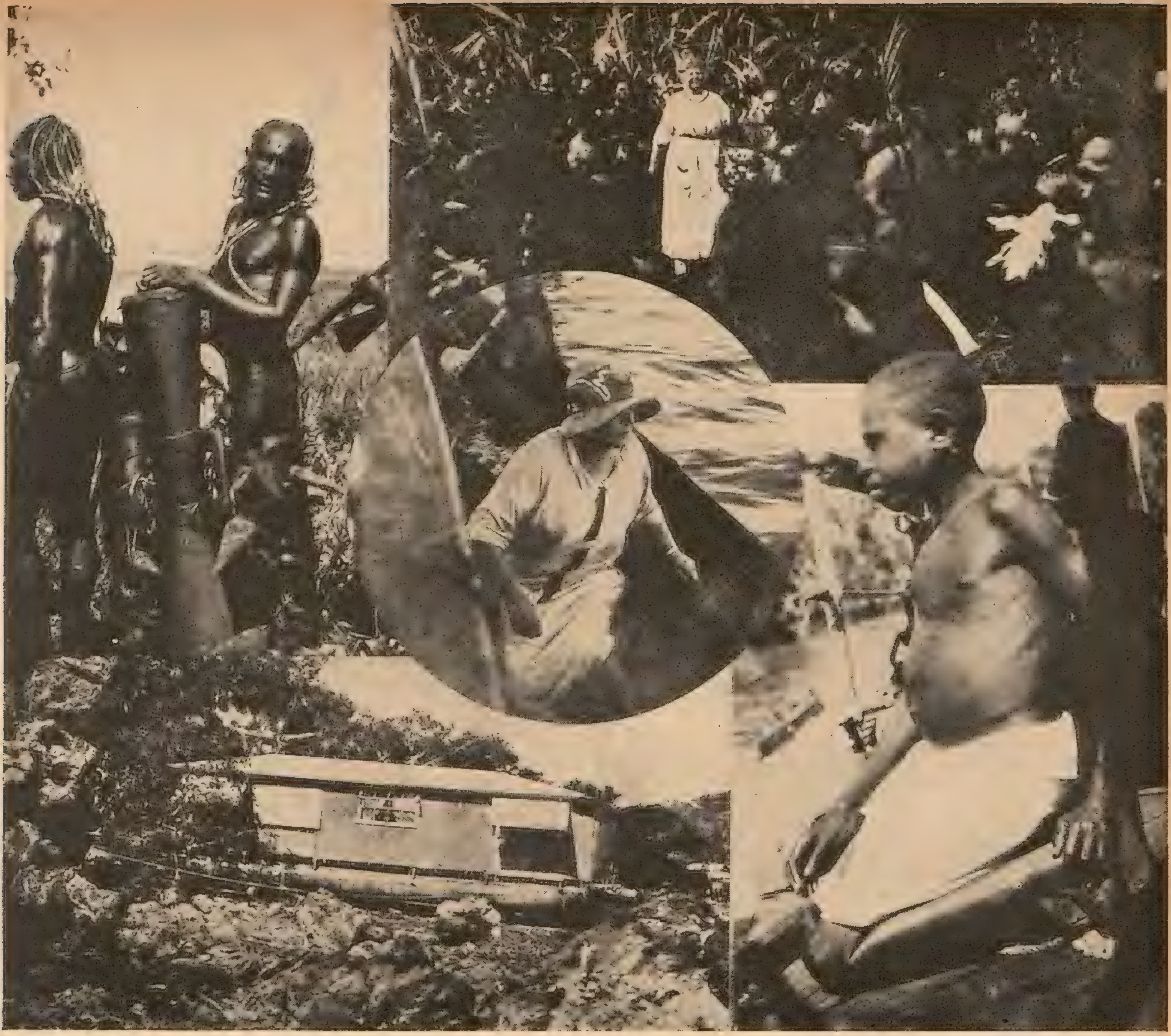
"This is a fix," I said to myself, "and I've richly earned it." I knew only too well that the departure of the women, under such circumstances, probably meant my death, and that the men were almost certainly planning to snatch me into the barred house and secure the much coveted long-haired head.

Bluff seemed to be the only chance. I got up and walked away from the house, slowly, turning round every now and then to abuse the men in the loudest and most shrewish tone I could manage. I scolded them for having brought me so far in the sun to see nothing at all. I scolded them for showing such poor curios. I scolded them, by and large, for nothing and everything, in a reasonless furious way that all men know and most men fear (especially the married ones). It wasn't in place just there; they didn't expect it; they thought (I suppose) that I should have been running away and shrieking with fright (they did not know how I wanted to do just that very thing). This anomalous angry attitude, they were sure, must be supported by something big about which they didn't know. They hesitated, dodging and jumping about in the provoking cannibal way, began to dispute among themselves, and, in fine, let me get away round the corner —after which I dropped pretense and ran as hard as I could.

They didn't follow—a fact not so surprising as it seems, when one remembers that the head-hunter is almost incredibly a creature of impulse; commonly he has not the slightest idea of what he is going to do until he does it, although at times he may be capable of planned and concerted action. In this instance, one may suppose that the impulse had passed.

Farther up the river I saw one of the houses. It was a marvelous sight. The lowest room, which was all that I was permitted to see, was full of wonderful and terrible carvings, mostly representing evil spirits.

Right across the width of the great hall hung something like an immense harrow, painted black, white, and red with native paints, and fitted with a row of spikes



Photographs from the author.

Center: Miss Grimshaw in a cannibal tribe's canoe. Above, at left: Lake Murray head-hunters. At right: Miss Grimshaw among Sepik River savages who tried to entrap her. Below, at left: The houseboat where the crocodile lurked under her bed. Right: The boy rescued by "blackbirding."

upon the top. Each of these spikes supported a human head, man, woman, or child's, beautifully preserved, the eyes replaced with staring white cowrie shells or with circles of greenish glittering pearl shell. The hair, several inches long, was dressed into curls and allowed to float. The whole thing was loosely hung, so that every breeze swung it back and forward, and when the light glittered on the pearly eyes, and the wind waved the long oiled curls, all the heads looked startlingly alive.

I stood beneath it and wondered how a white woman's head, with cowrie shells instead of glasses, and a yard of trailing hair, would have looked in that or a similar collection. Luckily, no one ever knew.

But the adventures of the Sepik were not yet done. A day or two later we came upon a village where something was most decidedly wrong. The men, war-painted, were standing about the river bank, sullen, unfriendly, and fierce. No women were to be seen. We had heard the day before that a neighboring village had been raided and all the inhabitants killed by these people, and their appearance certainly bore out the tale. Nevertheless, the plucky Fathers left the launch and began their usual missionary efforts.

There was a child among the men—an almost naked little boy of ten or so, who seemed to be in a state of dumb and helpless terror. The warriors said he was an orphan they had adopted, and that they meant to treat him like one of their own. Further questioning brought out the fact that he came from the massacred village. The Fathers told me that the men were lying; that they had indeed adopted him, but almost certainly with the intention of using him as the centerpiece for a scene of torture and death, winding up with a dance and a feast of which his body would be a part.

All the horrors of hell were in that child's eyes. He had been through scenes indescribable, and he knew that worse was to come—for himself.

The Fathers managed to work the boy up to the river bank and to warn the boat boys to be alert and ready. It was a steam launch; steam was up. While the warriors on the bank were gesticulating and yelling, taking no notice of the boy, one Father seized him, threw him into the launch, and leaped after him, the other following quickly. I was already in, sitting on the roof of the engine shelter. One boat boy shoved off; the other got the launch under way. It was all done in an instant. A big warrior struck

FRECKLES
DISAPPEAR
in 5 to 10 days
Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Box 215, Paris, Tenn.
NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!
Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's more than 2,000,000 week-by-week sale—at the lowest cost of any major magazine concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

WHAT YOU'LL SEE IN
TEXAS
DURING THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS
Just off the press. Free, 32-page booklet, illustrated with more than 150 photographs, many in four colors. Send for this pre-view of Texas. Then see it all as you attend the Texas Centennial Celebrations.
free NEW BOOKLET
MAIL COUPON
Plan to see the $25,000,000 Centennial Exposition now open, Dallas. America has proclaimed it the most beautiful, most interesting ever held in the United States. The nation's foremost industrial concerns are all represented. The art, historical and agricultural exhibits are among the finest ever assembled. The Midway offers a wide variety of carefully picked attractions; including the Cavalcade of Texas" pageant with cast of 600. See the Exposition, then travel to other sections of Texas. Wherever you go, you'll find Texans celebrating. Mail the coupon for literature.
TEXAS CENTENNIAL 8-E
State Headquarters, Dallas, Texas
Please send illustrated literature on Texas and the Centennial Celebrations to:
Name________
Address________
City________ State________

at the Father with an adz and all but killed him. I got my revolver out and held it ready to shoot. The warrior struck again, but too late—and now the launch was several yards away, and no one dared to leap into the crocodile-infested river. We steamed off to the accompaniment of yells of rage and amazement, and quite the most frightened person on the launch was the child we had rescued.

It was days before he understood that he was not going to be eaten by the strange white devils who had seized and carried him away. He refused to take food until, by chance, a man who spoke his language was met with and explanations became possible. He was taken down to the mission, and is now a young man in the service of the Fathers, strong and happy.

I thought I had done and tried most things in New Guinea, but not until we stole the boy had I tried "blackbirding." I have not done it since.

The Sepik River and its inhabitants have been brought under some control of late years. In 1923 the splendid savages who inhabited its banks did as they pleased. When not hunting for each other's heads, they seemed to be, and were, a fine, hearty, likable lot of men. In some of the villages we were enthusiastically received; and one cheerful old cannibal even invited me to come and stay a few days with himself and his eighteen wives. If several of the happy family had not been suffering from ringworm, I should certainly have said yes.

I went all over the big communal house; it was finely built and had flowers planted about it. Each of the eighteen wives had her own sleeping place, a curious tunnel fastened to the floor, and covered with mats, for protection from the swarming mosquitoes. The women were fat, cheerful creatures who showed all their goods with pride, and brought out the best of the dried heads for me to photograph.

Heads on the Sepik are prepared by a village head-boiler and decorator. He has to be something of an artist, as the process includes the making and fitting on of a clay mask, a portrait of the deceased.

THIS village did not want my head. I do not know why; they may not have known themselves. They were kindly and hospitable; showed me their men's secret meetinghouse (but not all of it); and when the launch pushed off, in the midst of marrow-melting heat, they waded deeply into the river, pressing cooked yams, sweet potatoes, and bananas on the whole party.

No, I did not see the Bluebeard's chamber in the top story of the men's house. In earlier years I had gone with a punitive expedition into the Wild West of Papua, and, landing with an armed party, had explored a place that was probably not unlike it—a building four hundred feet long, secret chamber after secret chamber, to end at last in a small room tenanted only by hideous hollow dragon forms made of wicker and matting, and said to be used in human sacrifices.

Here one of the Fathers told me that the little topmost room was used for unknown occult ceremonies, and that certain of the natives could better the results obtained by any London or New York professional "medium"; that they could even for a brief time raise the dead. They were careful to have a fresh (very fresh) corpse on hand for each ceremony.

No magazine would print details of what is said to go on (and I believe does) in their black magical ceremonies; and beyond and below all this there are depths into which white people have never penetrated, secrets that they are never likely to know. For the savage, when half educated, loses his own knowledge of these mysteries and cannot even make use of the simplest of them—the "grapevine telegraph," familiar and puzzling to all who have lived in uncivilized countries.

A COUPLE of years later I had the chance of being (again) the first white woman to ascend one of Papua's huge and little known rivers, the Fly. I went in the government motor yacht, with officials and about a dozen armed Native Constabulary.

There is, at the end of rivers and rivers, tributaries and tributaries, a sort of earthly paradise known as Lake Murray—many miles long, and wide, blue as a dragonfly's back, sprinkled with green islands, lovely as a dream of fairyland. A mere handful of white men had seen the place before, and no white woman had been there. It was quite uncontrolled, and the natives were the most confirmed head-hunters of the whole Fly River. Nevertheless we found them (fairly) peaceable. They were a good deal excited; danced round the white woman with yells of amazement; and ushered us up to their village, still yelling, while one old man danced backward before the governor, casually carrying in his hand a half-finished human head which he seemed to have been painting when we arrived.

The Lake Murray men are extremely proud of their skill in head drying and painting. They empty the skull, cure the outside into thick leather, and then stuff and paint it most effectively. I bought one for a few sticks of tobacco, and carried it home to put in my museum beside the clay-masked skull from the Sepik.

I gave the men some small looking-glasses, but they didn't know what to make of them—only stared and fingered. It was not until a few frightened but curious women crept out from their hiding place that the mirrors came into their own. As if by instinct, the women understood the new marvel; saw for the first time their own dark, large-eyed faces clearly; and then—

It was more like a football scrimmage than anything else, but the men won out by natural strength. The mirrors were theirs again in two minutes, and no woman was allowed so much as to look into one.

By this time, however, the village was beginning to "boil up." Tension seemed to increase every minute, and the men were getting more and more nervous and excitable. One of the officials unobtrusively kept at my side, with his rifle carried along his arm, ready to use. The Big Man, looking about him, drawled, "I think our welcome begins to wear a little thin."

It was an order. We gathered up our cameras and our trade goods (of which we had been careful to show little) and walked slowly down the track to the lakeside. Any appearance of hurry might have precipitated the trouble. The yacht was miles away; we were known to be rich in such treasures as beads and knives; our police were few; and the island had many hundred inhabitants, most of them fully armed. We got off without difficulty; but when we were half a mile or so distant, behind another island, the launch engine gave out.

If we had been seen lying there immovable— But we were not seen, so that was that.

That is what I want to emphasize about "adventures" in the New Guineas. They belonged to two kinds—the kind in which something might have happened but nothing did; and the kind in which something did happen, about which the principal character did not live to tell.

THE people of Port Moresby were interested, in 1910, when they heard that I had been annoyed by a crocodile under my bed; they were patient with me when I confessed to having been afraid, on another night, to open the canvas screens and interrupt the battle royal that was going on between two huge crocodiles roaring and fighting like bulls just outside my houseboat rail. The first crocodile was not actually in the houseboat; he was merely lurking on the underside of the inch-deep decking between the supporting canoes, just beneath my bed, and he was there, no doubt, because he smelled me and wanted me. I also smelled him, very strongly, but I did not want him at all.

But that was not an adventure; if it had been, I should not be writing this.

The nearest call I ever had to being eaten by a crocodile occurred—of all places—in Port Moresby's fairly populous harbor, whither, one hot night, I had gone to seek for coolness on the lower steps of a boat jetty. In the moonlight, by and by, I saw a curious fish at the foot of the steps, only a few inches away. It was largish, grayish, and triangular. It seemed to have something on its mind, because it could not decide whether to go forward or backward.

Every time I looked narrowly at it, it slid backward with uncanny swiftness and disappeared. A queer fish!

Something whispered a question in my ear: "Do fish reverse?" I could find no answer. I did not think I had ever seen any fish do it. "Do fish reverse?" came the question again.

"By George, Edward, and Victoria, they do *not!*" I answered. And the backward retreat I made up that ladder would have taken a prize at a cruise gymkhana.

Out into the full moonlight, disappointed and savage, shot a crocodile as long as a big launch, with a huge grayish triangular head. It was his head I had been watching, while he was watching me, ready to make the crocodile's swift fatal spring. I've seen one come out of a river looking—and sounding—like a torpedo. But the stepladder protected me, once I was up. This was no river bank.

I had heard (and disbelieved) tales of huge crocodiles suddenly discovered to be stalking a traveler. I had been sure that I should never be caught like that. One lives and learns; sometimes one learns and does not live, or tell.

With an astonishing account of her visits to Rossel, whose savages "ate more people in less time than any other cannibals in the world," Miss Grimshaw's own story will be concluded in an early issue of Liberty.

In a "Jiffy" Get Rid of
DANDRUFF

And Scalp Irritations
Enjoy New Hair Vigor
Tested and Approved
SERIAL No. 4890
by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

LUCKY TIGER
USED AND RECOMMENDED
FOR LOOSE
DANDRUFF
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
STOPS ITCHING—BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR
ALLAYS IRRITATIONS OF THE SCALP
PRICE ONE DOLLAR
LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO.
KANSAS CITY, Mo. U.S.A.

WATCH the "OVERHEAD"

A QUICK vigorous rub of the scalp with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic and Dandruff Remover gives new life to the hair, new stimulation to the scalp and soon corrects dandruff and scalp irritations. Get a bottle today from your druggist or an application from your barber of this famous hair and scalp invigorator, which has been used by millions for more than two decades.

Lucky Tiger
HAIR TONIC &
DANDRUFF REMOVER

What Would the Townsend Dollar Be Worth?

A Look at Some Facts and Figures at the Heart of a "Tragic Hoax"

by EDWIN WALTER KEMMERER World-Famous Expert on Money

as told to GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

I DO not say that the Townsend Plan could not be adopted. It could be adopted, but not without a complete breakdown of business. It would result in a tremendous credit and currency inflation. If the Roosevelt dollar is worth in terms of gold only fifty-nine cents of our old gold dollar, the Townsend dollar would be worth only a petty fraction of this amount.

Imagine the effect upon our aged people today of a practically worthless paper dollar! I have witnessed the effects of inflation in Germany, in Poland, and in a number of Latin-American countries. I remember buying a cigar at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin in 1924 after Dr. Helfferich and Dr. Schacht had introduced the Rentenmark to take the place of its debased sister. For the cigar worth one half Rentenmark, or twelve cents American money at that time, I handed the clerk a one-Rentenmark note worth twenty-four cents American money. My change, representing the other twelve cents, was given me in the old money—a note for five hundred billion marks, which at par would have been worth then one hundred and twenty-five billion dollars, or more than enough to pay for the Townsend Plan for many years.

Do you think the poor old people would bless Dr. Townsend's memory if their monthly pension would not pay for a postage stamp? This is what happened in Germany, in Poland, and in Russia. Merely increasing the supply of money does not add to a nation's wealth; it simply raises prices. If the rapid circulation of money created wealth, the Germans in 1923 would have been the world's wealthiest people. Wherever inflation occurs, all money becomes "hot" money. Rapidly rising prices mean a continually depreciating dollar. The rule, therefore, is "Spend your money quickly, before its value fades away"; but the faster it is spent, the faster do prices rise.

The Townsend Plan is fundamentally absurd. It proposes to give to every citizen of sixty or over, with a few exceptions, two hundred dollars a month for life, on the condition that he promises to refrain from any gainful occupation and to spend the entire amount during the month in which it is received.

Townsend proposes to raise the enormous amount needed by levying a tax of one to six per cent—two per cent is usually specified—upon every commercial and financial transaction in the United States. Each of the eleven million prospective pensioners would be entitled to receive $2,400 a year. This would represent an annual expenditure of more than twenty-six billion dollars—over half of our national income for the year 1934.

The Townsendites claim that two million oldsters would refuse the pension. This is unlikely. Not only would many of this number probably stop working, but, as Mr. Brisbane has pointed out, their children would "live on the old folks." This would go on until the younger generation reached the age at which they were themselves entitled to the pension.

Making every possible deduction, the Townsend Plan would still cost twelve billion dollars yearly. This would reduce the average standard of living of 93½ per cent of the population below the subsistence level.

The Townsendites tell us that a two-per-cent tax on one trillion dollars' worth of business would yield twenty billion dollars, and assure us that such a tax would hardly be noticed. *If this were true, I would devote the rest of my life to the adoption of the Townsend Plan.* Unfortunately, Dr. Townsend does not see that business transactions do not, as such, constitute business income.

Prices under the Townsend Plan would soar skyward. Take, for instance, a pair of overalls. There would be a tax of two per cent when the cotton was picked; another two-per-cent tax when the cotton was sold; two per cent for the spinning; two per cent for the weaving; two per cent for the sale of the cloth; two per cent for manufacturing the overalls; two per cent on each subsequent sale of them. All this implies an immense increase in the price of every article. Business after business would turn from black into red.

Obviously, the Townsend pensions could not be paid out of income. Yet, if they were not, the government would be compelled to print an enormous quantity of inconvertible paper dollars. The oldsters might get their pensions in full, but their dollars would have very little value.

The bookkeeping needed under the Townsend Plan would add a crushing burden to such businesses as still managed to survive. It would be necessary to create in every community an enormous secret service.

The government might attempt to issue special Townsend money certificates carrying an expiration date. Under a well known economic law, bad money drives good money into exile. The regular dollar would then vanish into stockings. But that would not save it. Men and women, standing in long, endless bread lines at government relief stations, would wistfully pray for the return of the Golden Age of the Depression.

The Townsend Plan is a tragic hoax.

THE END

3 ℔ Mehl 120000
1 Brot 50000
Weißkohl 30000
4 Eier 40000
40000
Tomaten ½ ℔ 40000
Wurst 1 ℔ 180000
2 ℔ Schmalz 340000
Seife 100000
¼ ℔ Kaffee 60000
1000000 Mark

In Germany it took one million marks to buy the meager provisions on this table: 50,000 for the loaf of bread, 40,000 for four eggs, and so on —and this was early in the postwar inflation.

Three Musketeers of Swat

A 1936 Thrill!—How a Trio of Sluggers, All Sons of Sunny Italy, Have Staged a Sudden Roman Holiday in Baseball

by ARTHUR MANN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

FIRST GAG MAN: What will the New York Yankees do if Lazzeri, Crosetti, and DiMaggio are called to the colors by Mussolini?

SECOND GAG MAN: They will celebrate Thanksgiving Day earlier than usual!

That wheeze just about laid 'em in the aisles last winter. The hot-stove leaguers rolled out of their tilted chairs in hysterics from the convulsing character of this subtle wit.

After the season of 1935 it was a nifty, because Tony Lazzeri was a tired veteran of thirty-one, at the end of his tenth season with the club. Frank Crosetti, who cost the Yankees $50,000 and three ballplayers, had failed to equal the value of one of the players in four years. And there was no reason to suspect that rookie Joe DiMaggio was any more than his name implied.

Today it is different. The gag makers are shouting, "I told you so!" They are laughingly referring to left field in the Yankee Stadium as Ethiopia, because it has just been conquered by an Italian named DiMaggio.

The three Latins are part and parcel of the heaviest hitting Yankee team since the Ruth-Meusel-Gehrig slugging era. Even if this team fails by some miracle to win the 1936 pennant, they will have established one remarkable record—the biggest batch of Italian rooters outside of the Metropolitan Opera House on Aïda night.

If Mussolini were foolish enough to call Lazzeri, Crosetti, and DiMaggio to the colors today, he would get only the horselaugh and a Mulberry Street razzberry. Not even a Maffia, a Purple Gang, or a double-barreled vendetta could bomb the three Italians from the line-up of the New York Yankees now. The left-field fans from Little Italy, led by the guy with the Italian flag, wouldn't stand for it.

It is a peculiar situation, this sudden rise in Italian patronage, for sons of Italy are no novelty in major-league baseball. It is unusual, however, to have three good Italian players hitting on all cylinders at the same time.

They created no end of havoc in Philadelphia some weeks ago, and all without warning. As 25,000 Shibe

Tony Lazzeri. Three home runs in one game is not a new feat to him.

Frank Crosetti. Shares no credit for his heavy hitting this year.

Joe DiMaggio. "Didn't I tell about him in St. Pete?" says

Park fans watched the Yankees roll up a 12-to-6 score against the dry-plucked Athletics in the first game of a double-header, there was no hint of impending disaster. Tony Lazzeri had hit a home run, which he always does from time to time.

Then all three—Lazzeri, Crosetti, and DiMaggio—rose up with all the wrath of an army of outraged Romans.

Lazzeri hit two more home runs and a single. Crosetti made four safe hits and scored three runs. DiMaggio made two hits and a run. The Yankees won by 15 to 1, or 27 to 7 for the day.

On the following afternoon, Sunday, there was a near riot when the three Latins struck their real stride. Lazzeri whacked out three home runs and a triple, driving a total of eleven runs across the plate. Crosetti hit two homers. DiMaggio got a single, a double, and a homer. The Yankees won by 25 to 2, or a total of 52 runs in three ball games.

Besides proving that Connie Mack has a wretched ball club this year, the slugging brought out three indelible facts:

Tony Lazzeri is far from through.

Frank Crosetti has become a good ballplayer.

Joe DiMaggio is one of the few high-priced rookies to earn his purchase price the first year in the big leagues.

The outburst of hitting sent the major-league baseball scouts West on the next train. For weeks they have been canvassing the Rock Rollers of Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, in search of Italian ballplayers.

Since the days of Ping Bodie, one of the pioneer Italians in the major leagues and, strangely enough, a member of the Yankees, Telegraph Hill became famous as producer of accurate handlers of missiles. But since they rolled the rocks instead of throwing them, little hope was held for the Italian ballplayers who came down the slope and tried their hands at baseball.

This presence of Italian players on the Yankees and their big following in the grandstand is peculiar in that the ball club made no search for players of that nationality. In contrast, witness the late John J. McGraw's sustained plea for a Jewish player with which to convert a potential New York following into cash at the turnstiles.

McGraw searched for many years and came up with only two of fair ability. They were Andy Cohen, an infielder, and Phil Weintraub, an outfielder. One of the greatest young players New York City has produced is a Jew, but, alas, he plays for Detroit. His name is Hank Greenberg. He lives in the Bronx.

The Italian Ping Bodie lasted only the season of 1918 with the Yankees. It was not until 1925 that the Yankee scouts, Ed Holly and Paul Krichel, went West to track down a tip on a second player. Late in that dismal season the baseball writers were handed a typewritten slip that read as follows:

> The Yankees announce the purchase of Anthony La Zeri from the Salt Lake Club of the Pacific Coast League. He is an infielder.

They didn't even know how to spell his name, and, from the way things were going with the Yankees at the time, it made no difference. No matter how he spelled his name, Lazzeri was bound to help the ball club.

HE did help them. He has been helping them ever since. He hit his first high spot in the World Series of 1926 by fanning in the seventh inning with the bases full. But of that old Alexander, the pitcher, said: "Shucks, if that foul he hit just before fannin' had been two feet the other way, I'd have been the bum and Tony the hero."

Those three homers in one game made in Philadelphia last May is not a new feat to Lazzeri. He did the same thing at the Yankee Stadium on June 8, 1927.

Today Lazzeri is very slow on his feet. Legs are buckling. But he does as much as a master second baseman, such as Charlie Gehringer, by playing the hitters. He knows just about where every batter will hit the ball, if d when, and places himself accordingly. Saves wear tear on the legs.

May of this year he looked very bad on a Detroit double steal that produced a run. The Stadium crowd heaped the jeers upon his head as he stood holding the ball while the run came in. The grandstand couldn't possibly grasp what had happened. This was it:

Lazzeri had ferreted out the double-steal sign from the Detroit dugout. He tried to warn the Yankee pitcher, failed, and had to relay the sign to the Yankee bench. The warning was relayed to the pitcher. The pitcher disregarded the warning. Instead of cutting off the catcher's throw for second, the pitcher ducked. Lazzeri, rushing in to back up the pitcher, got the ball in the tummy. You'd look bad, too, if you got a surprise throw in the tummy.

That's inside baseball, but so is Lazzeri.

Frank Crosetti has grown smarter just by playing next to Lazzeri on the other side of second base. The heavy hitting, though, is Crosetti's own idea. Never in his major-league career has he gone in for such heavy batting figures as this year. He stayed up with the leaders until well after Decoration Day.

BILL ESSICK, the Yankees' scout on the Pacific Coast, is credited with digging up both Crosetti and DiMaggio. It isn't always good policy to have Essick go around, though, because they know he represents Colonel Jake Ruppert's bank roll and the price goes up.

As noted, Crosetti cost $50,000 and three players. For DiMaggio the Yankees handed over $25,000 in cash and six players—three outright, and three on option, which means that the Yankees can reclaim them on twenty-four hours' notice.

It would have been bigger news this year had DiMaggio failed to make the grade. Practically every baseball writer went "overboard" on the kid in spring training camp.

What made his chances of success almost certain, however, was Lou Gehrig's approval. The Yankee first baseman never offers a word of opinion on a young ballplayer, but he fell heavily for Joe DiMaggio.

Today Gehrig sits at the side of his locker, which is next to DiMaggio's, and grins as he watches the string of visitors who drop into the clubhouse to shake DiMaggio's hand.

With or without provocation, Gehrig will say, "Didn't I tell you about him in St. Pete?"

Major-league ballplayers, as a rule, are very noisy on the bench. They stay awake nights thinking up vitriolic remarks to yell across the field at the opposing team. They are called jockeys.

The three Italians—Lazzeri, Crosetti, and DiMaggio—are different. They say hardly anything at any time, unless the umpire calls one wrong, and then they say it with looks from blazing black Italian eyes. Their color on the ball field comes from crass application to the job of playing the position or hitting. The remainder of the hysteria is supplied by the fans in the grandstand.

Already people harbor the idea that the New York Yankees have cornered the market on Italian ballplayers. This is hardly so. They have the best, and if DiMaggio's big bat continues to level off opposing pitchers, he will be the first Italian batting champion.

This will be a far cry from the Limerick and Roscommon flavor which permeated baseball two generations ago. But an examination of history shows that it runs in cycles.

After the Irishmen Duffy, Keeler, Burkett, Delahanty got through, supremacy went to the Germans—Wagner, Daubert, Zimmerman. Even the Frenchmen Lajoie and Beaumont had their day.

But no Italians. Their cycle is definitely at hand, not because Lazzeri, Crosetti, and DiMaggio happened to sash-weight a few pitchers simultaneously, but because the Italians are definitely going in for baseball.

It is hard to believe, but there is an Italian or more on every major-league team roster in baseball.

Shades of Abner Doubleday and A. G. Spalding! When the National League was formed, sixty years ago, the founders wrote into their resolve the clause to "provide the country with a national pastime." It has become an international pastime, a veritable free-for-all.

THE END

Angels, Gangsters, and the Turning of a Worm

From Folklore to Farce, the Films Present an Array of Contrasts—and Reach New Heights in the Beguiling Charm of a Negro Fantasy

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ★ THE GREEN PASTURES

THE PLAYERS: Rex Ingram, Oscar Polk, Eddie Anderson, Frank Wilson, George Reed, Abraham Gleaves, Myrtle Anderson, Al Stokes, Edna M. Harris, James Fuller, George Randol, the Hall Johnson Choir. Directed by Marc Connelly and William Keighley. From the play by Marc Connelly.

NEVER has there been a picture quite like The Green Pastures. It is tender and humorous, touching and gay. And through this blend there runs a deeply sympathetic feeling that never condescends to burlesque the fable's simple imagery.

Based on the Roark Bradford stories, The Green Pastures is more fluent than ever was the stage play. And since Hal Mohr's exquisite photography gives the delightful settings a dreamy reality, this comes as the most delicious bit of folklore yet to emerge from Hollywood. Here the Testaments, Old and New, are shown as seen through the eyes of a backwoods Negro preacher who explains the Bible to a Sunday-school class of pickaninnies. He tells them about the day God decides to make the earth; about Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; about Noah and the Deluge; about the riotous idolaters of Babylon; about Moses' forty-year march across the desert. All this is depicted with such unaffected and lively charm, with such sincere gravity, that The Green Pastures becomes much more deeply humorous than it would be if played outright for laughs.

It is so beautifully enacted by the all-Negro cast that one does not think of individual performances, though Oscar Polk as the Angel Gabriel and Rex Ingram as De Lawd do stand above their brother players. The film owes its undeniable greatness, however, to Marc Connelly, who wrote the stage and screen plays, and whose wise direction, with the assistance of William Keighley, has retained the unstudied eloquence of these religious sketches.

Heightened no little by the music of the Hall Johnson Choir and amusingly staged by Allen Saalburg and Stanley Fleischer, The Green Pastures is the cinema treat of the year.

De Lawd and the Angel Gabriel—Rex Ingram and Oscar Polk in a scene from The Green Pastures.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Green (Pulitzer Prized) Pastures played in New York and on road for five years and over 1,700 times. . . . Broke all rules of drama in many ways. One was, complete colored cast; another, portrayal of Deity on stage. . . . Another surprise was its success in the South, where it received—with a few stupid exceptions—tremendous patronage from blacks and whites alike. . . . Most of stage cast was with play from beginning. . . . Richard B. Harrison played De Lawd, who had greatest entrance line in stage history: "Gangway foh de Lawd God Jehovah!" Harrison died last year after five solid years of trouping in the play; left cinemakers with casting problem on hand. Many leading colored actors considered for role, but none available or suitable. Finally Rex Ingram—"Black-Snake" Johnson in Theater Union's play Stevedore—was tested for role of Adam. . . . Connelly's stage manager thought maybe he could do De Lawd if properly made up. Tested for part, and got it. Ingram plays three parts in film — De Lawd, Adam, and Hezdrel. Is Northwestern University Medical School graduate, '19; forty years old. Was born on famous river packet Robert E. Lee, the one the song was named for. Calls Cairo, Illinois, home. Went to Los Angeles after graduation to practice medicine, and wound up in few days playing cannibal chief in first Tarzan film at ten bucks a day. Ditched Hippocrates for Thespis thereafter for the great gods Thalberg and Shubert. For last seven years has been on stage, drama-debutting in Lulu Belle out West; was rehearsing in Ol' Man Satan when he got call to play De Lawd. Real name is Reginald Clifford Ingram. Dropped Reginald for Rex when old enough to fight. Became Rex Cliff Ingram, and dropped Cliff overboard in college. . . . Pic has biggest roster of speaking parts in film history—over 100. More than half of cast from original stage play. Oscar Polk, Gabriel on screen, was Gabriel in play, succeeding original Gabe, killed by Harlem taxi. . . . Eddie Anderson, who plays Noah, was a comedian in Los Angeles when discovered for film. . . . Jazzlips Richardson, Jr., was a cherub in stage play but grew up to be a gambling boy in the picture. . . . First complete cast of colored folks on the screen, every other so-called all-tinted cast having white folk in the woodpile. . . . Codirected by Marc Connelly and William Keighley, G-Men director, picture was produced as completely separate enterprise by completely detached unit. . . . Reputed $100,000 paid for play. . . . Filmed in less time than it would have taken similarly large cast of white actors, eight weeks before cameras, most of cast members were up in their parts. . . . Negroes said to be natural actors. . . . Augmented Hall Johnson Choir sings twenty-five old spirituals during course of picture, which runs only one hour and forty minutes. . . . One production problem was getting clouds angels could sit on. Finally made them of cotton and fluffy stuff over wire frames. . . . Alphabetical listing of animals for ark went from aardvark to zebra. Included were two "alli-cats" in same division with alligators, ants, and others beginning with *a*. . . . Flood scenes scared animals so much it took days to get them to obey Noah. . . . Hal (What) Mohr, Midsummer Night's Dream photographer, turned cameras on this one. . . . Dialogue director Claude Archer was Connelly's stage manager for play. . . . Call for pickaninnies from four to ten years old to play cherubs brought 1,000 watermelon destroyers from Los Angeles's very extensive Harlem. . . . Technical adviser from Louisiana had to be on hand to teach cast how to speak the special Louisiana cullid dialect intended by authors. . . . Marc Connelly thinks film version better than stage play. Says camera permitted things that they couldn't do on stage. *Par exemple:* When cherubs had to fly down at the fish fry, they came running in from the wings. In film they fly around, take off and land like experienced airplanes. . . . Snake had to be frozen stiff and then

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause of the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a three-cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieve results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L74, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th St., Dept. L74, New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name....................................

Street....................................

City..............................State........

What Users Think of J. B. L. Cascade

I have used your J. B. L. Cascade for a number of years. I think it is wonderful. I would not be without my Cascade.

Mrs. C. L. Cox — Feb 10, 1936
1010—10th St. & Co. Rd., Sparks, Nev.

About a year ago I purchased a J. B. L. Cascade and have been using it on the average of about once a week, and have found it satisfactory. Now I have a good bowel movement at least once a day, and at a regular time.

Gerald A. Matson — Feb. 18, 1936
1834 Byron St., Chicago, Ill.

I want to say right here that I have used your Cascade on and off for 20 years and if I could not buy another I would not sell it at any price.

Mr. Frank V. Wilbur — Feb. 25, 1936
Grafton, Vermont.

As your records will show I have been a user of your J. B. L. Cascade for a long time and I would not be without it for I am kept in perfect health apparently and I am 74 years of age.

J. M. Mason, *Pastor* — Feb. 21, 1936
Lexington, Mo.

I received the Cascade a week ago yesterday and am more than satisfied with it. I felt like a new woman after the first trial and now my husband is using it. It's simply wonderful.

Mrs. John Kane — Feb. 5, 1936
1504 S. 82 St., West Allis, Wisc.

I received my J. B. L. Cascade several weeks ago, and I will say that it is all that I expected it to be and more. I am looking forward to a much brighter future through the use of it.

Mrs. B. G. Corbin — Feb. 10, 1936
505 Park Ave., Red Oak, Ia.

I have used the Cascade since 1920 and can truly say it does all and more than is claimed for it. Have recommended it to men in almost every section of the country. It is the one thing that ministers need to keep them fit.

Rev. W. Augustus Jones — Feb. 10, 1936
4080 Spring Garden St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

October, 1935, I ordered and received a J. B. L. Cascade. I want you to know how well-pleased we are. My health has improved noticeably. Would never be without a J. B. L. Cascade again.

Mrs. G. C. Andrew — Jan. 6, 1936
East 1418—13th Ave., Spokane, Wash

I received the Cascade January 2nd, 1936 and am highly pleased with it.

Mr. S. B. Stookey — Feb. 4, 1936
745 Center St., Warsaw, Ind.

I had not slept for 4 years without the use of sedatives, and everything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade 5 nights I slept like a baby, and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman, but after using the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed, in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health to do all my work, which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the "wonder woman," but I am not. I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take a $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work. I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

Mrs. W. J. Bass — Jan. 10, 1936
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Tex.

melted under powerful lights so he would wriggle, to illustrate the miracle of the rod and the snake in Pharaoh's court. . . . The burning bush was actually burned to illustrate another miracle.

★ ★ ½ BULLETS OR BALLOTS

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Joseph King, Richard Purcell, George E. Stone, Joseph Crehan, Henry O'Neill, Henry Kolker, Gilbert Emery, Louise Beavers. Directed by William Keighley. Story by Martin Mooney and Seton I. Miller.

MUCH in the high-pitched key of their early racketeer portraits, Bullets or Ballots has Warner Brothers exposing the post-repeal activities of the public enemies. The film is hard-boiled, factual, and, as with so many of the stories from this lot, so timely that there is an almost newsreel quality about the grisly doings.

In the pugnacious sort of role that brought him movie fame, but now on the right side of the law, Edward G. Robinson is seen as a plain-clothes policeman who disguises as a gangster in order to break up a powerful crime syndicate.

It is Robinson's hazardous duty to discover the head men behind these nefarious gangs; and how he goes about that duty makes for highly exciting and often educating film fare.

Though their work is adequate enough, Frank McHugh's comedy relief and the rather casual love interest tossed in by Joan Blondell tend to interrupt the smooth flow of this generally speedy narrative. However, there is a superbly played menace by Humphrey Bogart and a score of sharply etched minor roles, all of which combine to make this a keenly valid study of the law at its most dangerous work.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original story by Martin Mooney, ex-New York American reporter jailed for refusing to tell grand jury where he got his rackets information. . . . Seton I. Miller, scenarist of G-Men, did same chore on this one. . . . Character played by Robinson said to be patterned after famous Broadway cop, Johnny Broderick. Robinson to make a pic in England after finishing this one. Real name is Goldenberg; was born in Rumania; came here young with his family. Began career wanting to be a lawyer; stumped in political campaigns, speaking from corner soapboxes; changed to acting and been at it ever since. . . . Toughie Barton MacLane writes plays; ex-athlete; born daown Saouth. Has played in 200 golf tournaments; never finished among the first five, but thinks it's fun anyway. . . . Roughie Humphrey Bogart made second start in pix in Petrified Forest, and clicked this time. Is newest popular menace on screen. . . . Joan Blondell still romancing with Dick Powell following divorce from lensman George Barnes. . . . Frank McHugh makes movies of heir to McHugh fortune. . . . Joseph King wants to retire to Texas for turkey shooting, fishing, farming, and hunting. . . . Pauline Garon, Richard La Marr, and Spec O'Donnell, all old-timers, in film as extras. . . . Robinson's contract said to be completed at Warners with this film. Mebbe so. *Quien sabe?*

★ ★ LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY

THE PLAYERS: Warren Hull, Patricia Ellis, Hugh Herbert, Hobart Cavanaugh, Dorothy Vaughn, Clarence Wilson, Robert Gleckler, Mary Treen. Directed by Frank McDonald. From the play by Martin Flavin.

UNDER the rather misleading title Love Begins at Twenty, this amiable little farce comes not so much a picture of young romance as it does a story of middle-aged rebellion. Love Begins at Twenty is based on one of the oldest—and one of the best—theatric themes: the turning of the worm. In this the silly Hugh Herbert is seen as a henpecked husband who for twenty years has taken little but abuse from his wife and boss. The film shows how, in one defiant night, he becomes a hero and the head man of his own home.

Besides Hugh Herbert, who bounces around with his customary abandon, there are Warren Hull and Patricia Ellis, who provide the excuse for the film's title, and Dorothy Vaughn, who gives an almost too realistic portrait as the nagging wife. Hobart Cavanaugh, who must have to take the cure after every picture, is once more a comic drunkard; and it is his bibaciousness that starts the plot rolling to such happily unpretentious fun.

VITAL STATISTICS: Leading man Warren Hull went from radio and stage to Hollywood. One of few Hollywood eligible bachelors. . . . Luscious Patricia Ellis Leftwich is one of youngest leading ladies on screen. Was seventeen for three years because of rules about working, etc. Celebrated seventeenth birthday—real—few months ago. . . . Hugh Herbert is Scotch-Irish; made stage debut in Yiddish comedian parts; can do any dialect, whether he knows it or not. Has fish pond in middle of living room at El Rancho Herbert. Takes courses in farming by mail; claims he's making farming pay. Calls his a pineapple face, hot-water-bag face, or whatever he can think of. Wrote first all-talkie film, Lights of New York, and was offstage noises, too. Can ventriloquize with best of the dummy manipulators. Never wears make-up. . . . Hobart Cavanaugh has shot lions in S. Africa. Taking carpentry and bricklaying course at trade school so he can work on own home and have a trade for a rainy Hollywood day. . . . Dorothy Vaughn was singing M. C. on radio. . . . Mary Treen started on stage as Charlotte Greenwood, or waving limbs heaver, but has yet to heave them on screen. . . . Three-way fight in picture so realistic, femme players screamed when they weren't supposed to—the big sissies.

★ ½ TROUBLE FOR TWO

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen, Louis Hayward, David Holt, Virginia Weidler, E. E. Clive, Walter Kingsford, Ivan Simpson, Tom Moore, Robert Greig, Guy Bates Post, Pedro de Cordoba. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Story by Robert Louis Stevenson.

CREDITED to no less than Robert Louis Stevenson, Trouble for Two is a disconcerting hodgepodge of royal romantics, dark horror, mild whimsey, and sophisticated comedy. In its varied display the film includes moments to please almost every type of moviegoer, but taken in its entirety Trouble for Two must be listed as an unsavory mixture.

Given M-G-M's usual elegance of settings and costumes, the film starts out as a standard mythical-kingdom romance, with Robert Montgomery as the playboy prince. But somewhere along the scenario there is a change of heart, and the film develops into a Boris Karloff type shocker when Montgomery joins a suicide club. After that creepy interlude Trouble for Two turns out to be a picture about revolutionists who would undermine a great kingdom. And from there on it's every story for itself.

Headed by Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, and Reginald Owen, the cast struggles valiantly but seems bewildered by the script's demands.

VITAL STATISTICS: It took only Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson to write The Suicide Club, from which this, but about six writers to fix it up for him for screening. . . . Director J. Walter Ruben feels bad about not having been able to meg It Can't Happen Here—not allowed to happen here because of Elder Haysism. Ruben is one of most forceful young men in Hollywood; always has Wild Bill Hanemann polish his scripts; looks intense; is a hard determined Hemingway in getting pic effects and a curious directional choice for such romantic twaddle as this. . . . Bob Montgomery's been tiffing with M-G-M, who threaten to demote him to Grade-B pictures. Bob's feeling is that that's what they've been doing, only they've been calling them A's. Bob's of Beacon, N. Y.; Pawling- and foreign-prepped; later, when fambly dough vanished, a mechanic's helper on a railroad, a deckhand on a Standard Oiler, after which he gave up work for acting. Bob grew those sideburns and that nasal toothbrush, his first home-grown in pictures. It took him two hours to get into those old-fashioned white hoss collars, those chamois pants (put on wet and dried before a fire for skintightening), high boots (not gum), etc. . . . After 57 trouping years E. E. Clive's been crowned for the first time. . . . Robert Greig's over 300 pounds but plays polo on a young Percheron. . . . Rozz Russell's still Hollywood's most bachelor girl; is Waterbury, Conn.'s answer to Hartford's Hepburn. . . . Reginald Owen would rather be cast and working than starred and forgotten, and is one of Hollywood's most-in-demanders.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★—Anthony Adverse, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, Under Two Flags, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York.

2—Billiards.

3—The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
They say such things and they do strange things
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
I'll never go there any more.

4—For research work in combating malaria. He was a Nobel Prize winner in 1902 in recognition of his achievements.

5—Nearly half a million dollars. The annual cost for power is about $50,000.

6—A kiss.

7—According to the 1930 census, $48.52.

8—Stephen (his middle name was Grover).

9—Chartreuse.

10—Because its flowers form the base of most household insecticides.

11—David; Psalm 56: 8—"put thou my tears into thy bottle."

12—Florida and Tennessee, each with a state tax of seven cents a gallon in addition to the federal tax of a cent a gallon.

13—A barong, being a knife used by the Moros, is employed for cutting.

14—Bucks and does.

15—Diabolo.

16—Alfred Mossman Landon.

17—Edmond Rostand (1868-1918).

18—The liver.

19—New Mexico.

20— Charles W. Eliot

Tune Foreign Stations by name!

THE 1937 PHILCO takes all the mystery out of foreign tuning! Look at the Philco Color Dial on the 610J . . . and you see the foreign stations you most want to hear named and located in color!

PHILCO 610J*
$59.95 Less Aerial
*Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.

London . . . Paris . . . Berlin . . . Rome and dozens of other overseas stations are actually *named* on the dial. Philco shows you exactly where to tune for their programs . . . and the 1937 Philco *Foreign Tuning System*, with a properly installed Philco High-Efficiency Aerial, more than doubles the number of distant stations you can get and enjoy!

The new 1937 Philco 610J is now at the nearest Philco dealer's. You'll find his name in the classified telephone directory . . . and he will gladly give you a demonstration and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

HOME RADIOS . . . $20 *to* $600
AUTO RADIOS $39.95 *to* $77.60

Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family! One of the contributors this week writes that this is the tenth time he has sent in a contribution. That's a grand spirit! Many times the third or fourth effort to make the page is successful—and the gong fails to ring.

Many of you have probably sent in one poem or cartoon or short story and then sat back and waited for it to appear. Perhaps some of you have even become discouraged. Don't lose heart. Sit down tonight and send in that other story or poem or cartoon that you have been thinking about. It may be the one that will put you right on this page.

Keep trying!

Major Edward Bowes.

Harry L. Light of Washington, D. C., sends in an original anecdote. He hopes it will bring him high honors—and that rests with you readers!

A colored preacher was addressing a large gathering at a camp meeting, and near the end of his address he shouted, "Am dere anybody in de congregation who wishes prayer for dere failin's?"

"Yassuh," responded Brother Jones. "Ah's a spen'thrif', and Ah throws mah money round reckless like."

"Very well," said the preacher. "We will join in prayer for Brother Jones jes after de collection plate has been passed round."

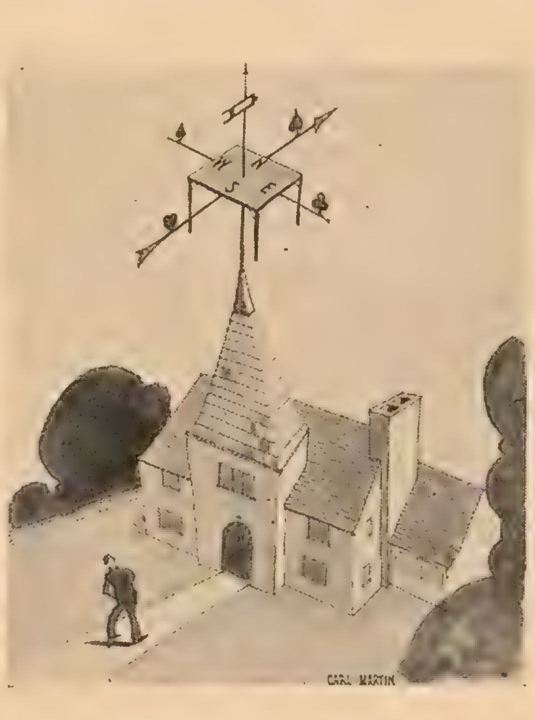
In submitting three short poems, Ann Barclay of Bristol, Pennsylvania, assures us of her amateur standing by stating that she has never been paid for any writing. I have chosen her Language Development, and am putting the matter in your hands, readers, to ascertain by your voting whether she is deserving of applause.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT

*It used to be "*Is that so?*"*
When we wished to cast doubt
On a quite pretentious statement;
But now that expression's "out."

A little more blasé, we said,
"Not really!" for a little fun;
But today's sophistication
Has evolved the great "Ho-hum."

Carl Martin of Philadelphia leaps into Liberty's limelight with an entertaining sketch which will most likely win the enthusiastic approval of a majority of bridge fans. It may even bring about a new vogue in suburban home architecture.



A bridge convert puts a new weather vane on his home.

A very comical storiette that can be oh, so true, has been received from Beatrice Bryant of Miami, Florida.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A COOK

"Please bring my robe, John. It's too cold to rise from these covers without something. And, dear, while you're there, lay out that plaid ensemble. Isn't that the dress you love to see me wear? . . . Sakes alive—I can't find my bedroom slippers! Do you see them, darling? I think I threw them under the edge of the couch on the sleeping porch, or they might be in the bathroom. . . . Thank you, sweet. . . . Eh, do you mind lighting the stove for me, like a good honey? And please don't forget to fill that gray kettle with water for the coffee. You'll find the pan hanging over by the pantry cabinet. . . . You're *such* a help to me. . . . My dear! I can't find my hairpins! But I'll soon be there. Did I leave them there by the couch? Ah, I thought so! . . . If you want to, while I tidy my hair, you may slip the bacon on for me. It's in the left side of the refrigerator. Put it on that burner that heats so slowly—bacon is better if it cooks longer. . . . I'll be with you any time now. So sorry to make your breakfast late, darling. . . . If the water's hot, honey, fill the coffee urn and place two plates on the table out in the nook. It's much more restful there, don't you think? Oh, John—I nearly forgot the eggs! And the bacon is surely done by now. Just break the eggs in that nice brown grease. And, John dear, the toaster should be heating while I dress. We'll be through breakfast much sooner if things are started before I get there. . . . Coming. . . . Oh, my—all on the table! Toast and everything! Goodness, I didn't realize I was so long. Here, darling, place my chair for me, and while you're over there near the buffet reach me a napkin. . . . And for mercy's sake, will you please hurry? I'm *so* tired this morning—and our delightfully prepared food is getting cold. Cold food, John, is not good for your stomach—and I *do* worry so over your meals."

Two funny verses to Fred's mustache. An entry by L. Kate Deal of Chicago, Illinois.

ODE TO FRED'S MUSTACHE

Oh, barber, spare that young mustache!
Touch not a single hair!
For by an act so rude and rash
Fond maidens would despair.

Nay, let each hairlet park and thrive
And multiply to seven.
Who knows?--mayhap a score of years
Will number them eleven.

William Bowles of Monroe, Louisiana, makes his entry in the amateur contest with a jaunty bit of waggery:

The most dangerous curve to a motorist is the one walking across the street.

Ronaele Carlo—twenty-one years old—of Los Angeles, California, is a typist now, but her ambition is to become a "gag" writer for the movies. What chance do you think she has, readers?

People immersed in themselves are usually all wet.

A splendid demonstration of dramatic writing is shown in the following story. There is real talent here. Airilyn Spitzer of Springfield, Ohio, is the author.

APRIL FOOL

April 1. . . . Jim was going to the hot seat tonight . . . at eight. All day Lou, Jim's moll, had been walking up and down, around and around her small dingy room. Her eyes were so sunken they looked like two burning holes in a stark white mask. Her shabby, dirty kimono, her stringy hair, the cigarette butts still burning where they had been flung, the tumbled bed, the dirty dishes with spoiling food that had never been touched, all told the pitiful story of her mental suffering.

God! They couldn't take Jim! . . . Her Jim wasn't any good but she loved him with all the fervor of her being. She knew he was a gunman, a ruthless killer, but he had been kind to her . . . always.

Twenty minutes to eight . . . it wasn't true; it couldn't be . . . yet often she had warned him he would never get away with the crimes he was committing. Jim had just laughed his big virile laugh; he was too smart, they would never catch up with him.

But they had, and in twenty—no, only fifteen minutes, Jim was going to die.

He had been caught with the goods and even the gang's most brilliant lawyers couldn't spring him. Jim was done.

All day Lou had been waiting for word of a reprieve or a break. Surely the gang wouldn't leave Jim to die. She sank exhausted into a chair, pushed aside the soiled dishes, and resting her head on her arms gave way to the hard rasping sobs that convulsed her wasted body.

Suddenly a new note pierced her consciousness—a high shrill voice of a newsboy. "Extra! Extra! Murderer escapes chair! Extra!"

Lou raised her head, glanced at the clock. Five minutes to eight, too late for a reprieve, but the gang had sprung him. She might have known they wouldn't let a good man like Jim down.

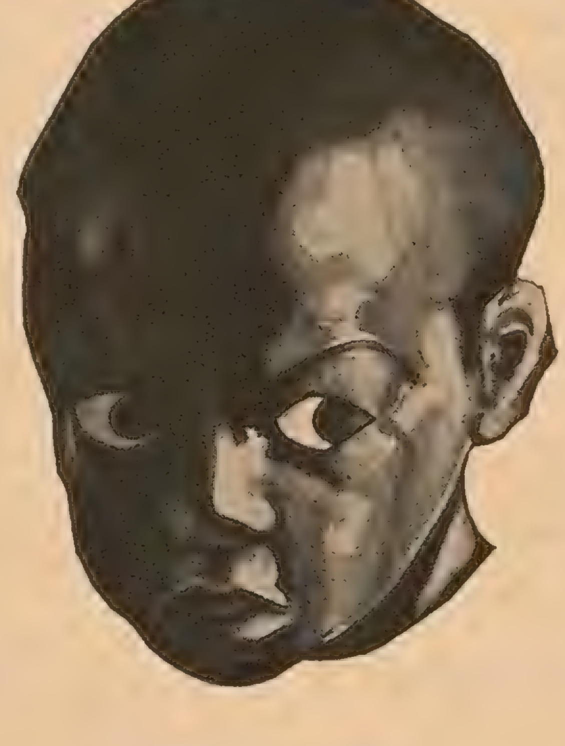
Trembling with excitement, she rushed to the window. "Dear God," she prayed, "don't let it stick now. Don't let it stick!"

It didn't; it flew up as on greased grooves. Leaning from the window, she cried:

"Boy!" Her voice was husky with emotion. "Boy . . . hurry . . . a paper!"

A laugh came floating from the street, a laugh of mischievous childish mirth. "April fool, lady, April fool!"

A remarkable portrait—full of imagination—is the entry of Charles Skiles of Daytona Beach, Florida.



Study of a head.

Ruth Nelson Mueller, Chicago, Illinois, is the thirty-two-year-old wife of a medical student and mother of a three-year-old daughter. She writes she would like to earn some extra money because she would rather have luxuries while young enough to enjoy them than fame at fifty. And here is her gay contribution.

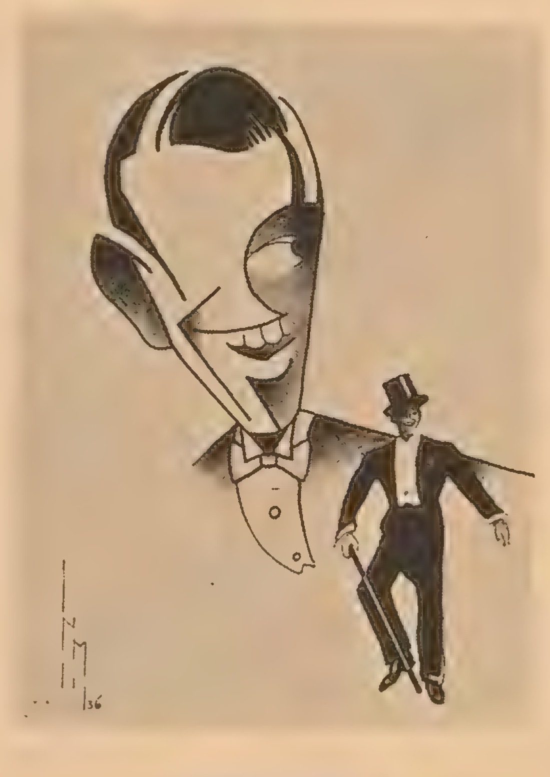
TO ETHEL

(On her eighteenth birthday)

When I was just about your age
(My! How time flies!)
I used to smile when I was kissed,
And close my eyes.

But now that I am older
And have learned how men can be,
I always keep them open
To see what I can see.

A splendid caricature—a fine sketch—is contributed by Nellie Mueller of Sacramento, California.



Fred Astaire

A few lines of protestation every housewife will appreciate come from Gertrude Cohen of New York City in a dash of subtle rebellion:

THE HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT

Dust, dust, dust, dust,
Dust until you rot and rust;
Dust in joy and dust in sorrow
And the dust returns tomorrow;
Dust in heat and dust in cold,
Dust until you're gray and old.
Dust, dust, dust, dust,
Dust until you finally bust.

Walter C. Miller of Chicago, Illinois, submits a facetious quip on the WPA:

Some people think that the letters WPA stand for "Works Progress Administration." Others decided WPA really means "We Putter Around."

HONORABLE MENTION

This week I nominate the following writers of short stories for honorable mention: Maud Adele Hart, Oakland, Calif.; R. I. Helm, Leland, Ore.; Eunice Bodycott, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Helen Harrington, Lamoni, Ia.; Mrs. T. M. Mitchell, Brevard, N. C.; and the cartoonists Jane Barton, Detroit, Mich., and J. Burland, Perryville, Mo.

PRIZE WINNERS, MAY 16

The $25 first prize in the May 16 voting goes to Mrs. Elsie V. Story of San Anselmo, Calif., for her poem, Strength. Readers gave the $10 second prize to Lilian E. Gray, Long Beach, Calif., for her short story, All in a Day's Work. Third prizes of $5 each are awarded to D. L. Scherer, Chicago, Ill., cartoonist; Louis DuBois, Dayton, Ohio, poet; and to Ralph H. Butz, Allentown, Pa., short-story writer.

RULES

Contestants: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Plagiarism: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

Prizes: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

Keep Carbon Copies: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

Additional Awards by Readers' Votes: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

THIS IS THE FIFTH WEEK OF THE OFFER!

DELAY IS DANGEROUS

$2,000

FOR PICTURES OF

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

ENTER A PICTURE TODAY!

223 CASH AWARDS

THIS is the fifth week of this eight-week contest. Before you know it, the closing date will be here. Avoid last-minute rush and unsatisfactory entries by taking action now, while there is still plenty of time to get the exact picture you want of your favorite subject. Of course, you do not have to submit a studio portrait in order to win. Snapshots stand the same excellent chance in this competition as do the more formal poses. The big thing is to get your entry into the mails. Once that is done you can be satisfied that you have done your part toward winning one of the many handsome cash awards for your son, your daughter, or some other child near and dear to you. Don't neglect this easy matter of entering!

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No picture will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

These two smiling faces captured a cash prize in the Home Life Snapshot Contest in Liberty. Be sure you send an entry in this time!

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

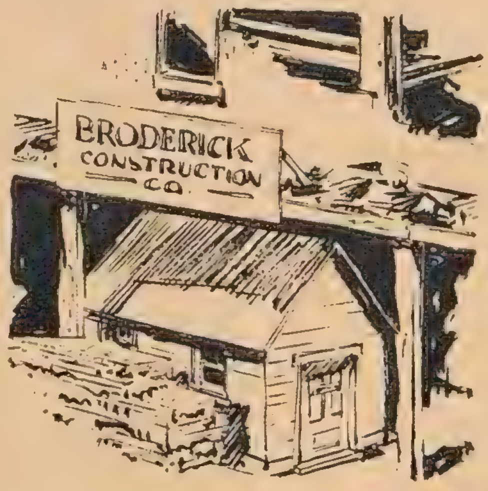
Child's name ....
Date of birth ....
Boy or girl ....
Height ....
Weight ....
Color of hair ....
Color of eyes ....
Mother's maiden name ....
Father's name ....
Father's occupation ....
Home address ....
City ....
State ....
Signed ....
(Signature of parent or guardian)
Sender's name ....
Sender's address ....

Check and Double-Check

Liberty's Short Short

by PARKE F. HANLEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 27 SECONDS



MIKE BRODERICK was light for his height, which was below medium. What there was of him, however, was dynamic. Steel filings gravitated toward him as he stormed around his construction jobs. Sixty-five, tireless, and ever certain of himself.

Except today. They were going to pull a strike on him—"Mike's men" were. And a strike now spelled ruin. It wasn't the men's fault. It was those new fellows who had seized control of the union. Today was the showdown. He waited in the construction shed.

"This sheathing will give double service at half the cost—"

"Would you," Mike entreated, "like a good man, make it another time. I'm half out of my mind."

"But, Mr. Broderick—"

Three men entered, one huge and arrogant, the others small, dapper, menacing.

"So it's Hoddins," Mike greeted dully.

Hoddins turned to Mike's visitor. "You," he commanded, "outside!"

Mike was on his feet, outraged. But his caller was circling the desk, reached the door, and bolted. The door was locked after him.

"Now to business," Hoddins said.

"Who are these men."

"Pasto and Tomber, persuaders. Sit down, you mugs!"

"So you're going through with this strike?"

"Here's how it lies. If our demands aren't met by tomorrow night you won't have men on the job Wednesday. Or, if you have, they'll have to come to work in wheel chairs Thursday."

Light broke through to Mike. "Now I get it. These are strong-arm men." He looked at them and sniffed. "They don't look very strong to me."

"Hey, you—" snarled one, rising out of his chair.

"Take it easy, Pasto. This is a tough turkey."

"We know ways—" began Tomber.

"Let it be, boys. Now, Mike, as I was saying. If the men walk out you're broke. I know that; every one in the trade knows it. The men aren't so badly off. Going from job to job with Mike Broderick is fairly steady employment. Suppose, now, you were to make a little contribution—"

"Bribe. Why don't you say it, you rat?"

Hoddins heaved across the desk. "Call it bribe! How about it?"

Mike sighed and reached into the drawer of his desk.

"You know I'm not profiting much on this job."

"Your contribution is five thousand dollars, and one thousand more for calling me a rat."

"It's worth it—the thousand. Now, what do I get for it?"

"No strike, protection on the job, and special treatment"—he winked at his companions—"for those who obstruct you in any way. Okeydoke?"

"You're selling out the men of your union?"

"Lord, you love plain words, don't you? Yes! Speed it up!"

Shaking his head sorrowfully, Mike bent close to the desk. A new voice came into the room.

"Everything's swell, boss," it said. "I've got every word and pictures. Boy!"

"What the hell's this?" bellowed Hoddins.

"Oh, that's just one of the boys." Mike said. "The lad you drove from the room."

"What's this dingus?" Hoddins pointed to a square box.

Mike sighed pityingly. "For a smart man you know practically nothing."

"Say!" interjected Tomber.

"Keep out of this! What's this doodad?"

"It's a phone. I use it to keep in touch with every part of the work. You see, you don't have to use earphones. All you do is tip one of these—"

"Lay off!" Pasto rasped.

"Why? The wire's still open."

The strange voice came through again: "I'll say it is. I've got everything. Had two others listen in."

Hoddins demanded, "What's this about pictures?"

"You see," Mike explained patiently, "there's a new camera as small as the palm of your hand. It carries a roll of film which takes thirty or forty—I don't know—pictures. And it works automatically. That is, you start it and it catches a picture. G-men use them, I understand. Well, this lad—he'd been here all afternoon waiting for you—had one of them in his breast pocket. While you thought he was frightened to death he was snapping you from every angle. Smart?"

"So," Pasto advanced menacingly, "you had us mugged."

Hoddins was on his feet.

"Go get those guys!" he yelled to his gunmen.

"Save yourselves," Mike advised calmly. "They are now halfway to my bank to put the record of our little talk and the negatives in my safe-deposit box."

"Come on, you," Hoddins said with deadly meaning.

Expectant smiles lit up the faces of the gunmen. Mike reached for his hat. "That's fine," he said. "Going to take me for a ride, eh, boys?"

They looked at him dazedly.

"YOU know," Mike said, "taking me for a ride is practice for your own funerals. There'll be no doubt who did it, if anything happens to me. Remember? And in a jam these weasels will turn you in."

"C'm'on," Pasto said, "let's get out. There's ways—"

"It isn't your company I'm wantin'," Mike said. "I'll fumigate the place after you leave. But if I as much as have a headache through any fault of yours, those photos and records go to the District Attorney. Now get along to your dung piles."

Spitting profanity, they left. While Mike was opening the windows the construction foreman came in. Mike told him the story.

"Pretty slick, that," the foreman commended, "hiring a photographer."

"Photographer? Him? Why, I never laid eyes on him before. He was trying to sell me something—I've forgotten what. I'll bet by this time he's passing Yonkers, running."

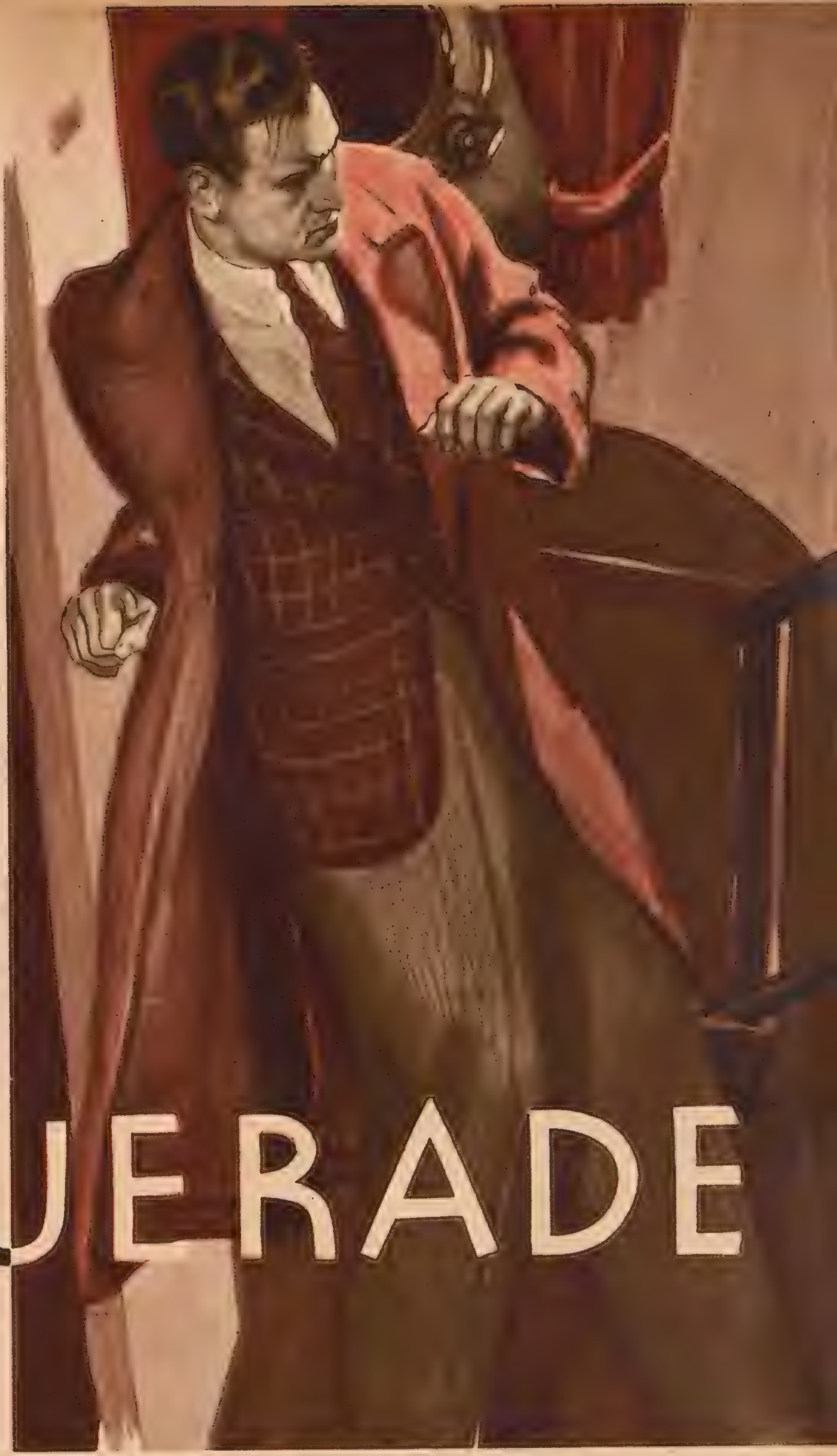
"But this camera?"

"There isn't any such thing," Mike confessed.

"But, boss, who did you get to talk into this interoffice phone? I thought it was out of order."

"It has been for a week. Just a trick I picked up when I was a lad," Mike grinned happily. "Ventriloquism they call it. And the rascals were so shocked they didn't detect the brogue."

THE END



The sight he saw staggered him for a moment. Burton's back was toward him. He was nerving himself to shoot.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

Swiftly a Startling Anonymous Novel of Love and Crime and Redemption Sweeps to a Stirringly Dramatic Final Curtain

Dark MASQUERADE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

BURTON was looking intently into Betty's face. He didn't see Butch.

"Reach, Burton. Stick 'em up before I drill you. I know where you were that night. You were down at the old filling station we used to use, bumping off Heinie Schwartz and making Larry take the rap."

Betty whirled on him, dismayed and angered.

Burton looked at him with bulging eyes.

"Butch!" he said.

He started to back away. A menacing gesture of the gun hand halted him.

"If you shoot," Betty cried, "you'll go to the chair with your brother!"

"No," said Burton with forced calm. "This isn't New York. We're on the high seas. He won't be electrocuted. He'll be hanged."

For a moment the three presented a queer tableau: a nun with the angry face of a brute, a gun in her hand; a man in evening clothes; a beautiful pale girl in garnet velvet; all standing on a heaving floor, no one saying a word.

Slowly Hamilton Burton raised his arms. Diamonds gleamed on his snowy cuffs.

"All right, Butch," he said. "You've got me. What do you want?" His voice was still calm.

"You know what I want—what I'm going to get."

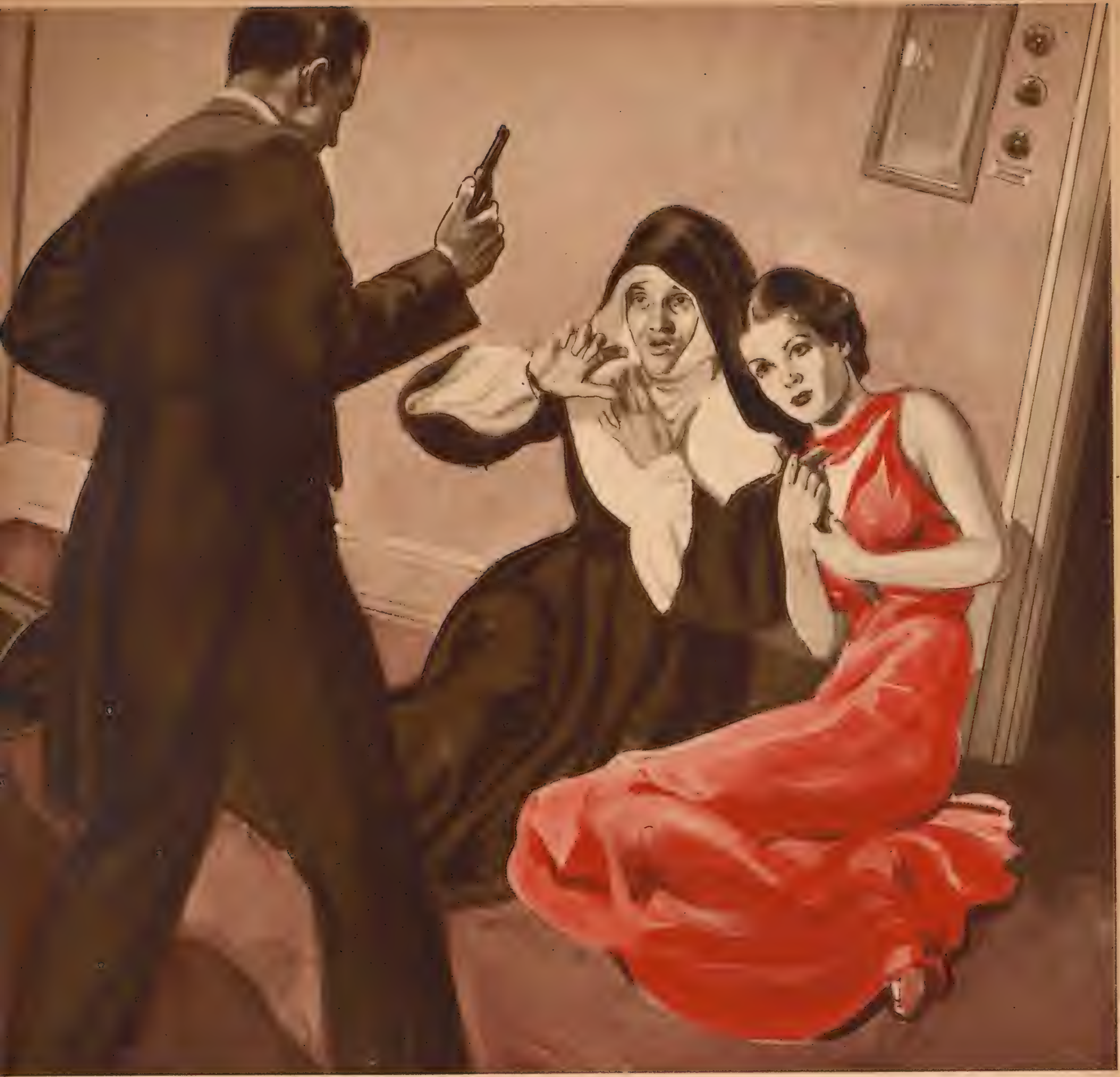
"I can square it for you back in Sing Sing, if that's what you mean, Butch. But why—"

He had come forward a little as he talked. Now he sprang at Butch, his long arms reaching for the slender wrists. Before the black-robed convict's senses told him he was in peril, Burton had wrenched his right arm almost out of its socket, had taken the gun from his astounded fingers, and had struck him.

Butch fell. He fell on his hindquarters and looked up, as though to see what had happened. Queer lights danced in front of his eyes. His head was splitting.

"Now, you dirty rat," he heard Burton saying—the voice seemed far away—"make a move and I'll turn you into so much Swiss cheese. A nun, are you! Sister Butch! You're a fugitive from justice! I have a right to kill you."

The table and the two chairs passed behind Burton, passed calmly and as though on wires. He didn't notice



them until they crashed against the wall at his left. He stepped back then, avoiding the wine bucket which seemed to be hesitating about the direction it meant to travel.

He looked at Betty with malice and contempt.

"You," he said, "stand over there beside your roommate."

Betty was suddenly afraid, more afraid than she had ever been with Butch.

The silver crucifix fell from the dresser and its round base carried it in circles on the floor. The wine bucket made up its mind, slid to starboard, and overturned. The wine spilled out upon the carpet. Ice scurried all about the room.

"You!" Burton said. "Telling me you were jealous of me. You!"

Betty couldn't answer. Fright, or the pitching of the vessel, suddenly weakened her knees. She slipped, her back to the wall, and found herself next to the unmasked nun.

The crucifix touched her leg. She picked it up mechanically and held it in her hands—clung to it as though her life were in its keeping. . . .

Jimmy Cronin looked at his watch, but couldn't read it. He called a steward and asked the time. The steward, hiding a grin, looked at the dial above the bar.

"Five minutes past nine, sir," he said.

Jimmy sighed.

"Nine after five. Four hours yet to nine! Tell me when it's nine, steward. I got a date."

"It's nine now, sir. It's five minutes past nine."

"Past nine? Didn't I tell you nine o'clock sharp?"

He took some bills out of his pocket and paid the steward.

"Keep the change," he said. "Thanks for waking me. After nine already! Doesn't seem four hours. Must have been asleep."

"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy managed a dignified exit from the bar.

He was late, but he mustn't hurry. Why he mustn't hurry he didn't quite know. But there was some good reason for it. Where was he going? He debated that, but came to no conclusion.

"Must be a fog at sea," he thought.

He stood for a few minutes hugging the port rail outside the bar.

He remembered something about a ladder. At nine o'clock he must go down a ladder. That was it. Down a ladder.

That was clear enough. But what ladder?

The storm had grown more violent. The waves were liquid mountains. Miles and miles and miles of mountains. The wind had an edge to it that whipped tears out of a man's eyes. It sang. It pushed. It shoved. It pulled. It was all a man could do to cling to the railing.

Jimmy felt sick. He had never felt so sick in all his young life.

"Those shrimps I ate yesterday," he thought. "Or was it the day before? I never could stand shrimps."

He felt better after a time. He began to move. He went around the bar to the starboard side. That ladder was here somewhere. It went down to C deck, to Betty.

Betty! He had a date with Betty. She was in some kind of danger. No. It wasn't that. It was something else. Something quite awful. But he couldn't remember exactly what it was.

It was a job, going down ladders. The rungs pulled at your arms. The wind got under the skirts of your overcoat and blew them up around your waist. Better shed the overcoat. Jimmy couldn't shed it. He had to hang on to the rungs.

His feet slipped every little while. He had to cling desperately with his hands. Sometimes he was hanging over the ocean. The next instant he was slammed hard against the side of the ship, knocking his knees on one of the rungs.

He kept on going down. It got worse and worse. The seas came up to him, soaked him, blinded him, beat the breath out of his lungs.

Long before he had reached C deck Jimmy had sobered.

"I'll never take another drink again!" he cried, looking up into the black skies. "Never, so long as I live. So help me!"

He felt himself trapped—like a sleepwalker who wakes to find himself walking a tightrope stretched between two skyscrapers. He had to keep on. He couldn't let go. He couldn't jump.

The moment of terror passed. He must get to Betty. He knew why. Burton! Ham Burton. She had asked Burton to come to her room at nine o'clock. It was long past that hour.

He went the rest of the way hurriedly. He had to fight the wind. He had to fight the tons of water that cascaded on him over the railing.

He went on hands and knees along the railing. Every now and then he had to hug the railing hard to keep from being washed overboard.

Every little while he had to pause and hide his head, and rub the salt water out of his eyes. He was dashed against the railing constantly, or smashed against the steel side of one of the cabins; yet he was growing stronger all the time, clearer-headed. He could even wrest a grim enjoyment from his plight.

"I can take it," he thought. "What I'm going to give Ham Burton is more than this."

He grinned, reaching the first window of Suite 123.

"Not all the storms that ever happened could keep that egg from being scrambled!" he shouted to the wind. "He's going to get it right now."

Kneeling in the narrow passageway, the soles of his shoes jammed tight against the lowest crosspiece of the railing, his palms pressed against the window ledge, Jimmy looked into the room.

BUT it was dark. He could see nothing but three beds ranged in a row, three oblong spots of white. Under and above the door that separated the bedroom from the sitting room were cracks of light.

Betty and Burton must be on the other side of that door.

Should he go around the suite to the windows on the other side? He couldn't. He'd never make it. If the seas didn't wash him overboard, the winds would. No, he must go in through the window.

He strained mightily, shoving upward with his hands, catching his heels on the crosspiece for leverage. His breath sobbed with effort. His lungs hurt cruelly. He was almost in despair, and half determined to smash the glass with his shoulder, when the window suddenly gave, and he was poured, with half a ton or so of choking salt water, into the bedroom.

He slid halfway down the floor, and then, as the ship righted, slid backward until his shoulders struck the window sill. He scrambled up, shut the window, and sat for a moment on the bed, collecting his senses, getting back his breath.

He could hear Burton's voice but couldn't determine what he was saying. If Betty were with him she wasn't saying anything. Jimmy didn't wonder at that. He was beyond wondering. He had come here for a specific purpose. He intended to accomplish that purpose. Nothing else mattered.

He took a handkerchief from an inside pocket. It was soaking wet but he didn't know it. He tried to dry his face and hands with it. He let it drop, and was unconscious of it.

He waited until he was breathing more normally, until the ship was steadier. Then he went quickly to the door and flung it open.

THE sight he saw staggered him for a moment: Burton with a gun in his hand, Betty sitting upright against the wall with a crucifix held to her bosom, the nun sitting next to her.

Burton's back was toward him. Burton was angry, was nerving himself to shoot, was easing himself of language unfit for the delicate ears of women, especially women such as Betty and Sister Angelica. In that moment Jimmy had forgotten his discovery that the nun was a man.

If Burton had heard the door open he had paid no attention. Perhaps he had put it down to one of the noises caused by the storm, nothing more.

Jimmy sprang. He landed on Burton's back, bearing him to the floor. Burton was surprisingly strong. He struggled desperately. Jimmy was battered and bruised and sick and badly winded. His hands were wet. They couldn't get a grip on Burton's wrists. And they were weak.

He gave up trying to hold Burton. He punched.

Suddenly the gun discharged. Burton's body went limp. Jimmy's head roared with the sound of the shot. The powder fumes nauseated him. He clung to the body beneath him for support. Then he got slowly up.

Betty was running toward him, calling his name. The nun was kneeling over Burton.

Jimmy saw a table passing him. He threw his weight on it, holding it down, resting on it. He closed his eyes, and opened them again.

The room was full of smoke. It broke up into little clouds, little eddies, little raging whirlpools.

Burton was still on the floor. He was bleeding.

"He's shot," Jimmy said, trying not to believe what he saw.

Betty was clawing at his shoulders, begging him to get a doctor. He wanted to put his arms around her, to comfort her, to tell her this wasn't real. At the same time he expected to see the steward come running in, with a crowd of excited men and women at his back. Everybody must have heard that shot. The echo of it was still ringing in his ears.

"Sure," he said. "I'll get a doctor."

But he couldn't. He could do nothing but stay where he was and cling to that table and rest.

Burton rose, with Butch helping him. He staggered to the big couch in the corner. He fell on it weakly, staining its silver damask covering with streaky red.

Betty was still crying for a doctor.

"Don't be a damn fool," Burton said to her.

"Don't listen to him, Jimmy. Get a doctor. Quick. He's hurt. Don't you see he's hurt?"

"No," Burton commanded. "I won't have a doctor."

He pointed to his left side.

"I'm shot through here, just under the waistcoat. You don't last long when you get it there. I've seen five men get it there. They didn't need a doctor. They needed a priest. To hell with the doctor. Let him go on doling out his pills to seasick passengers."

"He's dying," Butch said.

Jimmy remembered now, hearing Butch's natural voice. The nun was a man. Strange it didn't mean anything. Nothing meant anything. He looked down at his hands, and saw he was holding the gun. It surprised him a little.

"Sure I'm dying," Burton said. "Good joke on me, isn't it? I should have killed you when I had the chance. But I talked too long. A lawyer's weakness."

He smiled. Jimmy shivered at that smile.

Butch fell on his knees, and Betty ran into the bedroom for some pillows.

"Then, for God's sake, Ham, square Larry before you go," Butch pleaded. "You know you framed him."

Burton laughed.

"Did I? And I suppose I framed you. Who shot me, Butch? It was your gun. You're a fugitive from justice. You swore to get me. What chance have you? You framed yourself."

Betty came back with the pillows, gently raised his head, slipped the pillows beneath him. Beads of perspiration covered his face and forehead. She wiped them off with a handkerchief. She was crying.

"Lay him flat," Butch advised. "It don't hurt so much that way."

Nobody paid any attention to him.

Then Jimmy began to get the better of his emotions.

"Let's get his clothes off and have a look at that wound," he said. He let go of the table and took a step or two toward Burton. The table went on its solemn way to port.

"Don't touch me," Burton said.

"Let him alone," Butch said. "The sooner he dies, the sooner he goes to hell."

"I'll be seeing you there," Burton answered. "And Larry too."

"You been a heel all your life!" the convict shouted. "All right. Die like a heel, you heel!"

"A heel," Burton said. His lips formed a sneer.

Jimmy put the gun into his overcoat pocket. His numbed hand touched cold glass. It let go the weapon and seized the flask, drew it out. It was half-filled with brandy.

HE walked to the moving table and took up an empty glass. He poured some brandy into it.

"Give him a drink," he said. "My hands are too stiff."

Butch took the glass from him, eased Burton's body from the pillows, and put the liquor to his mouth.

"Thanks," Burton said when he had drunk.

"Geez, I shouldn't of talked that way, boss. I didn't mean it. I'm sorry you're going out. Honest, I am."

Burton was racked by coughs. His face twisted in agony. He bit his lower lip. A little blood trickled from it. Sweat covered his face again. He lay back on the pillows.

"A heel," he said. "Do you think I'm a heel, Betty?"

"No, Ham."

"Am I a gentleman?"

Betty fell on her knees beside the phony nun, put her arms about Burton, one buried in the pillows beneath him, the other lying lightly over his gleaming shirt bosom. The top hand still clutched the crucifix. she said softly, "gentlemen don't let other me their debts—especially their debts to society. Don't you see that, Ham? If you did frame Larry—oh, you can't die without—without—"

She held the crucifix close to him.

"Here's a Man who died for those who hated Him," she said. "Here's a Gentleman, Ham!"

He tried not to look at the crucifix. He tried to look at nothing but her eyes.

"You were jealous of me?" he asked. "You really were, Betty?" The agonized look had left his face.

© Harris & Ewing

Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, in recognition of his efforts to build up our national defense forces, is presented with an honorary life membership in the Army and Navy Union by Sen. Morris Sheppard of Texas.

"Yes," she whispered. "I would have married you. But—this is no time for love."

With great effort he moved his right arm, groping for her hand. He found it, the hand that held the cross. He clung to it a moment, let it go.

"IT'S always time for love," he said.

"Is it, Ham? Is it? If you love me—if you really love me—"

He closed his eyes wearily, as though he did not want to hear. He was silent for a long time.

"I'm sorry—for what I said—about you and Butch. I was jealous. That's all. He made you do this—didn't he?"

"Of course he did. Of course he did, Ham."

She caressed his moist cheek.

Jimmy poured himself a drink. Butch! This must be Butch McCabe. A jailbird. Betty must have known who he was. She must have been helping him.

"He kept me a prisoner. He wanted to torture you into telling who killed Heinie Schwartz. I—I wouldn't let him. I thought I could find out by myself. That's why I invited you here. It's all my fault you were shot."

"No," Burton said.

He lay for a moment, breathing hard; then, with a sudden influx of strength, he started up. He propped himself on his elbows.

Butch seized the opportunity to push the pillows farther under him.

Burton looked at him, a little puzzled. Then he looked at Jimmy and at Betty.

"What a spot you're in," he said. "In a few minutes you'll have a corpse on your hands, a most unwelcome corpse. You'll all be arrested. Betty for traveling with a disguised jailbird, rooming with him, accessory before the fact, conspiracy to murder. Butch McCabe, wanted in Sing Sing—they'll put him in irons for this. It was his gun. The motive? What jury couldn't figure that out? And Jimmy Cronin, with the lethal weapon in his pocket and his fingerprints all over it! Accessory after the crime, at least. What a mess! You've got to get out of it, each one of you."

His feeble voice seemed to crow over them, to triumph in their grim predicament.

"You're like all the rest," he said. "In time of trouble you need a good criminal lawyer. The smarter you are the dumber you are."

He fell back on the pillows again, gasping.

"You need a good mouthpiece bad," he said after a

"Get me some paper and a fountain pen."

[illegible]utch hastened to comply with the request. He shoved a block of the ship's stationery into Burton's hands, gave him the pen and a book on which to hold the paper.

"Geez," he said, "if only the boat'd stop rocking for a minute! How can a guy write like this?"

Burton wrote slowly:

"I killed myself because life isn't worth living any more."

He signed it, putting an "Esq." after his name. He dated it. He handed it to Jimmy.

"Give that to the captain," he said. "It'll fix everything."

He began to write again.

"I, Hamilton Burton, attorney at law, being in my right mind and in the presence of God, confess that I shot and killed Heinie Schwartz. I shot him with Larry McCabe's gun, threw the gun into Larry McCabe's car, and went back to the Edmond home in Tarrytown, from which residence I had gone, shortly before ten o'clock on the night of June 22, to the filling station, for the purpose of killing Schwartz and fixing the blame on McCabe. McCabe was at the filling station that night at my order. So was Schwartz. This is the truth, so help me God."

He signed that too, as he had signed the preceding paper. He handed it to Butch.

"You had all better sign that as witnesses," he said. "Then let Butch take it to the warden at Sing Sing. It'll get him in, sure. And Butch—since I'm in a confessing mood—look up my secretary, Julie Bowen."

He paused, closing his eyes again. The pen fell from his hand, and the nib of it made a crazy black scrawl on his shirt front.

"Julie," he said.

He seemed to sleep, but presently he talked, with his eyes shut.

"Julie has some papers that'll get you a new trial—put you back on the cobbles. An alibi. I could have produced it before Judge Sludsky. But—but I didn't. I figured you'd get a year—but that damned judge—"

"He give me twenty. Yeah. Twenty years."

"If you start sniffling, like your brother," Burton said, "I'll haunt you, Butch McCabe. See Julie. Tell her I wasn't all heel. Julie!"

Again he seemed to sleep.

"Betty," he whispered.

"Yes, Ham."

"Don't cry. It's all right. About—about Jimmy—Get him out of here."

Jimmy gave the flask to Butch. He went out quietly.

"Is he gone?"

"Yes, Ham. He's gone."

"Good. I've got to make a will. Give me another drink. That brandy helps."

Butch gave him another drink, a long drink. It seemed to bring him back to life.

"Go bring him back," Burton said. "No. Just get the gun away from him. Bring the gun back."

He rested a little while, listening.

"What a swell mouthpiece I turned out to be," he said. "Letting that gun get away. Evidence. Betty, listen hard. When Butch brings it back, wipe it. Wipe it clean. Can't have fingerprints on it. Fatal. Then let me handle it. No prints on it but mine, see?"

HE waited, saying no more until he felt the weapon in his fingers. He fingered it almost lovingly.

"That's what wins cases," he said. "Thought. Care. Evidence. The gun's evidence now. Leave it here, at my side. Don't touch it. It'll fool any judge and jury. You're free now—all of you."

He lay a moment, admiring his last little stratagem.

"I'll dictate," he said.

Betty picked up the pen, took the paper and the book from him.

"When I'm done, you and Butch sign it—as witnesses. Must have two witnesses to be legal. This has to be legal."

"I'm ready, Ham."

"Good. I have a lot to leave them, Betty. An awful lot. Jimmy and Julie Bowen. I hate that guy. I always did hate him. But a gentleman rises above hate, doesn't he? Sure. That's why he's a gentleman. And—there's the matter of the diamond. And its setting. Its proper setting. A gentleman—the best type of gentleman—You ready, Betty?"

"Yes, Ham. Yes."

He dictated the will, pausing now and then, his left hand holding his side, his right making motions as though he were stroking the back of a cat.

Betty sobbed now and then. That seemed to annoy him.

"You can cry later," he said. "Now you've got to write. You can't write and cry too. Read me that last."

She held the paper to him when she had finished, resting it on a book. He signed it. He watched Betty and Butch sign it.

"You're the finest gentleman God ever made," Betty whispered. "God will forgive you everything."

Burton tried to smile at her, but it seemed to hurt him.

"Is the little nun down on her knees saying her beads for me?" he whispered.

"Yes, Ham."

"Tell her to run out and scream and call the steward."

"I'll do it, Ham!" Butch cried. He got up. "Good-by, Ham. Good luck."

He ran out. He screamed.

A LOOK of contentment came into Burton's face.

"A few minutes ago," he whispered, "he was going to kill me. And I was going to kill him. Crazy. It's a crazy world, Betty. I'm not sorry I'm leaving it. Would you mind—kissing me—just once—before they come piling in?"

She kissed him.

He was still alive and conscious when Sister Angelica returned with a little group of men in oilskins.

"Who shot you?" one of them asked.

"I shot myself," he answered.

He closed his eyes again. One of the men, the doctor, took up his wrist, felt for his pulse, gently lowered the arm.

"Dead," he said.

. . . . .

Due to the storm, the Selig Adler was still on the high seas the next morning, and not in the territorial waters of any nation. The inquest, therefore, was held aboard ship; and a jury picked by the captain rendered a verdict of suicide.

Betty's name didn't appear in the report made to the authorities. The ship's officers were careful to see to that. It was bad enough to have a man take his life on board the Selig Adler, but it would never do to have it known he killed himself in the suite occupied by a young woman passenger and a Catholic nun.

News dispatches cabled to the United States from Le Havre said Burton had killed himself in his own stateroom.

Betty and Jimmy and Sister Angelica took the next steamer home. Betty cabled her mother from Le Havre, but did not mention Burton's name. Neither did she reveal her plans for an early marriage.

They motored to White Plains, an hour after they had landed in New York. They got a marriage license in that city and motored to Ossining.

Julie Bowen met them there, by appointment, and had lunch with them. She was in mourning, but the week that had passed since Burton's death had blunted the keen edge of her grief.

She cried, but not much, when Betty told her the details of Burton's death.

"He always wanted to die a gentleman," she said. "Well, he achieved his ambition. I'm glad of that."

She laughed rather heartily, Betty thought, at Butch McCabe in his queer disguise. But she was willing to help him.

"I don't know anything about those papers," she said, "but if they're still in Ham's effects, I'll find them."

She left immediately after lunch. Betty wanted her to come along to the home of the justice of the peace. But she wouldn't. She couldn't, she said.

After the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Cronin walked through the garden of the little white house in Ossining, Sister Angelica following humbly in their wake, looking at the hollyhocks that bordered the path to the gate. It was late in the afternoon.

"Some sunflowers, huh?" he said. "Bigger than I am. Want one for your buttonhole, Jimmy?"

They laughed at him, held the gate for him.

"Geez," he said, "that reminds me. I didn't kiss the bride."

Two freckled-faced girls standing on the porch with their father, laughed shrilly as the nun took the bride into his arms.

"Good-by, Mr. Cronin," they called. "Good-by, Mrs. Cronin. Good-by, Sister Angelica."

"Come again," their father shouted with a laugh.

The three walked down the street to the nearest drugstore.

"I must phone mother," Betty said. "She'll be so glad!"

"Naturally," said Jimmy. "It isn't every mother who can have a Rembrandt-Cronin in the family. Sister Angelica and I will wait outside. Take your time, darling."

"Geez," Sister Angelica said, "that reminds me. I got to buy a lot of cigarettes."

"Not you. Nuns don't smoke."

Sister Angelica was vexed.

"I suppose there's drawbacks to everything," he said. He reconsidered that. "But it ain't so bad, being a nun. I had a swell time for a coupla weeks. Maybe I was cut out for a nun, at that. What do you think?"

After a time Jimmy rented another car and they drove to Spottiswoode. The house was closed, the furniture covered. The gardens were full of leaves.

"Gloomy place for a honeymoon," Betty said. "Let's not stay here."

They had dinner in Rye, and Sister Angelica gorged himself with broiled lobster and chicken, and topped off the meal with several bottles of wine—to the edification or scandal of all the onlookers.

It was late when Jimmy drove back to Ossining. He stopped the car outside the bastioned walls of Sing Sing prison.

"Far's we go, sister," he said.

"Far enough," Angelica answered.

He embraced Jimmy.

"You're a swell guy, Jimmy," he said.

He got out of the car and stood looking at Jimmy picked up a carton of cigarettes.

"You forgot your package, sister," he said.

The fake nun didn't understand.

"Sure I got a package," he said. "I got a swell package."

Quickly Jimmy thrust the carton of cigarettes under his black-covered arm. Angelica smiled his thanks.

"So long, Betty."

Betty got out of the car and gave him her hand.

"So long, Butch," she said. "It won't be long. I'll work on Julie Bowen. And we'll be up to see you soon."

"We sure had fun."

Betty and Jimmy stood close together, watching him walk away.

He marched up to the great barred gate. A sentry with a rifle confronted him.

"I want to see the warden," he said.

"The warden? I'm sorry, sister. He's asleep. He's very tired. You see, there was an execution here, and—"

"An execution!"

"Oh! Sorry, sister. Didn't stop to think how that might sound to you. You—you are all right now?"

"Who was it?"

"Colored man. Killed his wife."

"Oh. Thanks."

"Thanks?"

"Sure. Thanks. And now I got to see the warden. It's an—an emoigency."

The gate rolled back, and Sister Angelica walked into Sing Sing prison, hugging his carton of cigarettes. He turned and waved to the automobile, half hidden in the darkness down the road. The auto blinked its lights, turned, and roared away.

Somewhere in the yard a parrot began to scream in a hoarse and sleepy voice.

"Hello, sister!" it screamed. "God bless you. Hello, sister."

Sister Angelica turned to the guard who came at the sentry's call. "Geez," he said. "Hear that? I'm home."

The guard stopped and looked at him.

"Well," he said, "I'll be damned!"

"Cut the coises," Angelica said. "And if you didn't know me in this get-up, wait'll you lamp me as Rosie in Abie's Irish Rose. You ain't seen nothin' yet."

THE END

In Addition to the Regular Purchase Price Liberty Will Pay a Bonus of

$1,000

(approximately a dollar a word)

to the author of the best short short story published in its pages in the next seven months. . . . To six others will go further payments, raising the total to

$2,000

These are bonuses—to be paid in addition to the regular purchase price. Stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual. On publication in any issue of Liberty between August 1, 1936, and March 1, 1937, each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus.

The Bonuses Will Be: $1,000; $500; and Five of $100 Each

Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories.

All writers are eligible. Amateurs and inexperienced authors are cordially invited to enter the lists, but so-called "professionals" are not barred.

$1,000 for a thousand words is "tops" in prices—and when you add Liberty's regular purchase price it becomes a sizable sum. Seldom has a higher rate been paid to any author.

Manuscripts will be handled in the usual way: simply address them to Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits.

THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

ANSWER TO THE GEOGRAM ON PAGE 18

A triangular pyramid has three sides and a base, therefore it can bear four letters. There are three states of four letters each—Iowa, Ohio, Utah. The letter T appears only in Utah and thus identifies the first pyramid. The capital is Salt Lake City. The second pyramid also bears four letters. As Utah is already eliminated, Iowa and Ohio are the only possibilities. Ohio, however, is the only one with an H in it. Therefore the state is Ohio; its capital is Columbus.

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

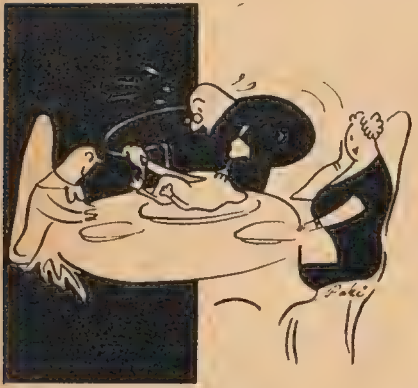
"A GOOD husband ought to be a good host," says Mrs. Lily Wallace, "and a good host ought to be a good carver." Mrs. Wallace teaches carving and cooking; lectures on the same subjects. Carving is her particular specialty. She said:

"I'm old-fashioned enough to think everybody enjoys a dinner most when the man of the family carves the meat at the table. Watching him do it tickles our appetites with the spice of anticipation. Up-to-date wives now realize this, and many take lessons in carving so they can teach their husbands at home, since the men are usually too busy to learn outside."

MRS. LILY WALLACE

Here are some of her carving rules:

Buy the best knives. Keep them sharp with a steel sharpener. . . . Use a regular carving fork with a guard on it. . . . Carve a large roast with a blade twelve to fourteen inches long. Carve steaks and poultry with a shorter blade. . . . Always follow the grain of the meat. . . . Slice lamb thicker than beef. . . . A crown roast is the easiest to carve. A rib roast is the hardest.



"Study the anatomy of an uncooked chicken," Mrs. Wallace tells us. "Push the legs and wings around," she says, "until you have a pretty clear idea about how they are fixed on. When you know how a bird is put together, you can take it apart with a few neat manipulations of your knife."

● This story may get me lynched by a mob of married men, but it's true, and I'm going to tell it.

The wife of a prosperous middle-aged business man has just caught her husband spending money hand over fist on a hectic blonde. Out of him in less than a year the blonde has excavated two fur coats and several trinkets ornamented with sizable diamonds. What hurts his wife almost as much as his infidelity is the fact that he always has been pretty stingy with her and their two daughters.

"He was so careful about money," she says in her sorrow, "that we never dreamed of asking for expensive things. We tried to practice every economy."

Perhaps that was their mistake. Nearly all men of middle age need to let themselves go on a spree of extravagance once in a while if they can afford it. They get carried away by a cosmic urge to spend money on women. And if their own womenfolk don't help them with their spending, some blonde surely will.

● I have been asking expert hairdressers how we ought to take care of our hair in the summertime. Here are some suggestions from Emile of Rockefeller Center:

Don't get your hair sunburned, he says. Protect it with a thin chiffon veil. . . . Brush out the dead hairs three times a day during your vacation to give the rest full benefit of the fresh outdoor ozone. . . . You'll have a terrible head of hay if you expose your hair to the sun after taking one of those *natural* lemon-juice bleaches. . . . Use no oil on your hair for five weeks before getting your summer permanent. After the permanent, rub a little oil on your scalp and try oil shampoos during the summer.

● Almost every album of family photographs must now include vintage pictures of automobiles, along with funny snapshots of Aunt Harriet in her old-fashioned bathing suit and Uncle Dave in his Spanish War uniform. For thirty years or more our automobiles have taken us to our christenings, our weddings, and our funerals. We have acquired the habit of thinking about them as though they were related to us by flesh and blood.

When you buy a new car don't neglect to take pictures of the old one. Keep them. You'll enjoy looking at them later on. They will help you remember the good times of today, and they will help you appreciate the improvements of tomorrow. No matter how your own car may behave, it will always be nearer and dearer to you than the car of your neighbor.

● Now comes a scientific thought which may, with future development, give us a clue toward explaining the miracle of love at first sight.

Research physiologists say they have discovered that a very slight electric shock can be fatal to us when our hearts are at a certain point of the beat, and that the same shock can be absolutely harmless at other times.

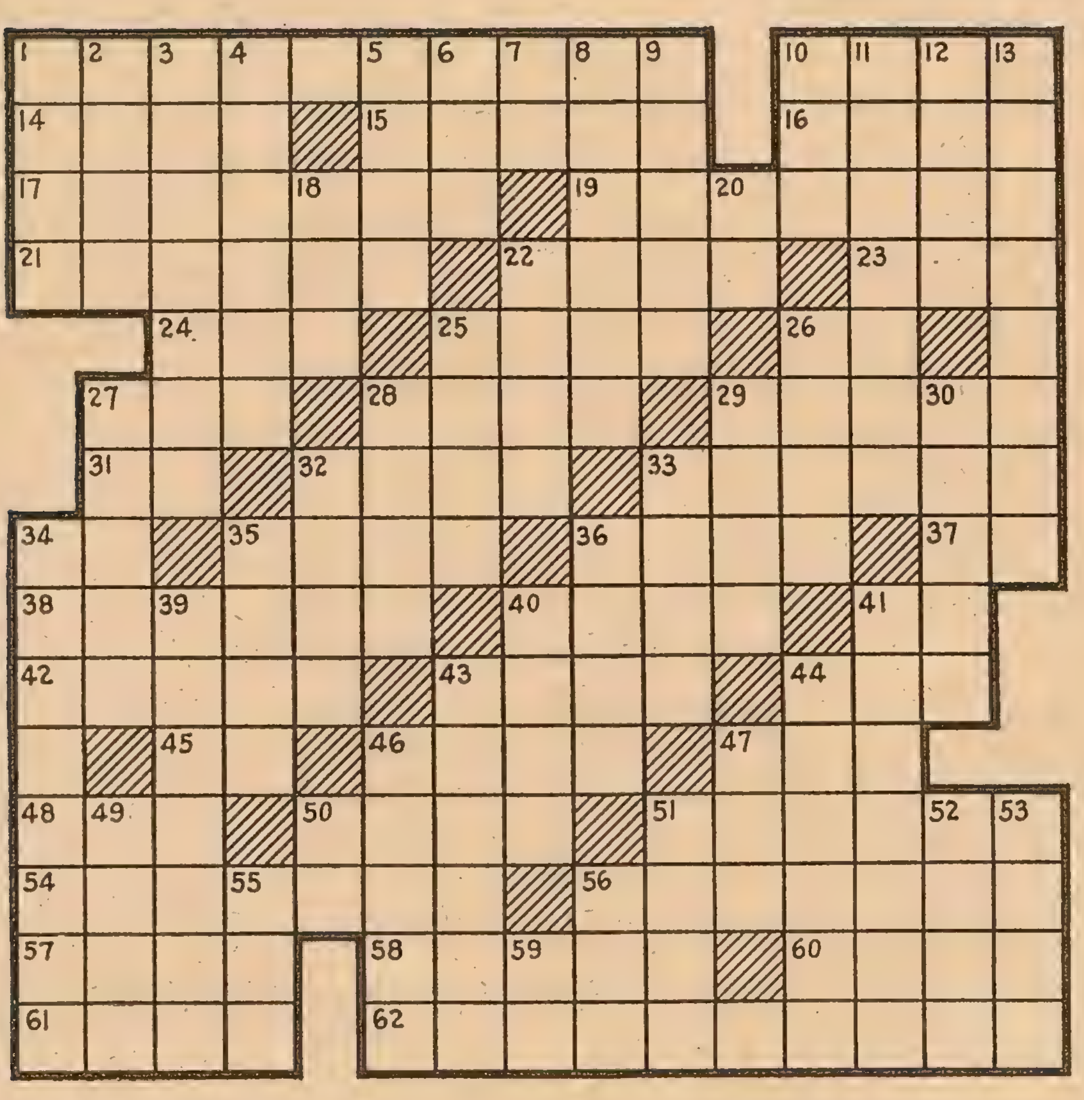
Meanwhile science has been suggesting that electricity is the vital force of our romantic impulses. If they should link these theories together, the scientists might find that first-sight love can overcome us only at a certain beat of the heart. That would account for many strange occurrences!

● Most women readers, I think, will like John Metcalfe's new novel, Sally—The Story of a Foster Girl. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

● Newest handkerchiefs from Paris are round in shape, with hand-rolled edges or matching borders of net. For evening it's stylish now to carry a hanky made of the same material as that of your dress. . . . A smart shoe novelty this summer is the sports sandal of red linen, copied from the red sails of Brittany fishing boats. . . . Earrings of real live flowers, tightly bunched to form a compact little button, are fashionable for this year's bridesmaids.

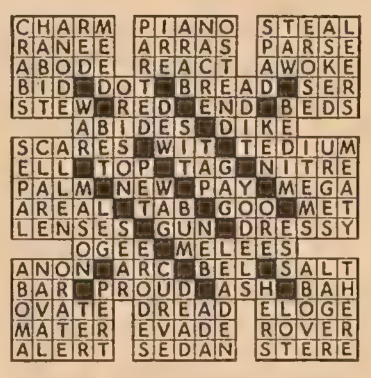
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Good November place-bet ticket
10 Ivory-tipped
14 White folks' Yeah man!
15 Cordial parsley (makes a cup o' cheer!)
16 Weird water where the wind blows Whoooo! (Scared?)
17 Keepers
19 Peeper's hangover
21 Patou floorsweepers
22 Joosh tex
23 If you start with this you'll soon have enough
24 Start of most reckless driving
25 Carole Lombard and a celluloid collar cause this
26 Starts the snuffles
27 The man who knows nodding
28 Lowest form of wit—wit or witout coffee (plural)
29 The way no late transgressor can negotiate
31 What ladies end up with
32 What girls do up before parties
33 She was Greek, had six heads, twelve feet, yelped like a dog, yet could pick up seamen
34 The distant note
35 This lowdown underdog'd deny his mother a bone
36 Hands out the lunarcy
37 1927 hotcha
38 Closeted with Morpheus
40 What spendthrift Scotchmen must be
41 You can double this into a dizzy figure
42 Since the Dionne load this bird's gone in the trucking business
43 The biggest President the U. S. has ever seen
44 Was in the dough
45 Freightcar Bill
46 Kind of body you never get at nudist camps
47 Scotch bean bag



```
CHARM PIANO STEAL
RANEE ARRAS PARSE
ABODE REACT AWOKE
BID■DOT■BREAD■SER
STEW■RED■END■BEDS
   ABIDES■DIKE
SCARES■WIT■TEDIUM
ELL■TOP■TAG■NITRE
PALM■NEW■PAY■MEGA
AREAL■TAB■GOO■MET
LENSES■GUN■DRESSY
   OGEE■MELEES
ANON■ARC■BEL■SALT
BAR■PROUD■ASH■BAH
OVATE DREAD ELOGE
MATER EVADE ROVER
ALERT SEDAN STERE
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

48 ??????s
50 Members of the dignified unemployed
51 Maker of big buffets
54 Japanese Power Trust
56 Dietrich with her is to admire her legs
57 Canine bulletin board
58 Old Crimpneck: He says it's a small world
60 Medieval labor problem
61 Degoat the sheep
62 Huddle where they choose to run

VERTICAL

1 Ideal apartment for honeymooners: sea view, no rent, plenty of fresh air, chance to be alone
2 What rime is to this nosaer is to reason
3 He idoled away his time in the Roman home
4 Teddies that get scanty attention from the girls
5 Larsen got his start with this
6 Democratagogues—if you should ask the Republicans!
7 What the Roman Wild West show would have been labeled
8 They haven't a scent but make swell fall bloomers
9 Brass
10 Otherwise, Poor Richard
11 A collection of big shots
12 Started the roar deal in Africa
13 The GOPers say he dishes out relief rolls for votes
18 It's opposed to WSW
20 It's not long but it's used for ever
22 A singular place to play golf
25 What Brooklyn heroes do to the villain
26 The real place to jail road hogs (possessive)
27 The baking business'd be a flop without it
28 What Mexican chickens suffer from
29 He carried his wife's teeth so's she couldn't eat between meals
30 This Homer's a hit
32 What nudists do when the fully clothed go by
33 Kind of living down-pluckers make
34 Italian yes men
35 He always gets his woman
36 A filling station in France
39 After he gets boiled he's no good in the pinches
40 Plugs that have little plugs
41 Kind of Jack Trader Horn made (and it wasn't dambeasy)
43 Blushberry
44 Best part of the ham
46 This can cause rhust poisoning
47 Thor had the h—— knocked out of him here
49 Wild West casino
50 Pecks and pecks in short
51 A good thing your lawyer makes of your troubles
52 In the year of
53 This Harold does a daily strip act
55 A chukker of tennis
56 Mama Apes Vanity (abbr.)
59 Helen, a little squashed to fit

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

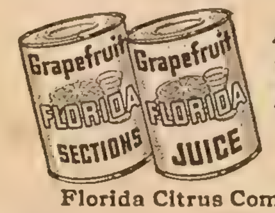
Reducing?

DRINK CANNED FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE TWICE A DAY

Make salads, fruit cups with delicious Canned Grapefruit

KEEP your system safely alkaline. Eat plenty of Florida grapefruit. You won't gain an ounce on it and you'll feel like a million!

Canned Florida grapefruit juice and sections have *all* the flavor, *all* the health value of choicest fresh Florida grapefruit. Drink the juice freely. Add it to your fruit punches. Prepare tempting but non-fattening fruit cups, salads and desserts from the choice canned grapefruit itself. *All* the family will love them.



For quality insist on
FLORIDA
Canned Grapefruit Juice and Sections

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.

LOOK Between Your Toes

Where "Athlete's Foot" Usually Starts

If your feet and toes itch, or if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white or breaking out in tiny blisters, be on your guard—it may be "Athlete's Foot". Lose no time in treating it with Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. This soothing, healing ointment is formulated to relieve intense itching, kill the fungi it comes in contact with, and aid in preventing the spread of the disease. Don't experiment or accept a substitute—insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX and be safe and sure. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores, 50¢ jars. Write today for free booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 441, Chicago, Ill

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

Vox Pop

Can She Get Rid of Cursed Sex Appeal?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Must a Secretary Have Sex Appeal? by Faith Baldwin (February 29 Liberty) was a direct hit at what has been haunting me quite persistently for several years now —ever since, when I was very young, I started out in the business world.

As it happens, I am not beautiful. I am not even pretty, really. I'm intelligent, fairly well read, quick-witted, and darned efficient. I can run an office as it should be run—smoothly, diplomatically, and pleasingly. That's all to the good— or would be, perhaps, if I weren't cursed with sex appeal.

When I say "cursed," I say it advisedly. I mean it. Sex appeal has never done anything for me. It didn't get me the one man in the world I wanted—the one man I shall ever, as long as I live, continue to want. And it has hurt lots of men I haven't been able to care for, by making them fall in love with me.

Yes, I have sex appeal; but it's dangerous sex appeal, because along with it I'm not cheap. Men respect me even while they desire me. They set me high on a pedestal and adore me even while they go crazy wanting me in their arms.

I've used my sex appeal—what girl hasn't?—on more than one occasion; but I don't use it in business. I don't want men to fall in love with me. It's all very well for you to say a man can be aware of his secretary and yet continue to be true to his wife, whom he really loves. Perhaps some men can; but I've not worked for one man who didn't fall in love with me—and they are sincerely in love with their wives, too. They just can't help themselves. Whether it starts as desire or as friendship, it winds up as love.

It must be my fault somehow. Perhaps I should be more coldly impersonal—but I can't. When you're working for a man, his business is your business and you naturally share the defeats and the victories with him. He naturally turns to you for advice or applause—and if you believe in him, you give it to him as freely. Then, the next thing you know, he is in love with you—and there is the whole heartbreaking mess to go through again. Heartbreaking because there is his wife to consider (somehow they are always married, and happily married, these men I work for), and perhaps a family, and others who love him. And heartbreaking because you can't ever return his love, and so he has nothing.

The trouble is, I have so much love to give—not just sex, although I'm made like a furnace that never dies out—but real affection and liking and interest. I do love these men; I love them dearly. The man I am working for now is the finest man I have ever met, and I do love him. There is admiration in that love, and the deepest mutual understanding, and loyalty, and respect, and a feeling of friendship that can never die—and there is also the little pulsing flame I can feel burning within me for any man who is strong and attractive and masculine. But it's not real love.

I don't know whether you understand what I am trying to put into words. I don't want to have sex appeal. I don't want the sudden awareness that comes upon men when I enter a room; I don't want the deeper feeling of tenderness that grows upon them as they know me better. I don't want to be the cause of women's weeping their hearts out, unable to understand why they are losing their husbands' love.

What I really want is peace, the stilling of all the warring elements within myself that keep me restless and unhappy. I don't want to get married, because no one man could satisfy me for long; I don't want to be set up in an apartment, because to my own peculiar moral code it seems cheap and decidedly shoddy to sell what one wants to give. I'm willing to earn my own way, but I want to do it without having the men I work for fall in love with me.

Tell me, please, is that too much to ask?—*Rosalind Jane McG.*

F, G, H ALSO ON TYPEWRITER

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Referring to Liberty's May 23 Twenty Questions, you have listed this one:

"Which three letters appear in alphabetical order on the keyboards of typewriters?

Your answer is, "J, K, L."

If you will look on a typewriter keyboard you will find that F, G, H also appear in alphabetical order.

I have read that you would give a dollar for all questions accepted. Well, what do you give for criticism—as, while your question is not incorrect, it is certainly incomplete?

I enjoy reading the questions very much and I get a lot of pleasure out of them, but I do not like to have my doubts about your perfection.—*Grace Crovetto.*

[Thanks, Miss Crovetto, and to the many others who sent us this correction. It was a revelation to find out what a large percentage of our readers knew their typewriters to the letter. And one writer pointed out that there were other than standard keyboards, too, some in straight alphabetical order.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

CHECKERED HISTORY OF THE LINCOLN PHOTOGRAPH

FALMOUTH HEIGHTS, MASS.—I have received letters from readers of Liberty who claim to own copies of the Lincoln photo reproduced in the February 22 issue, some of the copies being over sixty years old! Some claim that the negative was made by Brady, some say White, and others say the Rice Studio; but whoever made the plates, they are good specimens of the wet-plate era, when it required the subject to pose for twenty seconds or more for his portrait. My Lincoln negative, together with one of General Grant, was purchased by the writer from the All G. Irr Auction Rooms, 917 Main Street, Buffalo, New York.—*Fred S. Howard.*

[Rice Studio, Ltd., of Montreal, claims that the photograph of Abraham Lincoln which was published in February 22 Liberty is a reproduction of a negative in its possession. Mr. Charles P. Rice writes us that "This negative was obtained of Abraham Lincoln in the Washington studio of Moses P. and Amos I. Rice," and that Mrs. Creighton Rice is also the owner of "a large negative 16 x 20 full length of Abraham Lincoln"; that the studio has held the copyright for many years and that a reproduction from such negative appeared in Everybody's Magazine in 1909, with a copyright line as follows: "Copyright, 1891, by M. P. Rice."

Mr. Rice has requested us to state the position of his studio, inasmuch as "we sell photographs and enlargements from the original negative, with a certificate to that effect on the back, and we do not intend to have our position questioned in this regard."

Liberty is glad to publish the views of the Rice Studio and, of course, takes no position on the claims made by either Mr. Howard or Rice Studio, Ltd.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

MOTHER SHIPTON'S HINDSIGHT

GRAND BAY, ALA.—Mr. J. Morris of Detroit (May 23 Vox Pop) evidently still believes in witches, spooks, hants, and the bogeyman. And to prove that he is right he cites Mother Shipton's "prophecy."

Mother Shipton lived in England during the time of Henry VIII. But her "prophecy," so often mentioned and so often believed original with her, was written by Charles Hindley in 1862, though he claimed it was written by Mother Shipton in 1485.

All the prophecies had come true when Hindley wrote—so it was not foresight, but hindsight.—*C. W. Lively.*

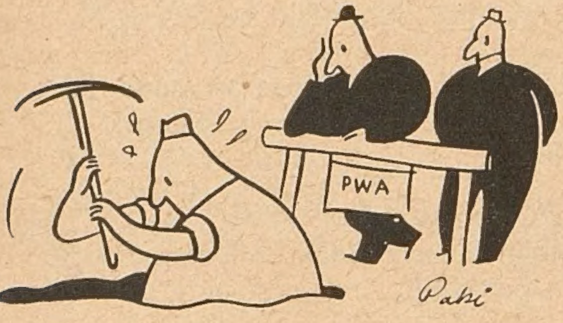
HOW SNORING CAN BE CURED PATRIOTICALLY

LOCKLAND, OHIO—In May 23 Vox Pop I see where Irene Gillette of Galena, Illinois, wants to know what she can do to quit snoring. That is easy. Let her learn to snore The Star-Spangled Banner, and she will get so tired standing up she will lie down and forget to snore.—*Harriet Markland.*

PWA WORKERS . . . STATUES

Ashley, Pa.—Why don't the comedians of the air find a new and better joke about the unfortunate PWA workers? They say the PWA workers look like statues. They use this joke over and over.

Supposing these wise people of the air were so unfortunate as to depend on the PWA for a living, I wonder what kind of a statue they would make if they had to ride twenty miles or more in an open dump truck and work seven and a half hours in zero weather?



I don't think they would stand it long enough even to make a statue!—*John Wasloski.*

VOICE FROM SOUTH AFRICA SHOUTS FOR HENRY GEORGE

Camp's Bay, South Africa—No, the greatest enemy of mankind is not the capitalist, nor the usurious banker, but the accursed system of landlordism.

Let America, following her own prophet, Henry George, lead the world in smashing landlordism. She will then realize the prosperity which all her hoarding of gold has failed to yield her and which her present tomfoolery must drive farther away.

You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs; nor can you make a country free and prosperous until without mercy you have smashed and utterly destroyed the men of influence who are entrenched across the path. *There is your problem!*

The application of Henry George's single-tax plan will solve 90 per cent of your social problems and make easier the solution of the remaining 10 per cent!—*R. H. Starkey.*

KANSAN CALLS IT GOOD GOVERNMENT

Belleville, Kan.—In May 16 Vox Pop Mr. Ned Mauston of California writes: " Landon, the wizard of the plains, didn't exceed his budget because it is unlawful in the State of Kansas for a governor to spend or appropriate a cent above the bank balnce."

Evidently Mr. Mauston es not know that the ash Basis Law, the udget Law, and the Tax mitation Law were laws conceived by Mr. Landon and placed on the Kansas statutes at his insistence. If these laws had been active before the Landon regime his administration would not have been confronted with the huge deficit in the Highway Department which it has since wiped out.

Also, Mr. Mauston, while Kansas has been paying her bills the annual expense of local government dropped from sixty-seven dollars per capita in 1932 to fifty-two dollars in 1934.

Mr. Mauston may call that what he likes, but in Kansas we call it good government.—*Mrs. George Mendenhall.*

"INCITING TO RIOT"

Seattle, Wash.—As a steady reader of Liberty I want to cheer Bernarr Macfadden for the editorial in May 23 Liberty so vividly portraying the Communist propaganda openly and viciously forced down the throat of the average American citizen who hasn't gumption enough to know what he is swallowing.

It is a fact beyond doubt this destroying element will flare up and strike like lightning when we as a nation are unaware and at our weakest moral moment.

Men who should be our stanch leaders are more like the foolish virgins than patriots of freedom. Surely we must have other fearless men of the type of Bernarr Macfadden, in the midst of one hundred and thirty million people, who want to save America.—*W. J. Wall.*

Columbus, Ohio—Any one who gives thought to the matter is aware of the low intelligence quotient of the masses; but Bernarr Macfadden must think Liberty readers a bunch of morons, to dish out such balderdash as the editorial entitled Inciting to Riot.

Students of pathological psychology of course understand and expect outbursts of this sort; but what impression does an article like Inciting to Riot have on Mr. Average Reader? Probably reads it and says, " Huh, the guy must be going nuts! "—*H. L. Wilson.*

ANGELS ARE HE-MEN

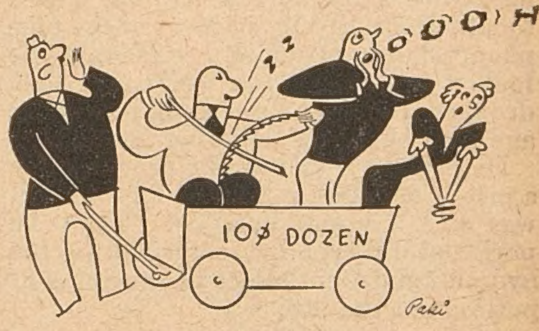
Akron, Ohio—In Vox Pop for May 23 J. B. Hinchliffe says: " Who ever heard of an editor getting close enough to an angel to know whether *her* voice was sweet? . . . How did *she* . . . Was *she*," etc.

Does the gentleman know that all angels are men? Of course all men are not angels, but according to the Good Book angels are real *he*-men, not sweet little gals.

Let the gentleman read Genesis 19.—*Rev. Charles S. Pickering.*

ALL A DIME A DOZEN!

Cincinnati, Ohio—James Potter Whitefield writes in May 16 Vox Pop of the danger of overproduction of stage and radio artists due to our amateur hours, and claims that we'll be buying them for a dime a dozen.



Does it occur to him that we can buy bricklayers, factory girls, cab drivers, etc., at a dime a dozen right now? Which is the lesser evil?—*W. Karlick.*

JEWS DON'T WANT HITLER'S SYMPATHY

Chicago, Ill.—I most vehemently dislike your article, Hitler Planning to Be Kind to the Jews? by William L. Stidger, in May 30 Liberty.

We do not want Herr Hitler's or anybody's sympathy or kindness.

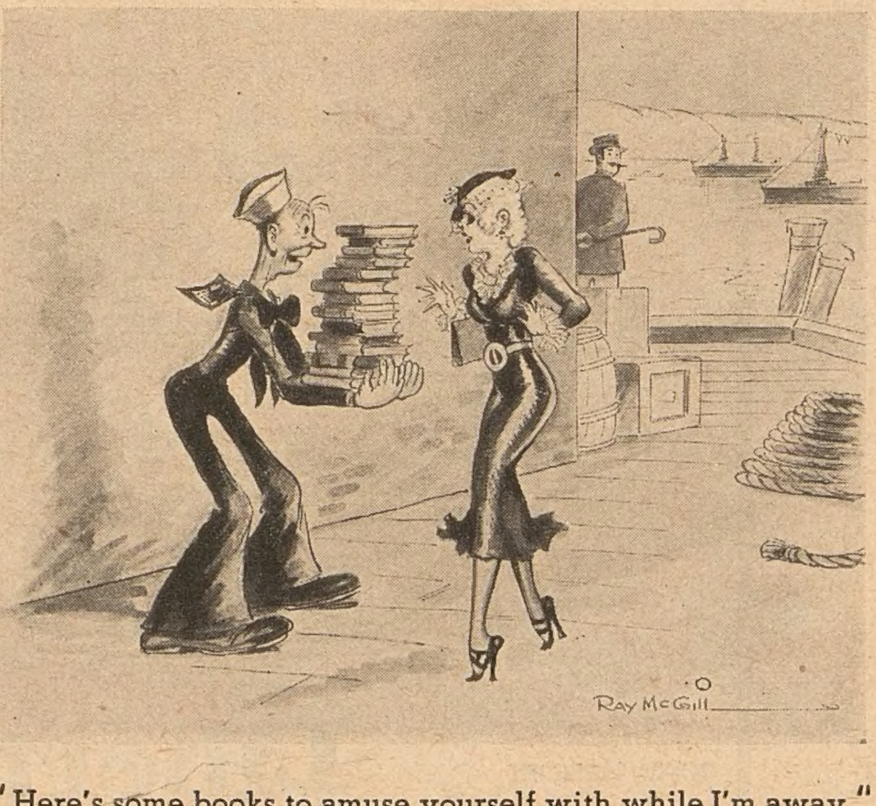
We do not need it. What we demand is justice and respect as it is due to people serving their country faithfully in peace or war—as proven. —*Alice Weil.*

SAVED FROM TRASH

St. Louis, Mo.—It is high time I showed my appreciation for the time Liberty has saved me with the reading time at the top of each article.

I have figured that, conservatively speaking, I have saved over one hundred and fifty hours by not reading the trash you printed over a period of the last two years. I am deeply grateful.—*Charles M. Cooke.*

[Vox Poppers will note that Ohio hit us four times this week! Our lead states in correspondents—California, Indiana, and Texas—have a new rival to beat.—Vox Pop Editor.]



" Here's some books to amuse yourself with while I'm away."

IS FUNNIER
THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—A new excuse for speeding was offered by Harry Blair as he paid a four-dollar fine for driving fifty-three miles an hour. He said:

"The radio was turned on. A speaker for the National Safety Council was condemning motorists who drive too fast. I was so interested that I didn't realize I was speeding."

LOWELL, MASS.—Recently, during a two-alarm fire, a fireman was coupling a hose to a hydrant directly in front of the telephone business office. Suddenly he looked up, read the company sign, dropped the hose, ran into the office, and paid his bill, amounting to $8.40.

He explained that on the previous day a girl at the office reminded him the bill was two months overdue. Then he pocketed his receipt, returned to the hydrant, and went about his business of putting out the fire.

KINSTON, N. C.—William Alston's goat in seven days ate the following: an automobile seat; a hollyhock row; a pair of pajamas; two days' mail; seventeen hens' nests; a prayer book; three rows of flowers. On the eighth day William Alston killed the goat and gave it to a Negro family. The family ate the goat.

SALINAS, CALIF.—Police were mystified by frequent thefts of a thirty-two-passenger school bus. They always found it abandoned later.

Eventually trapped with it, Roy Marzorini confessed he used it to go calling on his girl.

She was impressed by it, he explained.

PORTLAND, ORE.—Urban Kubat has solved the family transportation problem with a streetcar pass and a homing pigeon.

Kubat rides to work on the pass, taking his pigeon along. Then he fastens the pass under the bird's wing, and it flies home to the youth's father. Father Kubat goes to work, and the pigeon brings the pass back to Mrs. Kubat, who uses it to take lunches to her husband and son.

LINCOLN, NEB.—The city Health Department took decisive action when it learned patients were using its special free cough syrup on their breakfast pancakes.

Dr. M. F. Arnholt changed the prescription to a bitter mixture, and the number of "colds" of the department's clients fell off 59 per cent.

COUGH SYRUP

CONTENTS

Short Stories

Dames? Hah! .... Stanley Jones 20
Unlucky in Love .... Fred MacIsaac 32
Check and Double-Check—Liberty's Short Short
Parke F. Hanley 51

Serials

Beginning—
Carnival Lady .... Martha Ostenso 6
A lively, colorful novel of America today—The story of a strange love
Hell in the Holy Land—Part II .... Lowell Thomas 25
with Kenneth Brown Collings
Dark Masquerade—Conclusion 52

Articles

Do the Munition Makers Cause War?
Major General Johnson Hagood 15
A distinguished army man speaks his mind on some grim realities
Will This Be the Last Democratic Convention? . . Jay Franklin 16
Beneath the harmonious surface of things at Philadelphia a battle of giants is brewing . . . What will the "Solid West" do?
More Adventures of
A White Woman Among Cannibals ..... Beatrice Grimshaw 38
A child snatched from torment—Black magic—Stalked by a crocodile . . . A famous author relives her vivid past
What Would the Townsend Dollar Be Worth?
Edwin Walter Kemmerer 42
As told to George Sylvester Viereck
A look at some facts and figures at the heart of a "tragic hoax"
Three Musketeers of Swat .... Arthur Mann 43
A 1936 thrill!—How a trio of sluggers, all sons of sunny Italy, have staged a sudden Roman holiday in baseball

Features

Editorial .... Bernarr Macfadden 4
'Tisn't So .... R. E. Doan 10
Good Books .... Oliver Swift 14
Twenty Questions 31
Angels, Gangsters, and the Turning of a Worm—Movie reviews .... Beverly Hills 45
Liberty's Amateur Writers Page. Conducted by Major Bowes 48
$2,000 Beautiful Children Contest 50
To the Ladies! .... Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 58
Crossword Puzzle 59
Vox Pop 60

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JEROME ROZEN

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON'S
EXCITING NEW MYSTERY NOVEL

WHO KILLED KENT GRINNELL?

A returned explorer—triumphant homecoming—reception of welcome—predatory ladies—jealous husbands and sweethearts—conviviality—and sudden death! Who killed Kent Grinnell? Here is one mystery story that will really baffle you as the breath-taking action develops. Here is a mystery story that will remain a mystery, that will really challenge your acumen until the very end. You'll thank Elaine Sterne Carrington for the enthralling entertainment she has provided in this mystery masterpiece. Begin it in next week's Liberty!

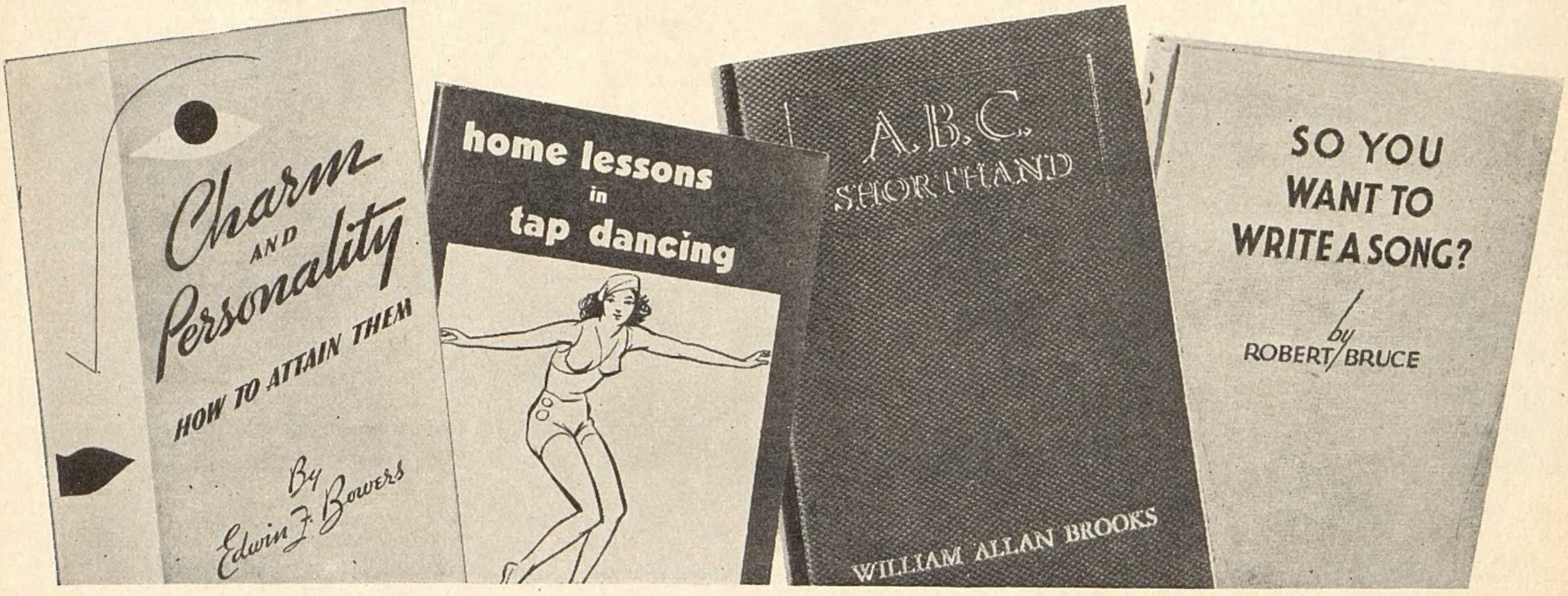
ALSO—GAMBLING-MAD AMERICA: What Chance Have You to Win? by Will Irwin—ALIMONY BABY by Agnes Christine Johnston—BRASS MONKEY by Borden Chase—WILL BRITANNIA RULE THE FILMS? by Adela Rogers St. Johns—CARNIVAL LADY by Martha Ostenso—HELL IN THE HOLY LAND by Lowell Thomas and Kenneth Collings—MR. ZIONCHECK'S LANDLADY TELLS ALL by Mrs. Benjamin Young—ROLL CALL FROM ON HIGH by T. Howard Kelly.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JULY

IF YOU ARE AMBITIOUS

One of These Timely Self-help Books

MAY HELP YOU TO SUCCEED



CHARM AND PERSONALITY—How to Attain Them—By Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, acknowledged authority and writer on psychology, psychiatry, medicine, hygiene and other social subjects, tells you how to develop a powerful, charming personality which is one of the greatest assets any human being can possess—even greater than riches, for riches can be lost never to be recovered. Many men and women possessing personal magnetism in marked degree attain riches, happiness, popularity, power—everything worth striving for in this world. It is they who are most apt to make outstanding successes in their chosen fields whatever they may be—the professions, the stage, radio, movies, politics, business, marriage. No matter what your ambition is, a winning personality will help. 229 pages. 15 chapters bursting with valuable information. Beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, our special price **$1.00.**

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG—Essential information regarding the art and business of writing songs by Robert Bruce, Music Publishers Protective Association. The first book of its kind every written. Indispensable to every person ambitious to be a successful song writer. Contains necessary technical and trade information. Over 1,000 important facts—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—classified lists of publishers' names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer teams up with lyricist and vice versa—royalties—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks. Cloth bound—**$1.00.**

Use coupon today. Money back if not satisfied.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.

1926 BROADWAY • NEW YORK

HOME LESSONS IN TAP DANCING—Complete with 58 illustrations. With this excellent course you can learn to tap dance right at home. This system is so clear and simple, that anyone who can read can follow the instructions and start the simpler steps of tap dancing after only a few hours of practice. Tap dancing is not only a wonderful social accomplishment but is invaluable as a health culture and weight reducing exercise. Professionals make big money. The author of this course, Rita Ramsey, is a professional teacher and dancer. She has written her text with extraordinary clearness and with 58 revealing illustrations. Also she indicates the kind of radio, or other music, that is best for the beginner. If you have often wanted to tap dance, here is your opportunity to learn. Well and substantially bound, mailed postpaid for only **$1.00.**

A B C SHORTHAND—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons. By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs nor symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today- **$1.00.**

Because of copyright reasons we cannot accept Canadian orders for A B C Shorthand.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc. Dept. L7-4
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $__________for which kindly send me postpaid the book or books checked below. I understand my money will be refunded, provided any book does not prove satisfactory.

☐ Charm and Personality $1.00 ☐ Home Lessons in Tap Dancing $1.00
☐ A B C Shorthand $1.00 ☐ So You Want To Write A Song $1.00

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________ State__________

VICTOR HUGO RESTAURANT in Beverly Hills. As the guests pause between courses to enjoy Camels, Hugo himself nods approval. "Our guests have made Camels the favorite here," he says.

MRS. WILLIAM HOLLINGSWORTH, JR., of Los Angeles, says: "Camels stimulate my taste, aid digestion."

—for Digestion's Sake — Smoke Camels

GOLD-CUP WINNER! George Reis wound up *El Lagarto* to over 55 m. p. h. to win the Gold Cup three times. He says: "I eat heartily, smoke Camels, and enjoy good digestion."

Camels stimulate digestion in a pleasant, natural way . . . increase alkalinity

The human digestion responds unfavorably to nervousness, hurry, and strain. It is definitely *encouraged* by smoking Camels.

Scientific studies show clearly the manner in which Camels aid digestion. Using sensitive scientific apparatus, it is possible to measure accurately the increase in digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—that follows the enjoyment of Camel's costlier tobaccos. This has now been done repeatedly. The same studies demonstrate that an abundant flow of digestive fluids is important also to the *enjoyment* of food.

Make Camel your cigarette. Experience the welcome sense of well-being they bring you. For a cheery "lift" and for digestion's sake, enjoy Camels. They never get on your nerves. They are gentle on your throat.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"CAMELS MAKE food taste so much better and help digestion," says Claire Huntington, efficient public stenographer.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.